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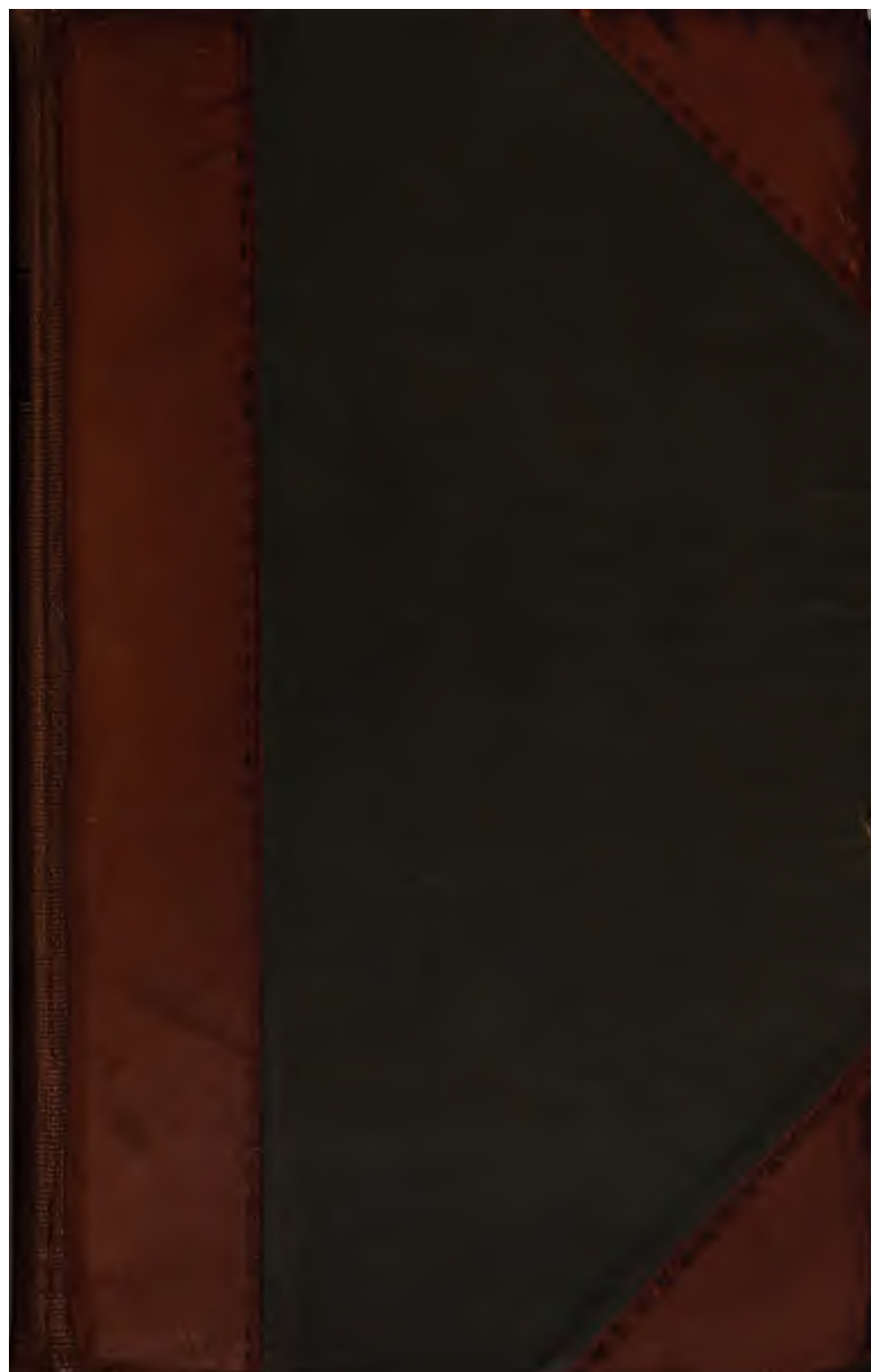
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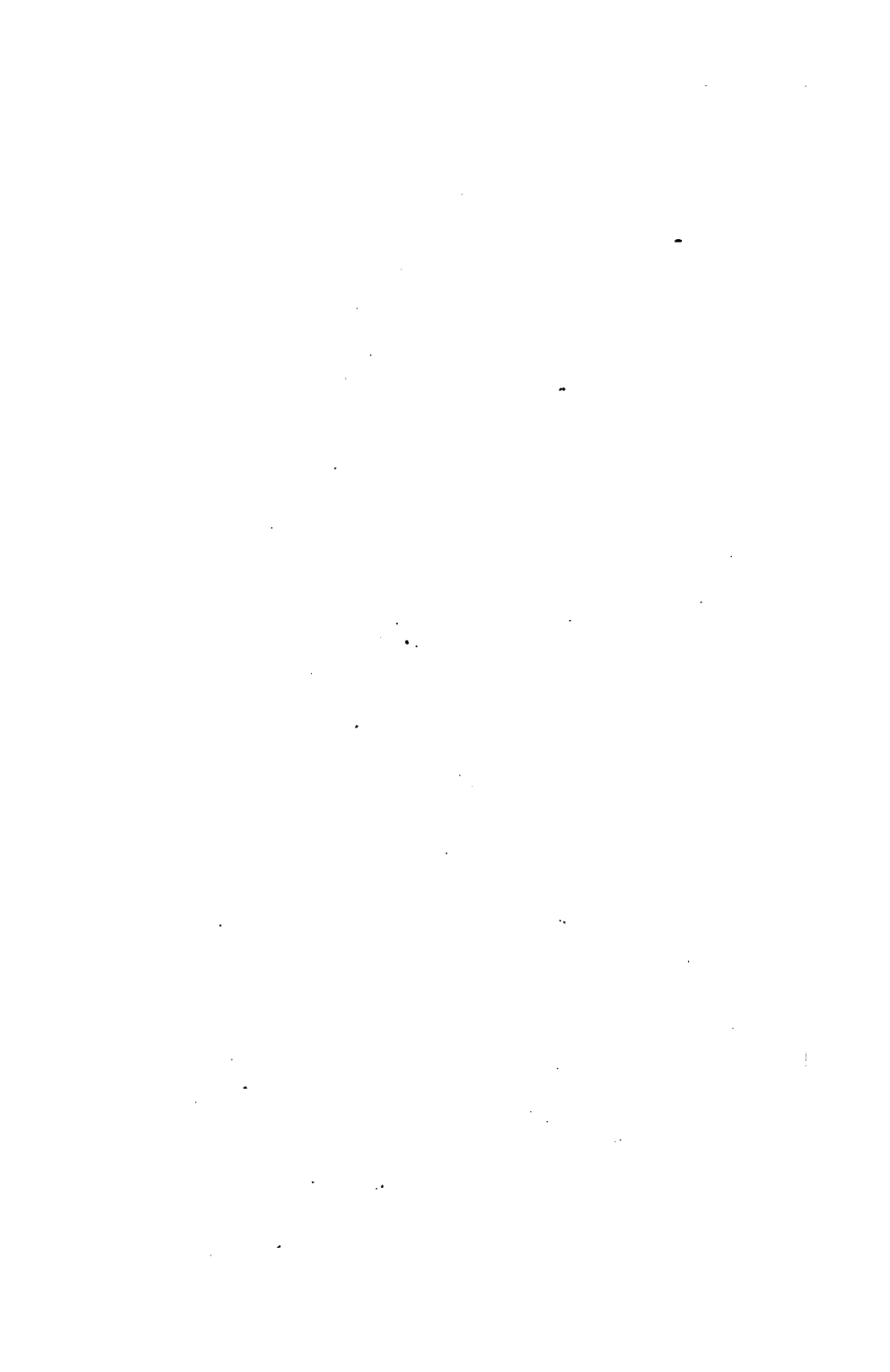
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AUSTRIA
AND
THE AUSTRIANS.

VOL. I.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.





FERDINAND I.

Emperor of Austria.

London: Published by Henry Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

§
AUSTRIA

AND

THE AUSTRIANS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1837.

457.



TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM, VISCOUNT MELBOURNE,
FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

I TAKE upon me, without having sought permission, to dedicate to you these volumes from no motives but those of high personal esteem, and a sincere conviction of the sound integrity of those public principles which so eminently distinguish your Lordship as a statesman.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

1st April, 1837.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Letters are published with the view of making the AUSTRIAN DOMINIONS better known to the BRITISH PEOPLE; and especially of removing from public opinion the fallacies which prejudice or injustice has long led western Europe to entertain with respect to the people, manners, and government of that great empire.

The position which the several nations under the government of Austria occupy on the face of Europe, their abundant natural resources, and the good disposition of the people generally towards England, are such considerations as would render a mutual and far more extended bond of political and social union between the British and Austrian empires of the most important advantage to both.

The views which the Author will be found

to entertain are sketched from a familiar, and, he trusts, honest acquaintance with the subject. For reasons which it is unnecessary to particularize, he has declined to prefix his name to these volumes.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece to Vol. I.

Portrait of the Emperor Ferdinand I.

Frontispiece to Vol. II.

Portrait of Prince Metternich.

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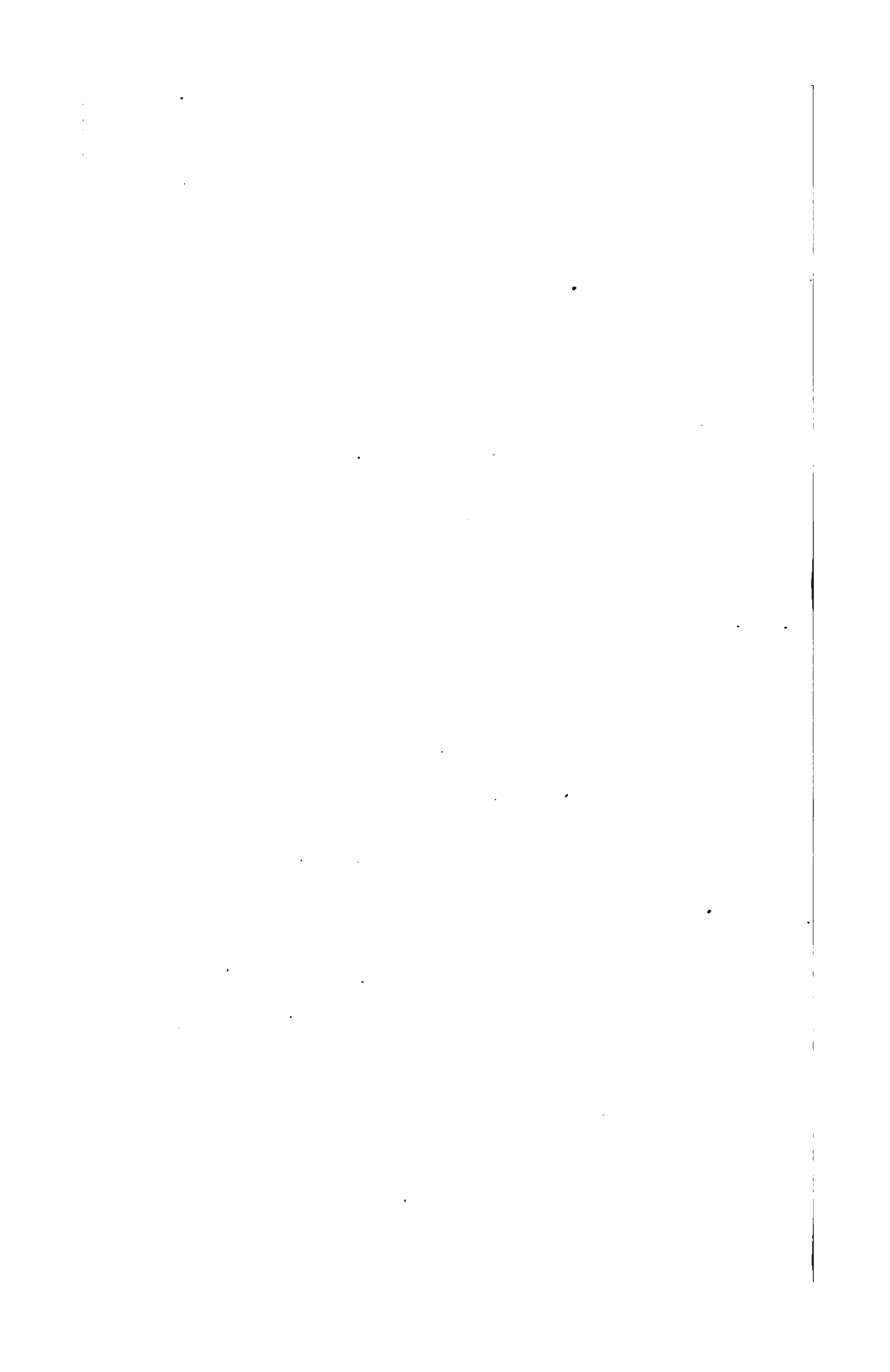
ERRATA.

VOL. I.

- Page 88, bottom line text, for *Ferdinand* read *Francis* ;
and first line note, for *the nephew* read *and
nephew* ; and second line, delete *and*.
- „ 118, line 12, for *Vertoren* read *Verloren*.
- „ 169, line 3 from bottom, for *supreme recorder of
falsehood, as history calls him*, read *as his
history, the supreme recorder of falsehood
calls him*.
- „ 301, line 8, delete *that on his*.
- „ „ line 10, delete *it*.

VOL. II.

- Page 2, line 21, for *are not governed*, read *when not
restrained*.
- „ 2, line 22, delete *but*.
- „ 8, line 10, for *cherished and obedient children, as long
as they continue to be his*, read *cherished, so
long as they continue to be his obedient children*.



A U S T R I A.

&c. &c.

LETTER I.

THE JOURNEY.

Vienna, 1836.

HERE we are at last, my dear friend, in the magnificent capital of Austria. On leaving London, I promised, that to relieve myself from the *dry bones of statistics*, which have for some time engaged my labours, I would send you *sketchy notes* of the countries we should travel over;—of men and things as they are to be viewed,—without the bias of religious or national prejudice. Our tour through France you have; and I have sent you a description of our agreeable *tipplings*, and *dippings*, at Baden, and of our *ramblings* in the Black Forest, and Würt-

temberg. Take care of those scraps, for, when I am only fit for book-making, I may, with a little invention, weave them into a very substantial work. A full account of our delightful wanderings since I wrote you from Munich,—that showy metropolis of sculpture, painting, and architecture, would fill a quarto. A few posts carried us from the plain, to which that city gives a name, to the foot of the Tyrolian Alps. Within an amphitheatre of these, on the margin of the romantic Tegern-See, the late good Max Joseph, among his many other reforms, caused the transfiguration of an old abbey, into a splendid palace for his queen, where, as dowager, she now in summer resides, and where her hospitality is experienced by all visitors introduced to her either there or at Munich. Above the lake, in the wild valley, are the baths of Kreuth. Following the road beneath the Alps to Chiem-See, on the shores of which we were overtaken by a tremendous thunder-storm, awfully sublime, amidst such gigantic scenery, we then travelled on to Rosenheim (home of the roses), to Reichenhall, to Bergtesgaden, and to Koenig-See, through a country not surpassed in rich picturesque beauty, and romantic grandeur, by

any part of Europe—I will not even except Switzerland: yet I regret giving up my favourite Interlaken and its neighbourhood. Koenig-See, although three miles long, appears, as if it were, the crater of an enormous volcano, half filled with smooth liquid lava. The mountains rise, in terrific, stupendous, limestone masses, from this surface. From their clefts grow, first, birches,—mountain ashes, with their glittering scarlet clusters—wild cherries, and plum-trees—and then the eternal funereal green firs; while the summits and upper ravines, which separate the gray limestone pinnacles, are covered with everlasting snow. One approach only leads to this wonderful lake,—that from Bergtesgaden, a charming ride among groves of plain-trees, beeches, and oaks, which grow in stately luxuriance in a splendid valley, amidst green hills, and rocks and mountains, until you, at last, enter the defile by which you reach the *Royal Sea*.*

Boats, each with a canopy to shelter you from sun or rain, and rowed, generally by three men and as many women, are always in attendance. Among the latter there are two maidens of very

* *I.e.*, Koenig-See, which name has supplanted its former, Bartholemeo-See.

striking beauty, but scarcely such models of exquisite symmetry as my Swiss lake nymph of Egeri.

It often happens that the rain, breaking on the mountains, pours down in heavy showers on passing over Koenig-See. The effect, which we had also the opportunity of beholding, is of the most indescribable character. The large drops falling in perpetual rapidity on the water, cause, in re-action, an appearance as if the dark water beneath were throwing up an infinity of bright sparkling gems. The shower passed over—the heavens above were again bright—and the deep placid lake reflected faithfully the lofty wild scenery which imprisoned us on its mirror-like surface;—midway up, our chief boatman fired a blunderbuss, and, a few seconds afterwards, its loud report was replied to by an echo which seemed as if Saint Bartholemeo, the patron of the lake, was roused from a sleep of centuries, in some one of the enormous caverns opposite, and growled thunder in his wrath at the disturbance we occasioned.

On almost the only spot where one can land, Ludwig, poet and king of Bavaria, has a handsome shooting and fishing lodge, to which he

can only arrive by means of a boat,—although we were told that that active enterprising prince, once tramped off on foot, clambered up the ravines and glaciers, and, after perilous and determined exertions, passed over the eternal white Alps to the impetuous Salza.

The inhabitants of the country we journeyed over are very interesting in their appearance, especially as we saw them at the fair and church on the Sunday we passed at Rosenheim. Bands of men and women, in the respective costumes of several districts, were there assembled. From the Tyrol, and from the highlands and plains of Bavaria, there they were, in all their gay colours, happily mingled together. Less intelligent than the peasantry of the north, those of Bavaria live in tolerable independent comfort, and it is but justice to say, that, as far as the interference of the government is in question, the peasantry and other working classes are in a very happy condition.

Among them and the people generally, *law*, unlike that scourge in England, which, in practice, requires a reform, of more importance to the nation than all that yet have been made, is never in Bavaria, or scarcely in any part of Germany, the instrument of oppression. The

administration of common justice being impartial, cheap, and never permitted to be circumvented by the chicanery of attorneys.

The peasantry and villagers whom we saw assembled on Sunday at Rosenheim and Traunstein, presented the most agreeable pictures of rural happiness that I recollect having ever observed. The booths had all been prepared, with their various articles of usefulness or finery to be exposed for sale the day before. Earlier on the morning of Sunday, the church-bells began inviting the people to their devotions. The multitude then began to move along to the sanctuaries of religion, which were soon after filled and re-filled with all ages and sexes, in their holiday costumes. They entered—said their prayers, and then departed for the booths in the market-place. Here those from the country partook of refreshments. In the afternoon, they had music, and song and dance. The Tyrolian airs and the ballads of the country, and the rustic but really graceful dance, all made their hearts glad and grateful. There was no quarrelling, no drunkenness, no uproarious noise. The day was bright and cheerful, the evening clear and lovely, the surrounding scenery of water and woods, fertile valleys,

and rocky alps, elevated the mind to the sublime veneration of the Almighty Creator, whose creatures below were so innocently rejoicing amidst this magnificent landscape.

It surely cannot be pleasing to the All-good Deity, for us to regret the means of happiness which his beneficence spreads before us ; we find all nature rejoicing when the seasons unfold their delights and beauties. The birds by their chirping and singing, yea ! even the fishes in their sporting, exhibit their gratitude to Beneficence. And so do the people, generally, in most parts of continental Europe, when not restrained by absurd laws, or by the gloomy influence of fanatical observances.

LETTER II.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUED.

On passing over to Austria from Bergtesgaden, a delicious interesting spot, celebrated also for its salt-mines * and extraordinary subterranean galleries, we drove amidst romantic mountain scenery, along a rapid torrent, flowing from the Koenig-See into the Salza. We were always told that our baggage would be subjected to strict examination by the Austrian douaniers, that our books would be taken from us, and that we should be heavily fined, if by accident, we should have any article prohibited or liable to duty. What others have experienced, I know not. Our carriage with its imperial, boot, &c., entered Austria unsearched; the principal douanier merely asking very civilly if we had any article of merchandise to enter at the Douane; and, as to books, (some of them, Heaven knows, liberal enough in the

* See note A, vol. ii.

political substance they contained), we had at least thirty volumes. We entered Baden from Strasburg, a few months ago in the same free way, and, except as far as we required it for use, our baggage has been subjected to no other inspection than that of the washerwoman, since we packed it up in Paris. Having during the last three years entered Prussia more than once from France and Belgium, and traversed over all the intermediate countries to the frontiers of Russia, without a single package being looked at, by a douanier or policeman, I cannot, in stating this, but observe that I have, like all others, always experienced vexatious delay to no purpose, at the London Custom-house, at Dover, and particularly at Brighton, where I have observed the man there, whoever he be that holds "brief authority," acting, most uselessly, in a manner very unworthy of any government.

Whatever be the cause—certainly not the soil—there is an aspect of poverty, an absence of well-applied industry in the appearance of the people and their dwellings, immediately on entering Austria from Bavaria,* strikingly un-

* This is the only entrance into Austria by which, from any other state, you do not remark a decided difference in favour of the arch-duchy.

favourable to the former. This is very apparent at the first town we entered, Hallein, and its neighbourhood ; although much employment besides husbandry is there afforded to the working classes at the salt-works and at some cotton-factories. In other respects, we were delighted with the country, as we travelled southwards, amidst the rocks, woods, mountains, and snows of the Rhaetian alps, through which the impetuous Salza rolls and foams, until we arrived at the terrific pass of *Lueg*. Here it would seem that one piece of artillery well directed, and five or six men, could stop the march of a whole army. Here, near the chapel which consecrates the spot, the Tyrolese peasants, determined to submit no longer to the domination and military despotism of France, were met by the troops of Bavaria, which at that period acted a part, the most dishonourable in the history of their country. The heroism of the Tyrolese is worthy of being recorded beside the most gallant combats of antiquity ; the carnage was terrible ; superior force at length triumphed, and the spirit of liberty was again condemned to groan under the power of despotism. In my youth, I thought Killicranky the most giddy and indo-

mitable of all passes; but romantic, wild, and difficult as it really is, to compare it with Lueg would be like comparing Highgate to the Simplon.

The celebrated baths of Gastein, so little known in England, were only some twenty miles distant; and now that we had passed the defile, we entered the fertile valley of Werfen and St. Johan, which is surrounded east, west, north, and south, by snow alps. It was first discovered, and for centuries occupied, by monks, of I forget the order. We then posted onwards to Lend. The scenery is quite equal to that from Geneva to Chamouni. In fact, the same character, with more fertility, and the road admirable. Mr. Mac Adam himself could hardly mend it, for it is exactly what that most famous of all highwaymen would have made it.

Near Lend, we passed the foot of a magnificent cascade, which rolls and dashes from a height of two or three hundred feet over broken ledges. Here we left the banks of the Salza, and ascended a mountain defile by an equally good and safe road, cut into the sides of almost perpendicular, serpentine, and limestone rocks. The torrent of Gastein forming eight or ten

waterfalls, of from twenty to a hundred and fifty feet each, thunders beneath the galleries, until at length the mountains, which at first appeared to frown, at from three or four thousand feet over our heads, seemed not more than three or four hundred feet above; and then we had indeed a magnificent view of alps rising over alps. The galleries which wind along and, in many places for a considerable distance, hang over the precipices, are fearfully giddy to heads and eyes not habituated to alpine heights, especially on looking over the parapet into the infernal bottomless-like gulf, which yawns with savage jaggedness below. But, unless the giddiness would actually tempt you to leap into the abyss, you are as safe as in a Dutchman's *Lust-haus*.

Soon after attaining the summit, we entered the smiling valley of Gastein, to which there is scarcely any descent, as it lies above the level of the highest part of the defile we had passed. A charming drive of five or six miles, brought us to Hof Gastein, a handsome village, where we changed horses, and then ascended to Wild-Bad-Gastein, which is three miles further, and there the post-road ends, being met and surrounded by some of the superior alps, where

the river forms a magnificent cascade, dashing furiously from a height of five or six hundred feet over and among huge broken rocks. Wild-Bad-Gastein, has not in the snow-crested *Grauvögel** exactly a *Mont-Blanc*; nor has it, strictly speaking, similar glaciers and pinnacles to those of Chamouni; but, in every other feature of scenery, in valleys, woods, torrents, and waterfalls, it is infinitely superior.

It would detain you too long with me on my journey to describe this curious and romantic spot. The healing virtues of its hot baths, although the water is said to be nearly pure, are too well established by the multitudes from all parts of Germany, Italy, and Russia, who resort to and derive benefit from them, yet their existence is scarcely known in England. Unfortunately, the gay and gambling atmosphere of Aix-la-Chapelle, Ems, and Baden-Baden, all lying on the common route of Lord Byron's *travelling English*, is more to the taste of our *fashionables*, or far more agreeable to the vanity of our *wealthy vulgar*.

We remained two days at Wild-Bad-Gastein, and there being no rooms vacant either in the chateau built to accommodate visitors by the

* Gray bird.

late well-beloved Franz, or at Straubinger's huge Swiss chalet,* good Doctor Storch, the physician of the place, conducted us to the handsome cottage of an Austrian general, then absent. Here the doctor procured us a delightful apartment, with the most comfortably fitted up baths imaginable, under the same roof. Our short stay was very agreeably spent.

On bathing, the delicious feeling was such that I was ready to say, "Do let me but remain here-for ever." We had each our coffee brought to us in the bath dressing-rooms, which were heated nearly to the same temperature as the baths, and to which every luxurious convenience was attached. We afterwards went out, clambered up the steeps, and by galleries and bridges passed over the cataracts and giddy precipices above the chateau. We then entered a second valley, which brought us to the very foot of the Grau-Vögel. On returning, we dined well at Straubinger's table d'hôte, where we met very agreeable company; walked out afterwards along the heights overlooking the lower valley, and then returned to supper and sleep.

* This house is nothing more than an immense chalet, nearly the same in its architecture, as those of the canton of Zurich.

LETTER III.

THE JOURNEY ENDED.

WE retraced our journey by the same road to Hallein, and thence to Salzburg, a strongly fortified city in a magnificent situation. We drove to the *Goldenen Schiff*; but in that principally resorted-to hotel, there were no rooms for us. We had no cause to regret the circumstance. I trusted, as I had often done before in Germany—never in France—to the postilion. He drove us to the *Three Allies* (*Drey Allirten*), a house lately opened by a newly-married couple, where we had clean, well-furnished rooms, good attendance, excellent fare, and a moderate bill. If ever you come to Salzburg, Rosenheim, or Reichenhall, do not fail to ask for trout, cooked by being baked in an oven: you will find them delicious. Ask for *Forellen Gebacken*.

The Capuchin friars appear to have a kind of paradise in Salzburg. They alone seem to be the *cavaliers-servants* of the ladies, in whose

carriages you invariably see a good-looking friar. I am rather surprised that the youthful and beauteous archbishop* is not jealous, or, that he permits this *harmless scandal*. We observed the same pious custom since then at Linz, the large well-built capital of Upper Austria, on the Danube, to which we travelled on from Salzburg.

Those friars are really very humorous fellows; and their society, though certainly not instructive, is very amusing. One morning at the Goldenen Kanone, Linz, while I was in my shirt-sleeves shaving, a rap at my door led me to open it, and then the jolly red face of a short corpulent capuchin met me with a half-laugh. I, with my face frothed over with *lather*, laughed outright; then we both laughed together, before we spoke a word; and then the friar gathered up his features, and said that he came, according to custom, to beg a trifle for the sick (*für die kranken*). It was impossible to refuse so good-natured a being—there could be no hypocrisy allied to such happy humour—so I put a couple of *zwansigers* into his tin box, and he went away joyfully, bowing as low as his rotund figure

* Young Prince Schwartzenburg. Some years primate, and now only 27 years old.

would allow him. Had he presented himself with the rueful countenance of *some* evangelical black-coats, he had gone off without a single kreutzer.

Linz is not only the capital of Upper Austria, but the celebrated metropolis of beautiful women. Fame has certainly not flattered them. They have the most charming Saxon countenances and forms imaginable: nor is their amiability surpassed by their beauty. At this city the Danube is magnificent, and the scenery splendidly picturesque. From the opposite side, a railroad of more than seventy miles to Budweis on the Moldau, joins the Danube to the Elbe. There is another south, to Wells and the salt-mines. From having the curiosity to examine the state of these railroads, and the commerce along them, I was prevented from visiting the chateau of my friend, the Baron de Kast (Austrian minister at Munich), situated about two miles from Linz, in one of the most lovely spots in Austria. His wife, an English lady, was residing there at the time. We passed the gate next day too early to call, as I had ordered post-horses at five o'clock in the morning, so as to reach St. Pölten to sleep. I regret this much, as I greatly wished to see how an English lady accommodated herself to an immense German

Schloss. We saw enough of the grounds to be able to say all appeared in admirable order.

The country from Salzburg to Vienna presents great fertility and plenty; the roads are excellent, and the postilions, although slow in changing horses, drive faster than in any other part of Germany. The people have in abundance all the natural elements of happiness, but few or no intellectual enjoyments—not even in large towns like Linz and Salzburg. They are mildly governed by a patriarchal despotism; and, when we met a band of about forty wretched-looking beings, covered with filth, and two pieces of almost unshapen garment, made of very coarse undyed woollen cloth, surmounted sometimes by a piece of sheepskin, I was astonished to behold such sallow wretchedness amidst so much blooming health, vigour, and comfort, as the country in every other respect presented.

But these unfortunates were not Austrians; they were Hungarian serfs, chased by some of their feudal nobles from the soil, where it was considered there were too many of them. For what with hunting-grounds, and parks, and sheep pasturing, a Hungarian magnate requires a large extent of territory for other purposes than to yield subsistence by means of husbandry to his

serfs. The latter are therefore often driven off in large bands, and then come prowling into Austria in order to get something to eat, and some employment. They sleep any where—in the woods, by hedges, or wherever they can.

I am old enough to remember the Highland tenantry of Scotland driven in multitudes from a soil to which their race had for ages been attached, nearly in a state of serfage, to make room, as is the case in Hungary, for sheep; and I had afterwards the happy opportunity of seeing the poor Highlanders attaining the means of independent living amidst the wilds of America: but the wretched serfs of Hungary have neither the intelligence nor the means to find so blessed an asylum.

For a great part of the journey from Linz to Vienna, we travelled in view of the alps. At one place, near Kemelbach, we were close to the snows, while we were at the same time, rolling over a road lined with heavily laden fruit-trees, and amidst fertile valleys. Soon after we arrived at Mölk, where the Danube is magnificently spacious, and where, on a picturesque eminence, close to the river, there flourishes, as proudly as if it were the fourteenth century, one of the largest monasteries in the

world. It covers at least twice as much ground as Somerset House. It is four stories high with two immense towers, and the extensive rich lands belonging to its foundation, yield means which afford the Benedictines all the good things they can desire.

It is rather curious that this branch of the order, still called the Scotch Benedictine monks (*Benediktiner-Schottener-Mönche*), came originally from Scotland, in 1158. They have also one of the largest churches in Vienna, *Kirche zu-den Schotten* (Scotch kirk), and the ground which once entirely belonged to their order, is still called *Schottenfeld*, forming one of the faubourgs of Vienna.

As we approached nearer Vienna, the road is, for some parts less pleasing, and passes over a cold hilly country. On descending from this we were again amidst fertility, and two hours afterwards we entered the faubourgs, by the outer barriers, delivering up our passports; when, at the same time, the carriage, if the officers think fit, is subject to search. They were not so disposed in our case, and we drove into the imperial city, down as dense a stream of human life, horses, coaches, and carts, as if we were passing from Hyde-park-corner to Piccadilly.

LETTER IV.

NORTH AND SOUTH GERMANY.

MADAME DE STAEL, in her celebrated work on Germany, says :—

“Some leading features only are to be traced as prevailing throughout the Germanic nation ; for the diversities of country are such, that it is impossible to bring under the same point of view, the diversity of religions, governments, climates, and of inhabitants equally different.”

This remark is only partially correct. The governments of Austria and Prussia are equally absolute and equally patriarchal. But the feudal aristocracy, which is supreme in the south, with the general predominance of the Catholic religion, and a far more limited system of public instruction, create the only great observable difference between the form of society, and the aspect of public manners as both prevail in Austria,—or as they predominate in Prussia, where there exists no high hereditary class between the sovereign and people ; where the general extension

of public education is absolutely insisted upon, instead of being limited * by the government and aristocracy; and where the more meditative, though not seductive, religion of Luther has long been in the ascendant.

In Saxony, Baden, and Würtemberg, tithes, and all feudal services, have been abolished, as they have been in Prussia. In Würtemberg, a collision lately occurred between the chamber of peers and the chamber of deputies, on the abrogation of feudal services and tithes; but the former at length gave way, and tranquillity has been re-established in that admirably well-administered kingdom.

In Bavaria, the late excellent Maximilian Joseph, gave the kingdom a constitution; but the nobility still arrogate high separate rights and distinctions; although, from their great numbers and from possessing little land, they are generally very poor; while the people, by means of agriculture and manufactures, have, since the peace of 1815, been very generally attaining the means of independent living.

In the smaller German states, the sove-

* Limited only, in Austria, for simple elementary instruction is quite as much insisted upon by the government, as in Prussia. See letter hereafter on Education in Austria.

reigns, to maintain the show of courts and standing armies, oppress the people by arbitrary exactions, unknown within the mild despotisms exercised in Austria proper, and Prussia. Should those petty sovereigns, however, as they most likely will, continue their severe system of administration, the people (who already look forward to the event as to a kind of *millenium*) will, on the first outbreak, become, in mass, the subjects, and force those states under the authority, of Prussia.

The climates of Germany do not vary sufficiently to give strikingly distinct characters to the people ; except it be in the alpine districts of Austria, Bavaria, and Switzerland.* The Germans living in nearly all the southern hereditary parts of Austria, have, from the elevations extending nearly throughout their country, a climate generally as cold as Prussia. The low lands and valleys only are milder, and the most regularly temperate climates of Germany, are probably those of Saxony, of parts of Bavaria, Baden, Bohemia, Nassau, and the Rhenish provinces ; but in Austria, and all Germany, the winters are colder than in Eng-

* The cantons of Switzerland in which the German language prevails, may, in literature and manners, be properly considered German.

land, and the inhabitants can only maintain warmth within their houses, by the general use of heated stoves.

Wherever the German or Saxon language is traced, whether in Austria, Prussia, in the central states of Germany, in the United Kingdom, or in Anglo-America, the Saxon or Teutonic character is distinctly marked, and maintains its features throughout. Notwithstanding all that was done in England, by William the Conqueror, and his successors, by introducing and enforcing a foreign language and foreign laws, in order to destroy all that had been planted by the Saxons, and which had grown and thriven in the land, still the old Saxon root never has been eradicated; and, from it hath grown forth all that gives strength, vigour, and nationality to English character, and which is always enfeebled when it borrows from the languages, or affects the manners which have no relationship with it.

We are accustomed to view nations through the medium of epithets or phrases, by which prejudice, or the fancy of some sprightly writer or speaker, has characterized them.

In England, it is a common belief that all Dutchwomen are modelled much after the same fashion as the round sterns and bows of

a Flushing galliot. Let us visit Holland, and we are soon convinced, that in no part of Europe are there found a greater proportion of beautiful women, with elegant, nay even classical forms.

The Germans have from time to time, been described as not a *practicable people*, like the French. I admit they are not so practicable as the latter, if it were attempted to rouse them to make revolutions, or to lead them rapidly into aggressive warfare: but all my observations, during an acquaintance of several years with the people of Germany and France, bring me to the conclusion that the former are, in all the moral and industrious affairs of life, far more practical, and far readier to adopt what their unbiassed good sense and perception shows them to be improvements, than the French. The vanity of the latter is their great bane to improvement: as they to this day are, as in the days of Voltaire, "accustomed to ridicule and undervalue every thing that is not common among themselves."

This is certainly not the character of the Germans; for there is scarcely an useful invention known in other countries of which Germany is not ready to avail herself.

Madame de Staël says, "It is imagination

more than intellect that characterizes the Germans." This is a very prettily turned phrase. It has been repeated thousands of times, and, if it were repeated to the end of all time, it would be equally a fallacy, adopted as a truth, on trust, without any security for its foundation.

The celebrated John Paul Richter, has fancifully said, "The empire of the seas belongs to the English,—that of the land to the French,—that of the air to the Germans." When the armies of the revolution and the empire overran and plundered the continent of Europe, Richter spoke the truth. Now, the positions of France and Germany are completely changed.

Morally speaking, I should say, that the characteristics which most prominently distinguish the three nations are, *ostentation*, the English; *vanity*, the French; and *good sense*, the Germans.

The English, as a people, have with their *ostentation*, a high sense of *honour*, *truth*, and *practical generosity*: but even of these, as well as in their display of the power of wealth, and what riches can purchase, to exalt *ignorance*, they make, too generally, an ostentatious exhibition quite offensive to, and always ridiculous in the opinion of, foreigners.

The French, with their excess of vanity, have the talent of making themselves, whether they

be sincere or not, agreeable, and possess above all others the gift of concealing or suppressing what may offend.

The German is equally anxious to avoid giving offence; but in doing so he is less adroit, while he is far more anxious to observe and to know what is practically great in other countries.

On going up the Thames, last year, in one of the steam-boats that ply between London and the continent, I was accompanied by an intelligent German, on whom, the immense fleets of all classes of vessels, which were at that time either under way, at anchor, or in the docks, produced the most extraordinary sensations as to the power and wealth of Great Britain. During our conversation, we were joined by a French gentleman, attached to one of the highest public departments in Paris, and now, for the first time, visiting England. On drawing his attention to the philosophy of the river Thames at that moment,—to the vast commerce of which this great artery was the inlet and outlet,—the multitudes, at home and in all foreign countries, to which this great commerce extended employment, riches, and intelligence,—to the cares, the hopes, the enterprise, the ingenuity, the rivalry, and the power, which the gigantic operations of this boundless commerce

involved, as forming a subject so magnificent and sublime that the mind could scarcely embrace its mere outlines, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "That is very true, but the smoke is abominable."

If we take up Arthur Young's book on France, written before the first revolution, and travel with it over the kingdom, we find the same kind of wretched implements of agriculture, the same system of slovenly farming, the same dirty cottages, still generally unchanged. The improvements in Austrian agriculture I shall take occasion to notice briefly hereafter.

There is great truth in the following remark of Madame de Staël. It is almost equally applicable to the present day as to the time when she wrote it, twenty-eight years ago. In Prussia alone, of all parts of Germany, has it appeared to me to have lost any part of its force.

"In literature, as in politics," she observes, "the Germans have too much consideration for what is foreign, and not sufficient national prejudices." No, in truth, the Germans have not that high opinion of their own worth which they eminently deserve; and it would serve them far in attaining a much higher ascendancy in the opinion of foreign nations, and render them far more powerful as a people, if they

were characterized by the national pride, not the ostentation, of England. The vanity of the French they can never wear: it would always appear, on a German, like an ill-made habit. Yet "the good opinion," observes the same author, with no little share of national vanity in the expression, "which the latter entertain of themselves, has at all times greatly contributed to their ascendancy over Europe."

This ascendancy, without stopping to consider in what degree it has extended over other countries, would never have been admitted, but for the less presumptive manners of other nations.

The present advanced state of education,—the intelligence which prevails among the Germans,—the amalgamation of ideas, feelings, and manners, which are so greatly facilitated, with the interchanging of commodities, by the uninterrupted communication to and fro, over all parts of the union, which the Prussian system extends to twenty-seven millions of people, all speaking the same language, *are*, at the same time, by the powerful influences of mutual interests, mutual safety, and mutual opinions, consolidating, notwithstanding the numerous and jealous sovereignties, all north and central Germany into one great, united, and intelligent nation.

It was the want of this unity, which, at all times of her history, destroyed the great moral and material force of Germany. It still, coupled with her anti-commercial system, enfeebles the Austrian empire, which, with equal natural advantages, and a population as numerous as France, is far weaker than the latter,—from the diversities, both of people and language, being accompanied by separate views and feelings.

France is one nation. The whole population, with trifling exceptions, along the west banks of the Rhine, and the Provencial dialects of Bretagne and La Vendée, speak the same language. Every Frenchman considers France the first country in the world;—and, generally speaking, he himself, if the opportunity were only afforded him, the first of all Frenchmen.

I will not go so far as an unprejudiced, experienced statesman of that country, who had lived long in Germany, said to me, not long since;—"You may also add, if there be any thing wrong in the universe, it is because the Deity created it without having first consulted a Frenchman."

In all great undertakings, especially war, the whole French nation, unhappily for the rest of

continental Europe, have always been unanimous, brave, intrepid, enthusiastic on the march, and, in the field, full of action and fearless of danger. Hence, the otherwise unaccountable military power and victories of France.

Of the whole population of the Austrian empire, not more than one-fourth are, strictly speaking, Germans; the remaining three-fourths are made up of Hungarians, Bohemians, Italians, Moravians, &c.;—none of whom have any national sympathies with Austria. Further, the Austrian soldier appears to have no enthusiasm. It is impossible that he should, when he has no hope either of distinction or honour, as I will show hereafter, in an account of the Austrian army, which I intend sending you. He fights merely as a matter of religious duty, because he has sworn to do so.

In Madame de Staël's admirable work there is so much truth regarding Germany, that I may be pardoned quoting those observations which paint forcibly such features of German character as are still, and will undoubtedly long continue to be, truly national; and also those occasional remarks, which, from the force and beauty of their expression, and our confidence in the author's excellence of heart, convey an erroneous conclusion, with the conviction of reality to the reader, who is not intimately

acquainted with the German people and the German language.

"One may say with reason," observes the amiable author, "that the French and Germans are at the two extremes of the moral chain, as the former consider our ideas generated by exterior objects; and the latter, all impressions as resulting from our preconceived ideas."

There is not only obscurity, but error, in this sweeping, but finely-written remark.

Philosophers may dispute, but can never prove, which of the two, exterior objects or innate ideas, influence the actions of men. But whatever constitutes the *thinking principle*, in whatever manner it be created or acted upon, controls and directs our actions, except when what are termed the animal passions, or appetites, give way to or follow external objects. In this respect, the Germans only differ from the rest of the world, in being characteristically a more thoughtful people.

In quoting the following extract from the same writer, I do so, not from the force of its description, but from the conviction of its truth being confirmed by all I have experienced in every state of Germany, during an extensive acquaintance with the country and its people.

"The Germans are in general faithfully sin-

cere in whatever they say; they scarcely ever fail in performing what they promise; and deceit is foreign to them.

"*Deception cannot ever be introduced into Germany, but through the foolish envy to imitate, in order to appear as dexterous as foreigners. But the good sense, and honest hearts of the Germans, would even then lead them directly back to a sense of virtue,—to a conviction that they could only be right in their own proper way, and that the habit of honesty rendered them unhappy, when they assumed any other character.*"

Did Madame de Staël intend this as a compliment to the Germans, or as a reproof to the Parisians? * Probably both.

From a tolerably extensive knowledge of the French peasantry, I consider them, generally speaking, an excellent honest race. Of the inhabitants of the towns, it would be difficult, I believe, to prove either integrity of intention, or of expression, as a general characteristic.

* The Parisians really differ so widely from the rest of the population, that the late excellent Duke de R——h L——t said one day to me, "Never, I pray of you, call the Parisians French: the former, if they were sure of making money by it, would gladly open the gates of the capital to-morrow to let in the Comacks."

The landlords and tradesmen of Paris, with some striking exceptions which I have happily met with, may, as a body, be considered familiar with deception, and, whenever they find it their interest, failing, without scruple, in the performance of what they promise. I was for a long time incredulous, as to believing what was so frequently told me of them, although I have been very often cheated in consequence.

The immorality, which the nature of the revolutionary and imperial wars communicated to the army,—the vices, which the pleasures and the luxury of the capital may have generated,—and the mere vanity of duping foreigners, and then one another, may have, in combination, produced that deception, which, at least in money transactions, is so much more conspicuous in France, than in Germany and England.

Among many other examples of these in France, I will mention one. About two years ago, a friend of mine hired, for a year, an unfurnished suite of apartments, belonging to a wealthy coach-builder, who owns several houses in one of the best streets in Paris. He had a witness to the agreement, but no writing. In May, three months after, the landlord gave him

notice to quit in July following, saying, his only reason for doing so was, that he, the landlord, had an *offer* from another person for the adjoining suite of apartments, provided he could get three additional rooms, and that my friend must therefore quit, or take the whole. The latter pleaded the agreement. "Yes," replied the landlord, "that is true; but in France no agreement is binding, except in writing, and on *papier timbré*. It is my interest to let both apartments together, and I consider it right to do so; but as I would not inconvenience you (*dérangé Monsieur*), if you give me fifty francs more than the widow-lady, who occupies the suite of apartments above you, I will give her notice to quit, and then you will lose nothing, as it would cost you that sum, at least, to remove your furniture to another house."

The above, as all Frenchmen and all Englishmen, who have lived a year in Paris will admit, is no uncommon circumstance. The coach-maker is considered only *habile*, and he is either now, or soon very likely to be, a member of the Chamber of Deputies. I feel confident, that if any tradesman or landlord were to be guilty of a similar act in Vienna, Berlin, Munich, or

Dresden, a common postilion would consider it a disgrace to associate with him.

I do not draw these comparisons from malevolent or national feelings; for I readily admit we have rogues and cheats enough in England; but happily they are, whenever found out, generally considered the outcasts of society.

The power of incessant labour, of deep research and reflection, is eminently characteristic of the Germans. They work systematically, but not with active dexterity: they retain what they gain, but they acquire more slowly than nations less precise, in the management of public or private affairs.

"The love of liberty," says Madame de Staël, "is not developed among the Germans:—they have not learnt its value, either from its enjoyment or its privation."

This remark is still true, both in respect to North and South Germany. A few philosophers, and most young students, not of noble families, have had the hardihood to advocate the spirit of liberty; but the former have been generally soothed into silence, by having places given to them under the government; and the most vociferous of the *Burchen*, settle down in

a few years, as peace-preaching pastors,—hard-working lawyers, who have, in a country where there is no pleading *viva voce*, never occasion to speak,—or as medical practitioners: the salary of the first, and small fees of the two last, require the utmost attention to their respective professions, amidst the duties of which, all the great schemes of the *ci-devant* Burchen are forgotten.

It will assuredly never be the *Burchenschaft*, *Young Germany*, *Secret Societies*, nor any but the irresistible *Propaganda* of public intelligence, multiplied by the power of steam, that will develop the love and value of liberty in Germany.

Meantime, the governments, North and South, generally despotic in their power, exercise that power, in the practice of their administration, with little exception, in a patriarchal and mild spirit. Oppression in the courts of law is far from being felt, either in expense, or in the vexation of practice, so grievously as in countries with free constitutions, but with *rigidly conserved abuses*, like France, and especially England. Municipal government is nearly vested altogether, by election, in the people. Taxation is light;

and material comforts are very generally distributed. It is these circumstances, alone, that have hitherto prevented the *love of liberty* from being developed, and the full value of its enjoyment from being known both in North and South Germany. Place the Germans in the same position, in regard to government, taxation, and feudal services, as the French nation before the first revolution, and the former would rise in mass, and, by their moral force alone, would acquire true liberty; but they would never make a revolution, as in France, to establish either a military despotism, or the jurisdiction of an army of *police*, and of arbitrary tribunals.

The government and administrations of the Austrian empire, have engaged my attention sufficiently long for me to be enabled in a short time to send you a sketch of both, showing the spirit of the one, and practice of the other.

In regard to South Germany, the remark made by Madame de Staël, more than a quarter of a century ago, is also in great measure, but not altogether, still in force.—“It is sufficiently known that there is no literature, except in North Germany, and that the inhabitants of the south give themselves up to the enjoyments

of physical life; while those of the north are devoted exclusively to the pleasures of intellect. Several men of genius have been born in the south, but they have been formed in the north. Literature might, perhaps, be cultivated with equal success in the south as in the north of Germany, if the sovereigns of the former imparted its proper interests to the study of letters."

The state of literature, arts, and sciences, in Austria, will require a separate letter. If the first be not liberally encouraged by the sovereigns, there is no check given to its pursuit and development,—that is, if politics, and attacks upon the Catholic religion be avoided.

The defective condition of the intellectual state, may be attributed chiefly to the inhabitants of a tranquil country like Austria—fertile in all the material elements of happiness,—being perfectly content with their condition, and to their having no other ambition than the certainty of always enjoying their present manner and means of existence.

LETTER V.

VIENNA.

THIS capital is unlike any other in the world. In its aspect it is not exactly German or yet Italian. It has very little that is French, and still less that is English, in its appearance.

The suburbs have an Italian character, the houses and other buildings being (many of them) splendid edifices, while others, like those of many parts of Italian cities, are crowded in dirty streets, which have been the chief haunts of the cholera, and where that malady still lingers. The city has much of the old German character: narrow clean streets with huge high houses, occasionally with green *persians* to the windows, which are often decked with flowers. Edifices little embellished with architectural ornament, unless it be here and there

figures of Hercules, or of some mighty Greek or Goth supporting a gateway, or some projection in the building.

The suburbs surround the city; and, with the exception of Leopoldstadt (between which, and the town, a small branch of the Danube flows), an open space of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred yards broad, divided into walks, and planted with poplars, and other trees of stunted growth, extends, beyond the ditch without the walls, all around the city, and separates it from the fauxbourgs.

The best idea that I can give you of the appearance of Vienna is, for you to imagine that the buildings surrounding the Regent's park (which latter is of about the same extent, as the space I am going to include) form those facing the broad space I have described; and that in front of those buildings, which by the way I may remark, are, with perhaps ten or twelve exceptions, far more splendid structures than those in front of the Vienna fauxbourgs, you leave a space of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred yards vacant. Within this circle, you are to form a broad ditch, without water, but with a wide Macadamised carriage and footway, planted on each side with tall

Lombardy poplars, and ornamented with flower-gardens. Carriages with gaily-dressed people, are to be seen driving, and horsemen prancing along the avenue, and pedestrians on each side. Immediately beyond this ditch, you have to raise a wall about a hundred feet high, with bastions, forming a regular fortification. On the top of this wall, to which you are to have a parapet three feet high, you must also have a broad boulevard-like promenade on which you are also to plant trees, and to people with fashionably-dressed persons of both sexes. Within the walls, you are to rear a city, with huge palaces and houses, one of the most magnificent and richly Gothic cathedrals in the world, and thirty other churches and chapels. You must leave also four or five open places, none so large as Waterloo-place, for the *graben* — the *Hohe* market — the *Judin. platz* — the *Freyung*, &c. Nearly all of these must be adorned by some monument or fountain in the centre, with plain houses, rising six or eight stories on all sides. You must then have huge barracks, some of which were formerly monasteries; two theatres—all the central public offices of the empire, and several public museums; a stock exchange, crowded

with sharp calculating gamblers ; cafés, not much like those in Paris, but with numerous frequenters, sipping coffee, lemonade, &c., and playing billiards or cards, and reading newspapers ; restaurateurs, nearly resembling those of the French capital ; several large hotels which must be neither English, French, Italian, nor German, but something made up of the three latter, and at all times nearly filled with strangers, and with at least a dozen handsome carriages in the court-yard, and two or three driving or leaving the *port-cocher* ; shops fully as dashing as those of London ; a garden with trees, and a temple, with bands of music, and cafés for the people's amusement ; streets as thronged but not half as wide, as the Strand, with carriages driving to and fro with furious rapidity, regardless of the lives of pedestrians ; and then soldiers posted here and there as policemen, must all be added to animate and people this city within the walls. You must then have several gates through these walls, and bridges over the ditch ; through and over both which, there must be a never-ceasing stream of people on foot, on horseback, or in carriages, passing to and from the *fauxbourgs*.

The latter must have several public gardens for the public use, especially on Sundays, with restaurants and cafés, and other places of recreation; and the whole surrounded by an extensive wall, that none may enter without the observance of the douaniers and police. Then add an immense park, a *Prada*, or *Prater*, with woods, and avenues planted with chestnuts, and oaks, and other aristocratic trees, for the nobility and gentry to ride in carriages, and on horseback; and side paths for the second and lower classes to walk and to gaze on their more elevated fellow-creatures. In winter, you must crowd the nobility and gentry in their palaces within the city, and send them in summer to their chateaux, and parks, and serfs in the country. A few, as the Princes Schwartzenburg, Lichtenstein, and Esterhazy, may be allowed two palaces each, besides their country chateaux: that is, one in the city, and one with an immense garden, the meeting place of lovers, in the fauxbourgs. But, as a general rule, you must send all you possibly can, that is not noble, to the fauxbourgs, as the city will only lodge about 60,000 persons, not including the soldiers in barracks, nor the horses in

stables; while more than 300,000 besides invalids, soldiers, and horses find habitations in the *fauxbourgs*.

In the latter, there are several public institutions; four theatres; thirty churches, most of which have towers, or turrets, very much in the oriental style, particularly that of St. Karl, which resembles the mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople. The foregoing sketch, giving the population, who are generally well-dressed and well-looking, a good sprinkling of soldiers in white uniforms and black gaiters; of priests, with black cassocks and white belts; of friars, with dust-brown habits, and heads uncowled; of some hundreds of Jews, cleaner than they generally are in Germany; of an *intrusion*, now and then, of several bands of Hungarian serfs, of Turks, Armenians, Servians, Croats, Tyroleans, and Milanese, and you will have as correct a *panorama-view* of Vienna and its inhabitants, as I can draw for you.

Mr. Russel, in his very entertaining tour, but, as regards Austria, containing not sufficiently well-considered observations, says, "Vienna is no longer a fortified city: promenading is the only purpose to which the fortifications are applied." Now, although the terraces within

the parapets of the fortifications, form, perhaps, a more splendid promenade than that of any capital in Europe, yet, Vienna is regularly and strongly fortified. Not that it could, from its position, withstand for ten days a formidable siege, made by a foreign enemy; but, as a leading Austrian statesman said to me, on mentioning my surprise that the fortifications were not levelled, and converted into boulevards, as in Paris (in order to give more breadth, airiness, and splendour to Vienna), "they are not kept up with the idea of being proof against foreign attack, but, in the possible event of insurrection, to overawe the populous suburbs." What absurdity! if the 340,000 inhabitants of the suburbs were to revolt, they would starve the 60,000 nobles and shopkeepers within the fortifications, into submission or death, in less than a fortnight.

LETTER VI.

STREETS AND SHOPS.

I HAVE said the city would only lodge about sixty thousand souls, besides horses. During the day, and half the night, there would seem to be thrice that number within the walls; and, taking all the streets together, there is not in one of them, for a hundred yards in length, a space as broad as half the width of Piccadilly: all the others are scarcely wide enough for one coach to pass another. Yet, in no other town on earth, is there so many carriages of all kinds; such furious, never-ceasing driving. The coachmen never give the least attention to those on foot; and you every moment see the people, men, women, and children, flying from one side to the other, as the geese and pigs did,

when John Gilpin's horse ran away with that renowned citizen. This is not all the danger that pedestrians have to encounter ; for, as close to the walls as they can roll, you are perpetually met, or followed, or crossed, by giant-wheelbarrows, pushed forward at a rapid sort of trot, by Herculean-made fellows, or by women of Amazonian dimensions. The pushers of these loaded or empty vehicles, are equally careless of what is before them, as the coachmen. Then come the waggoners, lashing their horses, to get along, or to get out of the way. Into the city they must come, for they carry all the good things of this and other lands, to minister to the appetites, pleasures, fashions, or other wants and fancies of Vienna. In escaping from coaches, waggons, and wheelbarrows, you are again to guard stumbling over the piles of wood, which men and women are cutting in the streets, and against the axes which those cleavers are perpetually swinging over their heads.

Notwithstanding all these formidable interruptions, and never-ceasing tumult, the streets are crowded with people on foot, all of whom, even the poorest Jews in their national garments, are well clad, and most of them fashion-

ably dressed: a few half-naked Bohemians, now and then seen, in some corner, where they can take advantage of not being in sight of a policeman, to beg a kreutzer, and the wretched *serfs*, who come in driving the Hungarian waggons, being the only exception. In short, no town on earth exhibits such an appearance of people living amidst plenty, such an absence of *uneasy classes*, and of any thing that can represent poverty. The hackney-coaches are as neat, clean, and showy, all but the number, as private carriages; the horses are generally in excellent condition. The shops, although in such narrow streets, and most of which have signs, with painting almost worthy of museums, are as *dashing* as those of London or Paris. Those which exhibit jewellery, porcelain, and Bohemian glass, are especially brilliant. The cut, engraved, and coloured glass, of Bohemia is unequalled. The purest crystal in all forms, cut with astonishing ingenuity, and often with as many colours as the kaleidoscope represents, and as fancifully burnt transparently in, is exhibited in the glass-shops in the richest variety. Silks, merinos, Thibets, the finest cloths, cottons, muslins, clocks, watches, confections, drugs, cutlery, groceries, and china, have all

their respective showy displays to tempt purchasers.

The booksellers' and picture shops are numerous and large. Besides all the literature of every state in Germany, you may also find nearly every popular book, and the principal engravings published in England or France.

With all this abundance—with the actually well-known wealth of the inhabitants, it seems unaccountable that they should reside, crowded tier over tier in eight or ten layers, within houses as high as those in old Edinburgh; and, whenever they stir out, if they venture on foot, at the risk every instant of being crushed in the streets. The suburbs offer the finest situations imaginable. Some of the streets, particularly that leading to the Prater, are wider than Pall-mall, and the houses are generally much larger than those of London, having nearly all a *port cocher*, and court within. Yet, it is considered not fashionable to reside without the city-gates; and this "do well enough" sort of putting up with what has served them for generations, is remarkably characteristic of the Austrians.

Small as the space is, the whole city, not covering half as much ground as the Regent's Park, the princes and nobles of the empire have

no less than one hundred and twenty-two huge palaces within the walls. Not one of the streets in front and rear of those unadorned buildings is so broad as Fludyer-street, Westminster; yet no streets in the world are kept cleaner than those of the city of Vienna, every particle of dirt being actually swept off twice a day, and nothing offensive to the eye or nasal organs ever appears. How different from the otherwise so agreeable capital of France! Several streets in the suburbs of Vienna are not, however, remarkable for pleasant odours, although they seldom look filthy.

Those who are so wise as to consider walking salutary, may soon escape from the narrow streets of Vienna, by ascending the ramparts which surround the town,—the most agreeable of promenades, affording an ever-changing panorama. Here you have a view over the bridges, and along the numerous avenues leading to the several fauxbourgs, of a perpetual stream of carriages,—persons on horseback and pedestrians, of all ages and sexes, clad in the most brilliant and the most grave colours. You have in front the edifices of the suburbs, with numerous spires, turrets, and domes, facing the city, and sufficiently distant to be remarkably picturesque in

the perspective. In the western back-ground, you have high hills, and all round a country in which the landscape is diversified with woods, fields, white houses, and the blue turrets and spires of several churches, and a sky almost perpetually clear and brightly blue.

The ditch below you has a fine avenue, with a carriage-road, footpaths, and flower-gardens; and, on the open ground between you and the fauxbourgs are groups of women and children, the former usually knitting, and the latter engaged in a thousand different diversions.

The view is particularly striking when you ascend from the ramparts to the top of the great entrance (*Neuer Thor*—one of the finest in Europe), that leads to the large open space which separates the *Hof* (court) garden from the *volks* (people) garden, and then passing through the Hof-burg, or palace (much as through the court of the Louvre), to the city within.

If you walk round until you are in view of Leopoldstadt, you observe, on the arm of the Danube that flows beneath you, a great number of immense roughly-constructed boats, untarred and unpainted, loaded with the various products of the countries bordering on the Danube.

These river craft have actually large warehouses, with angular roofs, built within them, for storing the merchandise they carry. The bridges over this branch of the river are thronged and animated with carriages and pedestrians passing to and fro. In every direction round Vienna, but especially in the Prater and *Augarten*, you have delightful rides and promenades, to which I must lead you on a future occasion, as you will probably find this letter already sufficiently long.

LETTER VII.

THE INNS.

IN Austria the inns are, by many, considered inferior to those of North Germany. We have not found them altogether so. At Salzburg, the young landlady of the "*Drey Allirten*," gave us the names of the hotels her good man corresponded with; and we have not been disappointed in her recommendations. But, not being able to reach the town we proposed stopping at the first night, we halted at the post-house of a village, called *Voeckla-bruck*; that is, the bridge on the river Voeckla. All over Germany, when you find the name of a place terminated by *bruck*, you may be sure a river flows through, or close to it.

The post-house of Voeckla-bruck appeared

to have been an old *Schloss*, or baronial castle. Its enormously thick walls, gathered into Gothic arches over every one of its apartments, formed the roof above, supporting the floor of the next story, and so on to the top; for, in the actual structure of the building, nothing but the doors and window-frames consisted of wood, except in a few rooms, where fir boards had been laid over the original stone floor. The long cold passages were also arched over, and, in like manner, floored with stone; and the windows had, on the ground and second stories, all projecting iron bars, guarding them in front.

We were led, by a very handsome chambermaid, up a flight of stone stairs to a door which she unlocked with a key apparently as old as the schloss. All over the country the rooms at the inns are locked. This seems rather strange, as thefts are by no means frequent. The room into which we were shown by our fair Austrian, was a large, dreary-looking parallelogram, with an arched roof, and two small windows.

The furniture consisted of a huge stove, a spitting-box, three chairs, a small narrow sofa, a middle-sized table on one side of the room, and a smaller one on the other. On the latter

were placed two oval dishes, large enough to hold a little more than a pint of water, and two glass bottles, which were afterwards filled with that element. On the wall above this table hung a looking-glass, about a foot long. The table, dishes, bottles, and glass, with a couple of snow-white towels, formed the conveniences for two persons to wash and dress. There stood, at opposite ends of this chamber, two wooden things, something more than five feet long, and a little wider than an infant's crib, crossed by a board at the head and foot, but open at the sides. In it was placed a straw mattress, about two feet in width, and over it another of the same material, about a foot thick at the head, but tapering like a wedge, until it terminated in the middle of the thing I am describing. A floating sort of mattress, and then a flat straw bolster, and then another floating mattress, were successively piled on this building: then two pillows at the head, and then a sheet, and then a feather-bag, about four feet long by three broad, placed over all, completed the construction of what, over all Germany, is called a bed. In this short, narrow, high edifice, you are supposed to sleep, with your body making an angle of nearly forty-

five degrees with the horizon, much in the same position as the bodies, of those who die at Frankfort and Munich, are lodged in houses attached to the cemeteries, for some time after dissolution, to avoid premature interment,

Such a room, furnished as I have described, is at the inns, over all parts of Germany not much frequented by foreigners, being the sort of lodging considered proper for a husband and wife. In such a bed your head is jammed, unless you be very low of stature, at one end, and your feet at the other, against the boards. You feel yourself, from your inclined position, always as if sliding downwards. If you are not subject to the nightmare, you will assuredly be so in a German bed; and, on sleeping, find yourself, in spite of all resistance, as probably falling down from some terrific precipice into some infernal gulf, where a legion of devils, in all demoniac shapes, are preparing to seize you. The short feather-bed is supposed to be all the covering necessary; for you have seldom any sheets but the one under you, and I never saw a blanket in Germany. If you move, the said bag of feathers rolls off; and, if you be asleep at the time, 'tis possible you may dream of being denuded by the Esquimaux, and left to

perish in Captain Ross's country. Perhaps the necessity of remaining immovable, when in bed, is one of the causes, which, by long-continued habit, have rendered the people not so restless as those of other countries.

If you do not speak German, and if you do not carry along with you your own sheets, you will be indeed wretchedly lodged in respect to sleeping. If you can make the maid understand you, she is astonished at what she considers your barbarity, in wishing to demolish the lofty edifice she so carefully constructed; and she may probably run off, taking you for some Goth, of whom she has heard in an old ballad. You had, therefore, better ask for a couple of sheets, which, the moment you are understood, will never be refused; and, after you bid the *kammer mädchen* (chambermaid) and the *kelner* or *kelnerin* (male or female servants) *gute nacht*, then set about reducing the beds to a level. If you be a married man, place the side, not the end, of one bed, close to the wall, which will form one guard against the coverings rolling off. Then, place the other bed close beside it; thus making one sufficiently large and wide bed out of two. Throw out of both the two floating mattresses, also the

wedge-like one, and pillows, leaving nothing but the straw palliasses. Across these, place the soft mattresses; and then, as your wife or wife's maid will either have, or ought to have, needles and thread, let them stitch every two sheets into one, and the sides of the feather-bags also together, by which means, after arranging pillows and sheets properly, on this united bed, you may repose with great comfort; that is, with your head to the wall, and your body extending across both beds made into one, of which the head and foot boards of both form the sides. It was thus we managed at Voeckla-bruck, and that we had often managed before in north and central Germany. Batchelor travellers must manage as they can; but, I would advise them, if the floor be clean, to take out all the mattresses, and arrange them in the most easy way to lie upon, in one corner of the room.

We had no reason, however, to complain of any thing else at our country inn. They gave us excellent baked trout, potatoes smoking hot, and, as we desired, boiled in their skins; beef-steaks; fried chicken, which is a national dish, especially at Vienna; and excellent soup, bread, butter, &c. At Linz, our host of the "Golden

Cannon" served us well; and we had beds made up for us in the manner we directed. The head-waiter recommended us to stop at the "Golden Lion," (every sign is almost invariably *golden something*, in Austria), St. Poelten, "for," said he, "all the great nobles put up there, being exactly a good day's journey from hence; and, besides, I am going to be married to the widow that keeps it." On arriving at the said inn, we were received by the widow, who had once been handsome; but her daughter, a fine fair marriageable girl, seemed the proper age and match for the waiter of the "Golden Cannon." "So," thought I, "there are matches of convenience in Austria, as well as in France and England." All we required at this hotel (which was also *schloss*-like in its architecture), was good, except the beds, which required a similar transformation to those of Voeckla-bruck.

The houses in many German towns, particularly in new streets, are magnificent buildings, that seem constructed as if the inhabitants were to live on the outside, in order to admire the edifices they have erected; for, strictly speaking, they are destitute of the interior comforts which we consider so essential:

of these, good beds are what we feel more disappointed and surprised at being so rarely met with, than any of the other articles of furniture, which are, in England especially, deemed indispensable. Carpets are scarcely ever seen; and, instead of open fireplaces, you have, in every room, stoves which suffocate you with a close, heated atmosphere, which you have no means of tempering, but by the dangerous experiment of letting a stream of cold air into the room, or having no fire at all. In France, Holland, and Belgium, good beds are found in every house, although the Dutch have something of the German propensity of heaping mattresses and feather-bags over each other. Carpets are, it is true, rare in France, except lately in Paris, and in those towns visited in swarms by the English; but there, again, you have a rich display of mirrors, clocks, chimney-ornaments, lamps, candelabras, marble and mahogany tables, sofas, fauteuils, and so forth. In Germany, with a few exceptions in the houses of the very first families in the capitals, and in those of the rich merchants at Frankfort, Leipzig, Mayence, and Hamburg, the rooms are all furnished in a strikingly meagre style. At Munich, we found them better sup-

plied than in most other towns. In Vienna, the hotels are considered unworthy of so populous and rich a city. They do not exactly deserve this charge. In appearance, they have not much that is prepossessing. The Golden Lamb, in Leopoldstadt, is a magnificent building; but then it is not in *the city*; consequently, second-rate. In the city, again, they are nearly all in the most noisy streets on earth, especially the *karntner gasse*, in which are the hotels most frequented by foreigners. Scarcely any of the hotels have decent entrances, except the "*Kaiserin von Oesterreich*." In all, the charges for rooms, and every thing they provide, are extravagantly high; and, although every eatable and drinkable article, except perhaps fish, is abundant in the market, and cheaper than at Paris, we have found the expense of living at least a third higher. At the same time, we do not believe that at our hotel, the "*Kaiserin von Oesterreich*" (Empress of Austria), they make us, as they do the English in France and Italy, pay more than the inhabitants of the country. We have quick attendance, and fair cookery. The rooms, linen, beds, furniture, are remarkably clean; the parquet, or oak floor, is polished, like those

of Paris ; but, although cold weather is approaching, there is no idea of having carpets. Vienna is said to be very generally infested by those little chocolate-coloured gentry, which, in the depth of night, leave their lurking-places, to bleed all who are snoring, or more silently reposing beneath feather-bags, sheets, or wadded coverlets.*

There are, I believe, few hotels in the city or suburbs, free from those poisonous and disgusting insects ; but, by taking great care in regard to beds, and sheets, we have scarcely experienced more than the show of an attack.

* Cotton, wadded between a piece each of cotton and coloured silk, in breadth three feet, and in length five, has, where you find the best beds, been substituted in place of the feather-bag, to cover you. You may, however, have the latter in addition.

LETTER VIII.

LIVING ABROAD.

FROM all I observe in the markets, I am persuaded that, with a little management, and especially by renting, unfurnished, one of the large, clean suit of apartments in the superb Prater-street, Leopoldstadt, which is much the same as the *Avenue de Neuilly*, in the Champs Elysées, Paris, a family may live, *even in a stylish way*, cheaper in Vienna, than in any other large capital. House-rent is not so high as in Paris; servants' wages much less; furniture still cheaper; and a pair of excellent Hungarian carriage-horses, worth, for daily use in this country, a dozen of English *high-breds*, may be bought for about twenty pounds each; the keep of both will cost about thirty pounds

a year. Excellently-built carriages, as handsome as any constructed in Long-acre, cost about one-third what you are asked at that renowned and exorbitant London manufactory.

I am not, however, anxious to tempt my fellow-subjects to Vienna, by telling them how cheaply they may live in one of the gayest, if it be not, indeed, the very gayest of capitals. I far more anxiously wish them to remain in their own, and not to fly in swarms, to the discredit of our nation, to other countries. But, before we can cure the mania for absenteeism, for neglecting the solid means of enjoyment possessed at home, we must change many things of which England has no reason to be proud; we must reform our social state as well as our laws,—the expensive administration of our Courts, and that abomination of our land, the authority usurped by the attorneys; we must legislate so that those articles which so greatly increase the necessary expense of maintaining life, be taxed less and produced cheaper, and in greater abundance. We must improve our system of public and private instruction; we must scout from society and the power of legislation, all those doleful canting law-makers, who wish to prevent our honest citizens enjoying, after their

devotions, on the only day in seven on which they can rest from their labours, those harmless amusements which gladden the heart in all countries but Great Britain. We must in high, or rather *rich* life, have less ostentation, and more liberality in the social state, before we can make England again, in the true sense of the meaning, that *merry old England* she was, at a period when her means of being *merry*, were few, in comparison to her present ill-distributed abundance.

We are in a position to become the happiest, the most-to-be-sought-after, country on earth. We have riches, we have a great share of intelligence,—we have public parks; we have also watering-places, especially those on the sea-coasts, of great attraction and beauty. But we do not seem to understand how to be happy; and we fly abroad in pursuit of what we do not understand. What, for example, has Boulogne, in comparison with the Isle of Wight, or Hastings, in natural beauty? The freedom of the social position in France, seems to me the only possible attraction; certainly not novelty, for few English people know much of their own country.

Foreigners generally consider that we are

a very rich nation, but that in some way or other we do not possess those sources of enjoyment which are agreeable to us; and that all who can escape from the foggy climate and stupid society of England, fly to the continent in quest of natural beauties and artificial charms. This idea is very flattering to them, especially to the national vanity of all Frenchmen. Englishmen again believe that the French are happy to see them, as John Bull spends so much money in France.* This is a false ostentatious idea. All but the innkeepers, lodging-house letters and shopkeepers, detest our presence, as residents. English families scarcely ever get into good French society. They sometimes fancy they do, when they only mix with designing female *intrigantes* and *chevaliers d'industrie*, with the assumed titles of barons and baronesses, counts and countesses, and who flatter English mothers and English daughters too frequently with success, in order to feed on them, or to swindle them out of their money,

* By the police returns, it appears that taking the average of five years, there are more than 50,000 English always in France. If each spends 100*l.* per annum, the whole must draw 5,000,000*l.* a year from the United Kingdom.

by almost invariably disgraceful and unhappy marriages.

French families of respectable standing say they are very much inconvenienced by the residence of an English multitude in Paris, who raise the rents of houses, and the price of necessaries and luxuries. It is true that increased demand, long continued, will always, by being the cause of multiplying the production of commodities, bring prices to their natural level; but the French never consider this, and always tell you that the great expense of living in Paris is occasioned by the rich English, who pay any price the French people choose to ask.*

In Germany, they do not entertain the same ideas. English residents may, by being once introduced, not only associate with the most respectable families, but enjoy the most friendly and sincere intercourse with them. Nor can there be a greater error than to say, because the Germans make few professions, that they are cold and indifferent: far otherwise; they feel sincerely what they say, and it will go

* Last winter we have heard them go much further, saying, "You also spoil our charming climate, by your abominable custom of burning coal.

indeed hard with them to estrange the regard they once form. They, at the same time, expect the same fidelity and truth from others ; particularly from the English, whom they esteem more than they do all other people.

In Germany, there are not, however, many English residents, and these consist only of persons engaged commercially in large trading towns, and a few families who have resorted to the country, for the purpose of educating their children in a cheap country.

A remarkably intelligent German lady, with whom my wife formed a most agreeable friendship, on one day alluding to the circumstance of so many English families residing abroad, thousands of whom had actually no home in England, said, " I cannot comprehend the possibility of voluntary expatriation. Those who are sufficiently rich may naturally enough travel to see other countries ; but to abandon one's native land—oh ! oh !—'twould break my heart to think of doing so."

LETTER IX.

THE CORONATION.

THE court, nobility, and diplomatic corps, have all left the metropolis of the empire a fortnight since, for the capital of Bohemia. Thousands have flocked from all parts of Germany to Prague; and, now that the emperor has been crowned king of Bohemia, I find that I know more about that solemn and pompous ceremony, than any of those who, as the French say, *assisted* at the coronation.

Ever since intermarriages gave the hereditary sovereignties of Hungary and Bohemia to the dukes of Austria, the coronations of the latter, at Possoni, as King of Hungary, and at Prag (Prague), as King of Bohemia, have been so-

lennized with an extraordinary formal grandeur, considered as especially appertaining to the house of Hapsburg.

The present emperor, Ferdinand the First, was crowned King of Hungary during his father's lifetime in 1830, five years before his accession to the Imperial throne. Great preparations being lately made at Prague, the emperor repaired thither with his empress, daughter of the late King of Sardinia. The King and Queen of Saxony, and the ministers of foreign courts, with some of the nobility and gentry of foreign countries, were also present.

The emperor is in the forty-third year of his age; and, although his constitution is delicate, and his person spare, he does not look older. The empress is ten years younger. In person she is one of the most graceful slight forms imaginable, and still retains her beauty, in a remarkable degree, for so delicately-constructed a frame.

The archdukes and duchesses, and other branches of the imperial family, with Prince and Princess Metternich, and other high dignitaries of the empire, accompanied or followed the emperor and his consort.

Prague is not only more delightfully situated than Vienna; but its edifices and buildings, generally, are quite equal in magnificence and beauty of architecture. The royal palace, overlooking the river and surrounding country, contains about seven hundred apartments. The archbishop's palace is also magnificent, and still more superb in its decorations than that of royalty. The cathedral, exclusive of the costly manner in which it has been fitted up for the recent ceremony, is, after St. Stephen's, the first Gothic edifice in the empire, and even superior to the cathedral of Vienna, in its interior splendour.

The drives and public walks, especially the Landstandisch, were crowded with thousands of the noble and fashionable, who had never before seen a city, to which the names of Jerome of Prague, and of Tycho Brahe, have lent a celebrity in history, more lasting than that of all the princes and bishops who have ever resided within its palaces, or of all the coronations that have been solemnized within its walls.

An account of this pompous ceremony was drawn up for me by a very worthy acquaintance at Prague, a learned antiquarian, who considered.

all the minutiae of its formalities of such sacred importance, that it would have been a sort of profanity to have omitted any one observance, of those which were instituted in the thirteenth century, when King and Saint Wenzelslaw, whose dust lies intombed within a large chapel in the cathedral, was crowned.

The style of writing which my friend considered befitting the subject, differs very little from that of Martin Luther's Bible; and, as it may be a curiosity to show to your lovers of ancient usages, I will translate it as literally as I can into English. After describing the splendour of the royal dinner and ball (which, however, was a most stupidly formal assemblage), given on the previous Sunday, my friend proceeds—

“The holy ceremonies that have, from olden times, been performed on crowning the kings of Bohemia, have, on the crowning of the Lord's anointed, King Ferdinand, the beloved, been observed in the following order :

“Already, early in the morning, the assembled people thronged the royal city.

“The cathedral (*domkirche*) was beforehand prepared, in the accustomed way, for every class of the inhabitants, who were to take a part in the solemn ceremony. There were seats placed

in a circular form all round, ornamented in a costly manner, and raised in rows above one another. Above these, were places elevated and decked with rich tapestry of red and gold cloth, and having seats for the most high, and high lords of the land to sit in. The walls and the pillars were decked, and all the floor covered with red and scarlet cloth. Near the high altar stood the royal oratory, decked with gold cloth, and behind it was the royal chair, likewise ornamented with cloth of gold, and with a canopy (*thron-himmel*), having curtains hanging down on both sides of the red cloth.

“On the right and on the left there were tabourets, covered with red and gold cloth, for those who were to assist at the king’s crowning.

“In the evangelical (the archbishop’s) side of the church there was the throne, for enthroning the king, decked with gold drapery. Behind the high altar, there was a table, on a level with the little altar, covered with rich gold cloth, and thereon lay the silver dishes, with the anointing oil, and the cotton wool, and the salt, and the napkins, and all that was needful for the anointing of the king.

“At the sixth hour in the morning, the imperial and royal garrison of Prague, and the

privileged burger corps, and the regiment of artillery, all with their banners flying, and with their bands of music, and likewise the corporations of the city, with their flags and their bands of music, assembled in the great parade place; and all the bells of the towers and of the steeples then began to ring, and all the gates of the city were closed, and not to be opened until after the crowning. And the king rode at the time before all his royal army, and before his people, who all formed a line afterwards, all the way from the royal palace to the cathedral.

“And the sight of the men-at-arms, and of the horsemen, and the beauteous uniforms, and dresses of all, and the artillery with the banners, and the music bands, was delightful to behold.

“At seven o'clock there met together, at the palace, the chief officers of the state; and the chief burg-graf of Prague, went to St. Wenzelslaw's chapel, the walls of which are of gold and of agate, with the key of the crown archives, and the dean of the cathedral (*dom dechant*) delivered over to the chief burg-graf the sword of the holy St. Wenzelslaw, with the royal insignia, and they were carried and laid on a

cushion of gold cloth, and placed on a table below the throne.

"Then began the procession to move to the cathedral.

"First, came the chief governor of the state (*oberst-land-hofmeister*), carrying his staff of office, on the top of which was the lion of Bohemia, which was made of pure gold, and standing upright.

"Then followed the chief burg-graf of Prague with the crown, which was made of scarlet silk velvet, and decked with all its diamonds.

"Then came the chief sheriff (*oberstland richter*) carrying the royal golden globe (*reichs apfel*).

"Then the chief master of the rolls (*oberst-landschreiben*), carrying the sceptre.

"Then followed the warden of the coronets of the nobles, carrying the *stola* and girdle; and with him was the warden of the knight's heraldry, carrying the mantel.

"Then in the procession were six royal-imperial (*königliche-kaiserliche*) archers, and six noble officers of the Hungarian life-guards. At the same time, came the royal-imperial chamber-

page, with the sheath of the sword of holy and royal Saint Wenzelslaw, and with the holy and royal saint's ring, and laid them both on the high altar.

“And, when the hour that was fixed for proceeding to the coronation struck, his royal imperial majesty, with the ordinary crown (*haus-krone*) on his head, came forth from the royal apartment by the great stairs, and then walked along to the cathedral, by the way which was overlayed with scarlet and white, and on each side of this way there marched the royal imperial soldiers and the privileged burger corps, and the corporations of the city, all in procession to the cathedral.

“And, following the king's majesty, there were all the *royal imperial pages*; and, as the king walked along, the *burgermaster*, the *vice-burgermaster*, and the *six oldest magistrates* of Prague supported the canopy of gold stuff cloth over the king's royal head.

“Then came the *hereditary state office-keeper*, and the *chief state officers*, and the *royal imperial carver* in procession without any distinction of rank.

“Then followed the *royal imperial judges*.

“Then the *chief provincial governor* with his

staff of office, and the *royal Bohemian herald*, in his robes of ceremony, holding a white rod upright, on the head of which was the Bohemian lion.

"Then came the *chief land marshal*, carrying the unsheathed sword of the holy and royal St. Wenzelslaw.

"There were also on both sides of his majesty, the *knights of the golden fleece*, wearing their great collars; and walking outside of the bearers of the canopy; and there were likewise on both sides, a troop of *royal imperial archers*, and of *royal imperial Hungarian life-guards*; and then the *royal imperial life horse-guards*, closing the rear of the procession.

"And, during the whole procession, the bells all rang merrily, and the military bands played; and the trumpeters blew their trumpets, and the standard-bearers waved their banners.

"And, when the king's majesty entered the cathedral, the most high reverend consecrator sprinkled the holy water over his majesty, and gave his majesty the holy cross of St. Wenzelslaw, which his majesty kissed; and then his majesty entered St. Wenzelslaw's chapel, and kneeled down on the cushion that was prepared for his majesty, and, after saying a short

prayer, his majesty put aside his ordinary clothes, and put on the coronation robes.

“And then came the most high right reverend archbishop, with the assistant clerks of St. Wenzelslaw’s chapel, in procession to the high altar, and repeating a short prayer aloud, which was accompanied by the trumpets and the large drums, while the procession came up in the following order :

“The *most high right reverend archbishop*, and the *right reverend twenty bishops*.

“The *most high right reverend consecrator*, with the *clerks*.

Then *all the priests* of Prague, with silvered busts and with four saints’ images, followed by *pages* carrying wax torches.

“Then the *royal pages*.

“Then the *nobles and knights of the empire and kingdom*, preceded by the *royal imperial chamberlain*.

“Then the *privy counsellors*, according to their rank.

“Then the *royal Bohemian herald*.

“Then the *hereditary warden of the gates*, with the city *key*, which key is of the most pure steel, and the ring of pure gold, upon which the Bohemian crown is set in cornelian,

and which is placed on the Bohemian lion, likewise in cornelian, and in the ring there are six fine precious stones.

“Then the *hereditary standard-bearer* of the nobles, carrying the standard which is of fine scarlet, and on which there is in gold, the arms of Bohemia, and the lion of Bohemia.

“Then the *standard-bearer* of the knights banner, which is likewise of fine scarlet, with the arms and lion of Bohemia in silver.

“Then the *hereditary chamberlain* of the royal silver.

“Then the *hereditary surveyor of the kitchen*, carrying a silvered loaf of bread ; and likewise the *hereditary chamberlain of the royal treasure*,—and, between these two, the *hereditary carver*, carrying a gilded loaf, on which were the arms and lion of Bohemia.

“Then the *hereditary cup-bearer*, carrying a gold cask filled with red Bohemian wine, with his *assistants* on his left, carrying silver casks filled with white Bohemian wine ; and, on his right, the *hereditary chief carver*, with his insignia of office.

“Then the *hereditary governor of the court*, with his staff of office.

“Then the *warden of the knights’ heraldry*.

"Then the *chief master of the rolls*, carrying the *royal sceptre*, with the *under chamberlain of state* on his right, and the *burg-graf of Königgrätz* on his left.

"Then the *warden of the coronets of the nobles*.

"Then the *chief sheriff*, carrying the *royal golden globe*, with his *two deputies*.

"Then the *chief burg-graf of Prague*, carrying the *royal crown*, with the *chief judge* on the left, and the *chief chancellor* on the right.

"Then the *chief provincial governor*, carrying his staff of office.

"Then the *chief land marshal*, bearing the unsheathed sword of the holy St. Wenzelslaw.

"Then came HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, the *King of Bohemia*, under the canopy supported by the *knights of the golden fleece*, and the *guards*, and behind his royal majesty was the *chief chamberlain*, carrying the *golden dish*, which held the red silk cap that goes under the crown.

"Then the *captains of the guards*, closing the rear of the procession.

"Her imperial and royal majesty, the empress; and the archdukes and archduchesses; and the princes and princesses, and magnates.

of the empire, were likewise in the high places of honour prepared for them in the cathedral, where they remained during the ceremony.

“On arriving at the high altar, his imperial royal majesty kneeled down on a silken cushion, placed on the steps, and the high right reverend archbishop read the usual prayer and epistle in Latin, and sung the hallelujah in Latin, and the choir performed the music of the hallelujah.

“The king’s majesty still kneeling, had the oath of Coronation read to him, and he then swore, with the proper solemnity, to observe its solemn obligations, as King of Bohemia, Margrave of Moravia, and Grand Duke of Silesia, repeating the words—

“‘*Getreulich und ohne gefürde, so wahr, als uns Gott helfe;*’ that is,

“‘Faithfully, and without mental reservation, so truly as we trust in the help of God.’

“And, then when the other usual holy ceremonies were performed, and the thanksgiving prayer (*dank-sagungs-gebeten*) at first pronounced the anointment; and the king’s majesty was then kneeling, with his shoulders and with his right arm naked, and then the most high right reverend *consecrator* sanctified the holy oil, and poured it over the anointed of the Lord’s

head. Then was performed the drying of his majesty's royal person, and the putting on again of the coronation robes, and the placing upright, beside his royal majesty, with the proper benediction, the holy sword of Saint and King Wenzelslaw, and the putting of the holy ring of St. Wenzelslaw on the last finger but one of his majesty's royal right hand, with the benediction '*Domine sanctifica annulum istum,*' and then his majesty taking the sceptre in his right hand, and the golden globe in his left, the chief chamberlain put on the king's head the scarlet silk cap that was under the crown, and then with the holy benediction, the most high right reverend archbishop, assisted by the chief burg-graf of Prague, and two bishops, put the crown on his royal majesty's head, and then his majesty arose and left the altar, with the most high right reverend archbishop, and the chief burg-graf, and ascended to the throne, in which, according to the Latin form read by the most high right reverend archbishop, his royal majesty was enthroned. Then the chief burg-graf said aloud, kneeling before the king—

“*Sehen wir, das bekentniss unserm gekrönten könige und Eibher abzulegen ;*” that is,

“‘Let us behold our avowed crowned king and manorial lord by succession.’

“Then the burg-graf, and all those present, gave three loud joyful *vivas*, which were accompanied by the sounding of trumpets and the beating of the large drums.

“Then the *TE DEUM* was sung, and the *CREDO* repeated by all.

“Then the chief burg-graf of Prague, in the name of the deputies of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, read in German the oath of allegiance, which was, with the proper solemnity, sworn to, and which bound them and their descendants, in the name of the Almighty God, in perpetual allegiance and fidelity to the most mighty, most illustrious, and invincible (un-überwindlichsten) Prince and Lord, his Imperial and Royal Majesty, Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, Bohemia, Gallicia, and of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom;—Marg-graf of Moravia;—Duke of Silesia; and Marg-graf of Lausitz, &c.

“The *chief burg-graf* then received in charge the sceptre from the king, and the *chief land-marshal* placed the sword of the holy St. Wenzelslaw in his majesty’s right hand.

“Then the holy mass was performed, and the gilded and silvered loaves were placed in the *offertorium*; and the gold and silver casks, with the wine, were opened; and then the most high and right reverend the archbishop administered the holy sacrament of the communion to his royal majesty. And, at the same moment, the cannons of the fortifications began to thunder, and all the bells to ring merrily, and the bands of military music to play joyfully; and then all the gates of the city were thrown open; and then the procession left the cathedral in the same order that it entered; and then all the people saw his royal imperial majesty with the crown on his head, and with his coronation robes.”

My friend gives an equally punctual account of the free performances at the theatres; the feast given to the people (*volks-feste*); the illuminations; the balls, and the many other amusements, which gladdened all hearts at this joyful jubilee.

To him, assuredly, appeared every part of the feudal melo-drame as Mannering's library did to Dominie Sampson, “*PRONIGIOUS*.”

The empress was crowned two days after-

wards. The crown was placed on her head by the amiable and beautiful Archduchess Theresa, daughter of the Archduke Charles,—she whom the Duke of Orleans would have been delighted to wed. For the occasion, she became *temporary abbess* of the *Convent of Ladies*.

As King and Queen of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, the emperor and empress are to be crowned next year, when Milan will be the scene of royal festivities, should the cholera not reappear.

LETTER X.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

THE emperor and empress have returned from Prague. Yesterday afternoon, I had occasion to call at the British embassy, which is near the imperial palace. On returning, the *Kohl-markt*, a narrow, ever-crowded street, which leads to the latter,—the *Graben*,—and then the street extending to the bridge, crossing to Leopoldstadt, were lined with regular troops and Burger guards. The latter, let me remark, had on red, blue, and white *tricolor* uniforms. They had also each a small green oak branch in their caps.

On asking what was the cause of so unusual a sight (for there is no capital, except London, in which there is so little military display as

at Vienna), I was told the emperor and empress were expected. Finding a convenient place at one corner of St. Stephen's cathedral, I stood there, until the *hurra*s along the line announced the imperial carriage. It was a plain, handsome chariot, drawn by six white horses, and the windows being let down, the emperor and empress bowed slightly on each side, as they passed along. He was in the usual Austrian white uniform, and little adorned. He looked rather florid, yet weakly in appearance; she, pale, slender, and delicate, and in a very simple dress and bonnet, looked lovely. Two servants sat on the *rumble* behind; and a half-waggon sort of carriage, with two ladies, maids of honour, I presume, and two other females, maid-servants, I suppose, followed. In this style, without guards, did the emperor and his consort enter the capital, and proceeded to their palace.

As I may have to allude hereafter to the imperial family, it will be as well for me to give you now a sketch of the members who compose it.

The late emperor, Ferdinand,* was born at

* Son of the Emperor Leopold, the nephew and heir of Joseph II., and son to Francis I., of the House of

Florence, in 1768, and was married four times; *First*, to Elizabeth, Princess of Würtemberg (a Protestant), who died in 1790, without leaving issue. *Second*, to Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, who died in 1807, and by whom he had issue, 1. Maria Louisa, the Archduchess of Parma, and ex-Empress of the French, born 1791; 2. the present emperor, Ferdinand Charles Joseph Francis Marcellian, born April 1793; 3. Maria Clementina, late Queen of Naples; 4. Caroline, late Princess Royal of Saxony; 5. Francis Charles, born 1802, and married in 1824, the Princess Frederica Sophia Dorothea, Princess Royal of Bavaria, by whom he has three sons, first born in 1830; 6. Maria Anne Frances Theresa Joseph Medard, born in 1804, and still unmarried. There are no offspring living from the other marriages. The *third* was in 1808, to his cousin-german, Maria Ludovica, daughter of the Archduke of Milan, and of the Archduchess Beatrix, the last princess of that house of *Este*, which Ariosto and Tasso have so much celebrated. Early in 1816, he was

Hapsburg-Lotharington, and of Maria Theresa. The mother of Francis was Maria Louisa, daughter of Charles III. of Spain.

bereaved of his third consort, and, in November the same year, he married Caroline Augusta, Princess Royal of Bavaria, born in 1792, and now the dowager empress.

The late emperor's brothers were, *First*, Ferdinand, the late Duke of Tuscany, and father to the present Grand Duke. *Second*, the Archduke Charles, born in 1771, and now a widower: his excellent princess, Henrietta of Nassau-Weilberg, having died in 1829, leaving him issue, 1. Maria Theresa, born in 1816; 2. Albert Frederick, born in 1817; 3. Charles Ferdinand, born in 1818; 4. Frederick, born in 1821; 5. Maria Caroline, born in 1825; and 6. William, born in 1827. *Third*, the Archduke Joseph, who was married three times, and left, by the second marriage, twin children, Herminia Amalia Maria, and Stephen, born in 1817; and by the third wife, Maria Dorothea of Würtemberg, 1. Alexander, born in 1825; 2. Francesca Maria, born in 1831; 3. Joseph Charles, born in 1832. *Fourth*, the Archduke Antony, who died unmarried in 1835. *Fifth*, the Archduke John, born in 1782. *Sixth*, the Archduke Rainer, born in 1783, married in 1820, to Maria, Princess of Savoy-Carignan, by whom he has eight children

living. *Seventh*, Louis, born in 1784. *Eighth*, Rudolph, who was Cardinal and Archbishop of Olmutz, and died in 1831. So that, notwithstanding more than *seventy* of the imperial family of Austria have been carried to the vaults of the Capuchins in less than one century, the present emperor has on his father's side, now living, three married and two unmarried uncles, twenty-one first cousins, besides two sisters and a brother, with several nephews and nieces.

All the members of the imperial family now residing in Austria, chiefly at Vienna, are, including the dowager queen, forty-one in number; yet the civil list, as I shall have hereafter occasion to show you, is remarkably moderate for so large a family and for so rich an empire. Several members of the family have, however, private properties; and there are also some royal domains to be taken into the account.

It is not disputed that this court is the most formal in Europe, unless it be that of Spain until lately, and perhaps that of the *little* Duchy of Weimar, since the accession of the present duke; but, at the same time, no one can deny its being the least ostentatious.

Among themselves, the imperial family live as if they were private citizens. The empress drives out in her chariot with a lady companion, both very plainly, but very neatly attired. The few persons who happen to be promenading at the time, on the terrace of the garden, usually walk quietly up to the *unshowy* palace-door, when they see the imperial carriage drive up, to have a look, within a few feet of one or both of their majesties, who, whatever be the form of the Austrian government, go daily unattended by guards, and neither by day nor by night ever entertain the idea of being injured. The late emperor used almost daily to walk out, sometimes alone, sometimes with the empress, and without any ceremony, among his subjects. In truth, the moral character of the people must undergo an extraordinary revolution, before assassination be the *subterfuge* of reckless vanity, to attain fame, or the crime that will tarnish the national reputation.

The court gaieties are almost limited to a few formal balls and receptions during the carnival; and, for society, the imperial family limit themselves chiefly to the domestic circle of its numerous members, who live with each other in the most affectionate harmony. They are

strictly Catholics in their devotions. The late emperor enjoined this, by precept and by example. If there be but one virtuous court on earth, that court is assuredly to be found at Vienna; and, if the character of a court give at all times a tone to public manners, those of Austria must be considered chaste, unostentatious, unexpensive, and strictly domestic. Travellers have, however, given the society of Vienna a far different character. I shall hereafter endeavour to ascertain with what justice.

The amusements of the imperial family are chiefly riding or walking out, as if they were plain citizens; attending the theatres, where they appear with the same simplicity; and enjoying their domestic comforts and recreations, assembled together during the decline of autumn, winter, and spring, at Vienna; and, in summer, in some degree separated, at Schönbrun, Baden, and the seats of the grand dukes in the country. The princesses are retired in their manners, yet accomplished in all that royal education, in consistence with strictly pious habits, includes.

You now observe the beautiful Archduchess Maria Theresa, with a single female attendant

and one footman, driving down the *Kohlmarkt*, or *Graben*, in a most unpretending open carriage, to shop. Walk up to the parapet of the *Volk's-garten* about eleven, and there stands, at the private entrance of the palace, the empress's carriage, waiting to carry her out for a drive, with little more to attract notice. Saunter round, at the same time, to the *Neues Burg Thor*, and pass over the terrace which surmounts it, and then you overlook the most dramatic full tide of human and quadruped existence, flowing in and out between the city and fauxbourgs. Walk on until you pass the *Hof-garten*, and, before you ascend the *Augustiner Bastey*, the chances are that you meet the three sons of the Archduke Charles, probably accompanied by some of their cousins, riding on horseback, on their way to the *Prater*; while it is probable you may, a few moments after, see the archduke himself, in not an overwell made and nearly threadbare plain black suit, walking thoughtfully near the parapet. In summer and autumn you must, however, look for himself and family at the happy valley of St. Helena.

It is a principle, I understand, laid down by the imperial family, to share the calamities of

the people. How far many acts of the government, in regard to the states of the empire, lying beyond the archduchy of Austria, may justify the practice of this principle, would lead me too far at present to examine.

At Vienna, and wherever the court resides, every member of it assiduously promotes public and private benevolence; and, although they usually shun the gayer pleasures, they are, I am told, scarcely ever absent from a charity ball. During the terrible ravages of the cholera in the capital, they resolutely remained there, to submit to the same risk of mortality as the people; and the numerous instances of their benevolence, at that period of calamity, cannot be too highly extolled. How different is the ostentatious charity of the rich in England! How different the sympathies of the Parisians, who fly from the presence of whatever, for a moment, creates the sensation of distress!

The character of stupidity has very generally been attributed to the imperial family. This is another of those common errors, which, by frequent repetition, gain credence even with men, who have no bias for unfavourable ideas of elevated or public persons. In society and conversation, the imperial family are, I readily

admit, not distinguished by that *esprit* which means nothing, yet sheds a brilliancy over the saloons of Paris; but, on the other hand, there is not a stupid person among the more than forty of which the imperial household consists. The present emperor, of whom I shall speak more fully in a future letter, has been frequently accused of dulness and mental incapacity, by those who never saw him, and who knew nothing of him. His delicate frame and quiet habits, and never having been engaged actively in public affairs, probably gave rise to this calumny.

The Archduke Charles is not only one of the most intelligent men, but, in conversation, one of the most agreeable speakers in Europe. As a writer and a man of science, not even his enemy can deny him merit. If he was as a commander of armies finally overcome by those of France, and disconcerted by a new mode of warfare, other causes, not his want of military skill and bravery, were those which occasioned his discomfiture. As a husband, father, and man, perhaps no character has been less shaded by the infirmities of humanity, or more entitled to admiration.

The Archduke John is also a distinguished

man of science; especially as a mineralogist and agriculturist. He is, at the same time, the beloved of all around him, in his favourite country, Styria. Civil life is his peculiar and natural sphere: the folly of placing him in high military command, without military experience or skill, was fully exhibited by the blunders which flooded with blood the field of Aspern.

The other brothers and the younger branches, although the nature of the government, and the absence of popular representation, prevent all men, unless it be the prime-minister, appearing in any very shining light, are each of them intelligent, and engaged in some public or private pursuit. But they make no noise; and the newspapers are neither authorized to flatter nor to blame them.

The court of Vienna certainly wants that splendour which is termed the brilliancy of royalty, and which, in plain truth, generally means debauchery and extravagance, disguised under the glare of magnificent display. Those courtly morals, styled gallantry—the *cocuage* and *concubinage* of the French courts, from the days of Francis the First, down to the first revolution, and which disgraced that of England at a much more recent period than the reign of our pro-

fligate Charles, must henceforth be obliterated from the abodes of royalty. Laying aside the gross immorality, we do not yet forget what those extravagances have cost the people of England; nor are we persuaded that they are not, in all countries, directly opposed to good government. Yet it is not pleasant for courts to be told so. When Victor Hugo produced his drama of *Le Roi s'amuse*, in which Francis the First, that voluptuous *Buccaneer*, who made all beauty and virtue subservient to his sensuality, was exhibited, not more licentiously than history authenticates, that squeamish moralist, M. Thiers, or some one of his colleagues, prohibited its being represented, after its first appearance, on account of its *alleged* immorality. All the world knew how frivolous this charge was, but they knew also, that it was a drama which made us disgusted with the enormities of courts and of a debased aristocracy.

If ever adversity, or political misgovernment, should cause the downfall of the imperial family of Austria, it will be to them a supreme consolation, that neither immorality, arrogance, nor the extravagance of their court, have had any share in causing their misfortunes.

LETTER XI.

THE LATE EMPEROR.

THE reign of Francis the Second, embraced the most turbulent and the most tranquil age in the history of Europe.

Little of his real character,—of his intellectual strength or weakness has been made known. Bonaparte, after his marriage with the arch-duchess, said to Talleyrand in her hearing, “that as for the *vieux ganache*, his *beau-père*, he could be made to comply with any project, which he, Napoleon, might entertain.” Maria Louisa did not understand the epithet, and instead of referring to a dictionary, applied to Talleyrand, who said it meant an *old sage*.

There was more truth than the *habile states-*

man meant in his dexterous and flattering translation of what literally meant an *old simpleton*.

In 1792, when Francis succeeded his father, Leopold, in his hereditary dominions, and soon after by election, to the imperial diadem, the French revolution had not yet attained the *acmé* of its unparalleled atrocities ; but at the same time not only the German states, but nearly all Europe were predisposed to advocate the principles of liberty, first promulgated by the French politicians.

The brilliant success of the American revolution, had dazzled the most sanguine ; and the wise system of government adopted in, and so peculiarly adapted to the people, and to the natural condition of the Anglo-American republic, had satisfied all the rational and prudent, unless it were those who possessed hereditary personal rank and special privileges.

Liberty, in truth, is so clearly the undeniable birthright of mankind—so evidently the natural free gift of Heaven, that, not only all who have never known its blessings, but even those who have scarcely a hope ever to enjoy its possession, will, when the sacred principles of freedom are once advocated by a people, earnestly pray for the success of those who

have the courage to assert this common right of all men.

The very idea of public freedom, is so endearing to the human bosom, that wherever a people solemnly and with fearless determination, as the Americans did, take up arms either to defend or to recover their rights, they are certain of the open applause of all who dare express it, and the secret approbation of those by whom its avowal is suppressed by arbitrary power.

Combating with honest patriotism for freedom, men are the champions of mankind, fighting for the universal benefit of society. The predilections of all who behold the strife, are engaged in their behalf; and tyrants with their supporters become objects of scorn and hatred.

The Americans declared "that when in the course of human events, it became necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitled them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind, required that they should declare the causes which led to their separation.

“That they held these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created *equal*—that they are endowed by the *Creator with certain unalienable rights* *—that among these are *life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*—that to secure these rights, *governments* are instituted among men, *deriving their powers* from the consent of *the governed*—that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to *alter*, or to *abolish it*, and to institute a new government laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its power in such forms as to them shall seem most likely to secure their safety and happiness.”

The Americans carried into wise execution, the determination thus so rationally and so intrepidly declared. The orgies and butcheries of the French revolutionists, were celebrated and perpetuated in the name of liberty and reason. Horrible profanation! Had the *visionaries* of revolution been confined to France, fortunate would it have been for the rest of Europe; but

* The unfortunate Blacks are, however, denied the benefit of these blessings, and the exclusion forms a curse, which, if continued, will assuredly blast the American constitution and break up the Union.

the Parisian philosophers and their servile imitators (at the head of whom was the unnational freethinker of *Sans-Souci*, surrounded by his Gallic adulators*) had created in Europe the habit of scoffing at religion, and a general impression of the superstitious evils of Christianity. Frederick, although in government a despot was, after Voltaire, the very prince of those men, who persuaded themselves, and endeavoured to convince the world that all social evils and religious absurdities sprang from Christianity alone, without ever seeming to consider that the passion for power and wealth in the strong and crafty, and the fears and superstitions of the weak and ignorant, were the causes to which the evils they denounced and ridiculed were to be attributed; and which might be based with equal results upon the Hindoo, Hebrew, Mohammedan, or on any other religion, having in its organization, that

* While Frederick, at his palace of Sans-Souci, admitted (with the exception of a few favourite officers) only d'Argens, Beaumelle, La Mettrie, the Abbé de Prades, d'Alembert, Mapertuis, and (until they quarrelled so unphilosophically) Voltaire, the great philosophers of Prussia, Kant and Mendelssohn, were unnoticed by Frederick.

most awful auxiliary and support of tyranny, priestly government and power.

To these opinions of religion, the speculative politicians added, that all our administrative abuses and the consequent evils which harassed society, were to be attributed to established governments: this was not to be easily disputed; although those who held the power of ruling states were more to be condemned than the particular forms of government. To destroy Christianity, and the existing systems of nations, was, therefore, the expedient proposed as the only *panacea* to heal all social maladies.

The internal jealousies of the respective princes of Germany, which at all times enfeebled a power, that if united, would have been the most potent in Europe, were unhappily not extinguished when the insolent and foolhardy proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick was published. Austria and Prussia were each equally ambitious of Germanic ascendancy; the former to maintain, the latter to acquire it. Prussia is accused of having encouraged the fanaticism which worshipped the French revolution—with professing to lead the regeneration of Europe—with the king having courted the *illuminati*—and especially with

making a separate peace with France, and with having urged the states of northern Germany into a mutual confederation, which left Austria, with ruined finances, enfeebled to less than half her material strength, open to the furious and reckless force of all France. If it were the ambitious purpose of Prussia to crush Austria, and to secure the imperial diadem to the house of Brandenburg, she was terribly punished, not by her rival, but by the power whom she most served, for the rash assumption which afterwards drew upon her the vengeance of the modern *Attila*.

Bavaria, directed in her councils by a crafty foreign minister, joined Napoleon, and turned her arms, with those of France, against Austria, —now doomed to be immolated to the revengeful ambition of the Corsican warrior.

Francis had little more than ascended the throne of his father, when the fairest princess of his family was, to glut the ferocity of monsters, sacrificed on a Parisian scaffold;—soon after he had to endure calamities still more galling to his heart, accompanied with disasters, the most terrible and oppressive to his people. The undaunted bravery of the Austrian armies gave way only as they were cut down, by those

who fought, like the "furious Huns" and "fiery Franks," in days of yore, not for liberty, but for plunder, rapine, and conquest.*

Napoleon occupied the palace of Schönbrunn;—his soldiers Vienna;—and Francis was forced to accept an humiliating peace from the conqueror. The bold effort made afterwards by the Austrians and Tyrolese, to render their country independent of France, was equally disastrous, and the carnage of several battles, opened the way a second time to Vienna, where another peace, mortifying to Austria, was concluded;† and from whence, a few months afterwards, the emperor's beloved daughter left him in sorrow to become the unwilling *political consort* (*wife* she could not be, while Josephine lived) of Napoleon.

This, to her parents, was a grievous *prostitution*: for the time it saved, and secured tran-

* In one of the letters in the second volume, there are statements which I think will prove that the *anti-commercial system* of Austria, from its ruinous effect upon her revenue, has chiefly contributed to her disasters.

† It must not be forgotten, that Andrew Hofer was at the same time left by Austria to the Caligula mercy of Bonaparte, although a small pension was afterwards accorded by Francis to the family of the intrepid patriot of Tyrol.

quillity to Austria; while it further inflated the long-swollen vanity and arrogance of the French emperor, whose head, long before giddy with power, was completely turned by this ambitious alliance, and whose pride so frequently delighted to repeat the words, "*mon beau-père*," instead of the Emperor of Austria, when alluding to Francis.

The downfall of Napoleon and the superior abilities of Prince Metternich at the congress of Vienna, restored Francis to more than former power; and for the last twenty years of his life no private gentleman need have been less disturbed in his tranquillity. The able and celebrated prime minister of his empire, of whom I shall have the opportunity to speak hereafter, had all along relieved him of the labour, not the direction, of governing; but Francis was, however, not an idle man, although he appeared to be so.

If Frederick the Second patronized, and associated only with philosophers and military favourites, hated women, and acted with much less than bare justice to his *roturier* subjects, Francis the Second, of Austria, shuddered at the name of Philosophy, and would sooner have admitted the devil into his society than Voltaire.

He restored to some extent a few of the monasteries, suppressed by Joseph II. and paid great deference, but gave little power, to the priests. He went at regular hours to hear mass, said his prayers, confessed his sins, and religiously gave the precedence to the pope's nuncio over all ambassadors. Francis was fond of the society of women, yet faithful to the marriage-bed. He loved his *obedient* people, and delighted to see them. He gave all classes a free audience twice a week;—he attended to their petitions without distinction of persons;—and he was fond, to the extreme of vanity, and perhaps it was his only vanity, of believing himself implicitly considered by them as their father, and in believing them, especially the Austrians, as children who enjoyed his most parental affection. Certainly no monarch was ever more loved than he was by his German subjects, who daily repeat anecdotes of the goodness of VATER FRANZ.

During the cholera, the emperor when walking, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, near Schönbrunn, met a bier carrying a body to the cemetery, but not followed by any one. The emperor asked "why the corpse was abandoned?"—"It is probably that of some poor friendless person," replied the aide-de-camp.

"Well, then," said the emperor, "it is our duty to accompany it to the grave." So saying, the emperor took off his hat, placed his arm within that of his aide-de-camp, and both, uncovered, followed the coffin to the cemetery, where Francis himself threw the first spadeful of dust over the body. "This," say the Viennese, with a thousand others which they tell of him, "show how sensible our good *Vater Kaizer Franz* was of human equality."*

The French considered Francis *comme une sorte de roi fainéant*, and the English may have also to some extent taken this opinion upon *Gallic trust*; but I have said that the late emperor was not an idle prince. No, Francis was laborious, active, and vigilant. He understood not only all the languages, but all the dialects of his empire. He rose early, and often worked twelve hours a day. One of the living German poets, whose name I forget, says of him—

* When he opened that magnificent promenade near the *Prater*, the *au-garten*, to the public, a noble lady said to him, "Emperor, I can no longer walk among my equals in rank."—"If I were confined to my equals in rank," replied Francis, "I must take my daily walks in the vaults of the Capuchins, but I prefer the *Prater* and *au-garten*, among my people."

Es blickt zu die das Volk mit treuem Herzen :
Die aber kennst dein volk, wie Keiner wohl ;
Du littest mit, als es in Drang und Schmerzen
Erkämpft des Friedens heiliges symbol.
Du betetest, als es die Feyerkerzen
Entziendete dem kühn errung' nen Wohl :
Du freutest Dich, da seine frohe Menge
Zum väterlichen Herrscher im Gedrange
Hinwogte als zu seinem Gnadenpol.

He had visited, during his adversity, most parts of the empire, and was frequently present with the army during the war ; but, for the last twenty years of his life, he resided constantly at Vienna, with the exception of spending the summer months at the delicious watering-place of Baden, situated at the foot of the Rhætian Alps, about sixteen English miles from the capital. His manners and usual dress were remarkably plain. He looked, with his thin face, rather spare person, Hessian boots, black suit, and powdered hair, not unlike a studious country gentleman of the old school, especially while walking unattended at Baden or Schönbrun.

Francis had known adversity in such humiliating aspects, that he was too fully schooled into prudence, to have become highly elated with the good fortune of his latter days. Na-

napoleon having ordered a triumphal arch to be erected, to commemorate his triumphs, at Milan, directed also the bas-reliefs which were to ornament its sides. On one of these, the Emperor Francis was to be represented, in a subdued position, accepting peace from Napoleon. The arch had scarcely risen above the earth, before the conqueror fell from his giddy eminence; but the materials being on the ground, and the workmen employed, Francis directed the design to be completed, with the bas-reliefs, as ordered by Napoleon. In order, however, to preserve the truth of history, Francis is represented near those which exhibit his adversity, entering Vienna in triumph after the defeat of Napoleon.

To all who approached the late emperor, he spoke with what is termed *bonhomie*, by the French; and to all he was equally unaffected in his demeanour. With ordinary plain sense, with ample talents for ruling a submissive nation,—fond of peace, and dreading whatever might disturb the tranquillity of the empire, or create any change in the actual state of the people, or in the existing administration, he was evidently not gifted with that sagacity, that political wisdom, or that strong judgment, which form

the first order of powerful minds. If he had, the affecting tale of Silvio Pellico would never have appeared, to prove that the humanity of Francis II. was only obliterated by his fears. If others, even the members of his own family, had in any way acquired popularity, it drove him mad. He, alone, would monopolize its possession. He loved *accepted* truths, which were often *fallacies*, and which he styled *historical rights*; dreaded doubts, either in respect to the established government, or to the established religion. The very mention of representative governments terrified him. When he visited Milan, among others, an eminent professor was introduced to him, who was considered to have made some important discoveries in the *constitution* of the atmosphere. Startled by the word, Francis exclaimed, "Costituzione! Costituzione! ah! e quella parola che ci ha fatto tanto male!" Constitution! Constitution! that word has subjected us to many evils!

When the deputies of Hungary were presented to him at Laybach. "In your pursuit after ideal constitutions," said the emperor, "Totus mundus stultizat."

Francis, with all his amiable personal quali-

ties, did not belong, as an administrator, to the character of the age. Politically speaking, he ought to have *died*, before his grandmother, Maria Theresa, was *born*.

The tempest of the first French revolution laid his judgment prostrate at the moment he ascended the throne; and, from that day until the hour he signed his last superstitious will,* the dreaded evils of innovation influenced all his conclusions and all his actions.

The last French revolution drove him to utter despair.—“Alles ist vertoren! Alles ist vertoren!”† he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his political despondency.

After the reforming impulse given the empire by Joseph II., posterity may with reason curse their ancestors for submitting to the *retrograding* rule of a *self-willed despotic emperor*, in the person of a simple-mannered, and benevolent *man*.

* Which directs large sums of money to the purpose of re-establishing the Jesuits.

† “All is lost! all is lost!”

LETTER XII.

THE PRESENT EMPEROR.

I HAVE already spoken of the present emperor, and that, as hereditary prince, he was but little associated with public affairs.

The manufacturing industry of the empire seems to have engaged his attention at that period; and, unless he has examined the subject on sound principles, I should fear that a predilection may have consequently been formed to maintain home fabrics at the expense of the general national wealth.

The object of his labours has been the formation of a museum of national productions and manufactures; that is, the collecting and arranging specimens, *first*, of raw materials from the three kingdoms of nature; *second*, of

manufacturing industry; and, *third*, of machines and models. Having devoted his time to this very industrious and useful, but not very difficult task, those employed have succeeded in forming the most interesting collection imaginable.*

Before his accession, it was supposed that his ideas of government were decidedly liberal;—that he disliked his father's prime minister too much for the latter to remain in power. The letter, written immediately after the death of Francis, by his successor(?), to Prince Metternich, at once disproved the supposition, that Ferdinand would depart willingly from the existing order of managing public affairs.

He is not by nature, especially in temperament and manner, formed to be so much loved by his people as Francis was: but this may not arise from the absence of equal good-will; all his subjects, without exception, have, *individually*, access to the emperor on certain fixed days. *Deputations* are, however, placed on a very different footing:—that lately from Hungary was not received; and a determination not to countenance deputations, in any form, appears to be resolved upon. Even Prince

* See note C.

Palfy is said to have been instrumental in preventing the reception of the Hungarian deputies, although that prince has hitherto been, if we may use the word, *popular* in his country, Hungary. Under the reign of *Francis*, *popularity* was more than sufficient to annihilate the *rank* and *fortune* of the man who had acquired such *distinction*.

From what I have since observed in that kingdom, I may state, that whoever prevented the emperor from receiving those deputies, led him into a most impolitic imprudence. Hungary on the one side, and Italy on the other, are threatening to develop aspects, which *contumely*, especially towards the former, must only the more quickly ripen; and which the defective revenue of the empire, and the formidable strength of North Germany, consolidated as it is by the union of mutual interests through a commercial league, might render dangerously inconvenient to the authority of Ferdinand.

After Prince Metternich, Count Kollowrat and Prince Palfy may be considered as the most powerful personages connected with the government. The count is the most decidedly liberal, and in consequence of the emperor having,

while in Bohemia, changed his decree, which made reductions in the imperial tariff,* previously agreed to and published, Count Kollowrat resigned, but has as yet been prevailed upon to retain office; although, it is said, that no consideration will induce him to countenance the return of the Jesuits, which is talked of, nor any but a more liberal system of commerce. The latter appears to me inevitable, whether the emperor be opposed to it or not; and the former would be indeed retrograding in the face of that intelligence, which, in spite of resistance, is overflowing the world.

The present emperor has reigned far too short a period to determine his character, or his policy as a ruler; and no important measure justifies the conclusion that he will greatly change the existing order of administration. He is personally disposed to lead the tranquil life he has been habituated to; and, whatever changes may take place during his reign, must, I am convinced, be the result of necessity and circumstances, and not the consequence of any desire to disturb the actual *statu-quo* of power by a more liberal form of government.

* This will be found explained fully in vol. ii.

LETTER XIII.

SOCIETY OF THE CAPITAL.

THE state of *national society*, although so important to the happiness and delight of those who compose it, or who are admitted to it, is seldom characterized in the descriptions of travellers, with a fidelity that enables us to recognise its features.

Madame de Staël observes, “Germany is an *aristocratic* federation. The empire has no common centre of learning and public spirit. It forms no compact nation. This division of Germany—so fatal to its political force, is, at the same time, favourable to all that can excite genius and imagination. But, as there exists no capital in which the good company of all Germany can assemble, the spirit of society

exercises therein but feeble power. There the empire of taste, and the shafts of ridicule, are without influence."

In North Germany, it is true, there is no great capital where all meet at particular seasons of the year. Berlin, although the metropolis of a kingdom, with a population of fourteen millions, having less of what the French consider the *esprit de société* than Munich; which, excepting Vienna, is by far the most gay and *spirituel* of the German capitals.

"The empire of taste, and the shafts of ridicule," *have*, however, their influence; and the Germans are keenly alive to any ridicule directed against them, because, of all people in the world, they deserve it the least; although their unassuming manners, sincerity of intention, and fidelity of character, expose them as much as the English to the ridicule of the French nation.

VIENNA is, at once the metropolis of a great empire, and the fashionable rendezvous of all who can afford to resort to the metropolis for at least six months in the year; that is, from December to June. If the citizens enjoy their summer *fêtes Champêtres*, and their winter balls and theatricals, the nobility are not regardless

of the pleasures which attract them to one common point of union. It is amidst the gaieties of Vienna, if any where, that the lords of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, and Lombardo-Venetia, mingle, — forgetful of the jealousies which they cherish in their respective castles, and in their particular states.

There is certainly far more formality in the society of Vienna, than in that of Paris. It has more affinity to that of the titled aristocracy and aristocratic commoners of England. It is at least equally exclusive. It has less sensibility, and more ease than that of the north; it has also less recourse to the intellectual, and more to the material gratifications. With us, the belief in its deep sensual immorality, has been entertained. I am disposed to believe it quite as *pure* as that of London, Paris, or St. Petersburg. Were there no other evidence of this, the affectionate tenderness with which mothers of all classes rear their children, would form a refutation of the general accusation.

No late traveller seems to have given attention to the subject, or, perhaps has not had the opportunity of doing so. Foreigners must reside much longer than travellers usually do in a country, to judge of its virtues and vices.

We must, at least understand the language of the people, the habits of their lives, and be familiarized within their doors, before we pronounce on their defects or their excellences. Having a fair acquaintance with all these, I give my opinion with diffidence. An author of vivacious descriptive powers, Mr. Russel, who does not appear to have been either much in Viennese society, or to have lived more than a few weeks in this capital, takes upon himself to delineate the character of its inhabitants, as it stood fifteen years ago : its real features, I am assured, have not greatly changed since. His remarks have been usually quoted as an authority. To me, his picture bears no resemblance to the original. In alluding to the balls of the people, he remarks,

“ Many of these dancing-halls are institutions, for infamous purposes. They belong to private proprietors, who are always innkeepers. On the evening of every Sunday, and generally of every great religious festival, when every body is idle and seeking amusement, these congregations are opened in the suburbs as well as in the city. The balls given in them are, more or less, merely a pretext for bringing worthless persons together. The price of ad-

mission is extremely low, for the scoundrelly landlord speculates on the consumption of wine and eatables during the evening. In more cases than one, the object is so little concealed, that females are admitted gratis; and the hand-bill, which fixes the price of admission for gentlemen at fourpence or sixpence, adds, with a very appropriate equivoue, ‘*Das Frauenzimmer ist frey.*’ It is thus that these institutions, by furnishing opportunity, and inflaming the passions at so cheap a rate, diffuse the poison of licentiousness among the males of the middle and lower orders. As to the ladies, again, those who aspire at being sought, instead of seeking, those who consider themselves as forming the aristocracy of their own community, and the Corinthian capital of prostitution, carefully avoid all such intercourse with their more vulgar sisters. In this they show a wiser feeling of dignity and reserve than their betters.” He, however, admits that, “In external behaviour, these lost creatures are, perhaps, the most decent in Europe. You run no risk of being even addressed, much less of being attacked, with the gross depravity of Covent-garden or the Palais Royal.”

In speaking of the higher classes, Mr. Rus-

sel's accusations, although so frequently referred to, are absolutely unjust, and in truth no more applicable to Vienna, than to the West-end of London. In comparing the wives and daughters of the citizens with those of the aristocracy, he observes,

"How do the rest of the ladies, then, behave at Vienna? Really, generally speaking, not much better. There cannot be a more dissolute city, one where female virtue is less prized, and, therefore, less frequent. A total want of principle, the love of pleasure, and the love of finery, are so universally diffused, that wives and daughters, in not only what we should call comfortable, but even affluent circumstances, do not shrink from increasing the means of their extravagance by forgetting their duty. They sacrifice themselves, not so much from inclination, as from interest. You will probably find in Naples or Rome as many faithless wives, who are so, from a temporary and variable liking, as in Vienna; but you will not find so many who throw away their honour from the love of gain. The advantage seems to be on the side of the Italian. Worthless as both are, even a passing liking is something less degrading, than the mere infamous calculation

of pounds shillings and pence, without even the excuse of poverty. The girls of the lower classes grow up to licentiousness; the rage for dress and luxury is no less strong among them than among their superiors; and though it certainly looks like a harsh judgment, it is not too much to say, as a general truth, that, from the time they are capable of feeling this love of show and easy living, they consider their persons as the fund that is to supply the means of its gratification. It is not seduction; it is just a matter of sale; nor are mothers ashamed to be the brokers of their daughters. There is no want of purchasers. The most famous, or rather infamous, is Prince K——. He is said to possess a gallery of purchased beauties, that might stand by the side of an Eastern seraglio. This was not enough: the infantine years of some of his victims produced frightful charges against him. An incensed father, disregarding the danger of accusing a powerful man, complained directly to the emperor. The emperor instantly ordered Prince K—— to be imprisoned, and proceeded against criminally. He had been in prison nearly two months when I left Vienna, and the inquiry was not yet finished. The Viennese, however, though a little as-

tounded at the uncommon idea of a high nobleman being actually imprisoned for crimes not political, soon recovered their senses ; and every body believed his punishment would be a prohibition to appear at court, and an order to reside for a while on his estates in the country.

“The quantity of licentiousness is commonly smallest in the middle class of a people. It is not so in Vienna, at least among the men. To hear the *nonchalance* with which a party of respectable merchants or shopkeepers speak of their amours, you would think them dissolute bachelors ; yet they are husbands and fathers, and, provided all circumstances of public scandal be avoided, it never enters their heads that their conduct has any thing improper in it. Every one, male and female, bears most christianly with every other. All this leads to a strange mixture of society, particularly on public occasions. In a Baden assembly-room, it is nothing uncommon to see worthless women elbowing the archduchesses of Austria. Here walks the empress, and there a couple of genteel frail ones from Vienna. It is perfectly true, that it is a ball-room, and the tickets cost only eighteen pence ; and, as

worthy women say, how can we prevent them from coming, when they pay their money? But thither virtuous women do go, knowing perfectly well, beforehand, the sort of society with which they will infallibly be mixed up. The gentlemen do not seem to lay themselves under much restraint. I have seen noblemen in the presence of the court, flutter for a while round the more distinguished of these creatures, and then return to flutter round the maids of honour. It is in vain that their imperial majesties are spotless in their life and conversation, it does not go beyond themselves; the public mind is vitiated through and through; they are surrounded by a mass of corruption, much too dense to be penetrated by the light of any single example. A wealthy foreigner, generally resident in Vienna, the companion of princes and ministers, used to drive his mistress into the Prater before the admiring and envious eyes of all the world. The girl had, what in this country would be called, the impudence to invite most of the ministers and *corps diplomatique* to a ball; and they had, what in this country would be called, the forgetfulness of character to go. Prince Metternich being asked by a foreign minister whether

he intended to go, archly answered, "Why, I should rather like to see the thing; but, you know, it might hurt one's character here!"* When it was proposed to Joseph II. to build licensed brothels, the emperor said, 'The walls would cost me nothing, but the expense of roofing would be ruinous, for it would just be necessary to put a roof over the whole city.' The hospitals and private sick-rooms of Vienna teem with proofs how mercifully Providence acted, when it placed the quicksilver mines of Idria in a province destined to form part of an empire of which Vienna was to be the capital."†

Had not the foregoing remarks been so often referred to even by our geographers, I would not have alluded to them; not even for the purpose of declaring my belief in their utter incorrectness in regard to Vienna: further than that there can be doubt that vice and intrigue

* Whoever fabricated the reply, never heard Prince Metternich speak, and knew nothing of his character. He is the last person on earth who would have made so foolish a remark.

† Unhappily the hospital returns of London and Liverpool compared with those of Vienna, prove how much more necessary, the *mines* quoted, are to the former than to the latter.

prevails in Vienna much in the same proportion as in all large capitals, but at the same time among the lower classes without the decencies of life, at least, being despised. While among the higher ranks in Vienna, as well as in every other capital in Europe, it is scarcely possible, even for the most refined *latitudinarian*, to forget the respect paid to virtue, and, at the same time maintain his place in society.

A *puritan* will assuredly draw a different character of a people to that which an unbiased charitable Christian would picture. The disciples of the *Sabbath bill framer*, would say the people were moral if they were prohibited any enjoyment on Sunday, if all the city were closed in gloom, and if all the inhabitants were compelled to go to church either to offer up their devotions in sincerity, as it might happen, or to act the hypocritical farce of compulsory deception. At all events, if the people were, during Sunday, bound to listen three times a day to a long, sour, and cheerless sermon, although with much the same heart as convicts in France and Germany perform from day to day the labour to which they are sentenced as a punishment for their crimes. So, exactly, with

the *puritans* of England and Scotland—punish the people for the crimes they committed before they were born! Let them never be joyful! forms the tenour of those sombre, melancholy bearers of *not* the glad tidings of salvation.

The charitable Christian and philosopher, who entertains the more sublime ideas of *religious duty*, is delighted on the other hand, in beholding man, like the singing birds on a beautiful May morning, happy in cheerful gratitude for the blessings shed over the universe by its Almighty Creator.

In no city do the people attend more punctually on Sunday to their devotions than at Vienna. Be their creed *right* or *wrong*, I am persuaded there is no more hypocrisy in their attendance in the morning at church, than there is in their enjoyment of the theatre, ball, or opera in the evening.

Society in Vienna differs again from that of the capitals of the several states of the empire. It differs from that of Linz, the capital of Austria, which is more substantially Saxon; from that of Milan, which is again the subdued Italian; from that of Inspruck, which still

presents the hardihood of mountaineer character ; from that of Salzburg, which the ecclesiastics* (not certainly headed by the present archbishop) have made a sort of German Salisbury ; from that of Prague, to which the Bohemian aristocracy have imparted a kind of Slavonic *abrutissement* ; from that of Venice, to which still clings the shreds of its *Gondola oligarchy* ; from that of Trieste, which exhibits the *brusquerie* of modern trade ; to that of Gratz, which forms a sort of *Styrian Exeter*, to that of Brün, which is pervaded by Moravian simplicity ; and, finally, from the society of Pesth or Buda, in which the frank, bold, hospitable, baronial feudality, loudly and fearlessly proclaiming its opinions,—regardless of Austrian authority, declares *itself* the *spirit* of liberty, while it holds ten-elevenths of the whole population in bondage.

The essence of these varied states of society centralize in Vienna. There all meet, but as

e * The present Archbishop of Salzburg, is the most high right reverend father in God, Prince Friederich John Schwartzenberg, born in 1809, and now twenty-seven years old. I have heard the ladies say, that he is the most captivating man in all Austria.

yet do not melt into one common character. They harmonize, it is true, because all who come to Vienna, come to be happy—to agree, not to quarrel with the order of things.

LETTER XIV.

THE ARISTOCRACY.

IN this empire the aristocracy, not having legislative or other hereditary privileges, except under an indirect form in Hungary, and under the feudal *descents* of Bohemia, depend entirely on their *titles*, and the *majorats* they establish to preserve their *caste* in society, and their *power* in the country. Before the law, an Austrian nobleman has no advantage whatever over the shepherd who tends his flocks, or over the shopkeeper, of whom the princess or countess buys her Merino dress or Thibet shawl.

The aristocratic pride, the frozen etiquette of the Austrian nobility, has been severely attacked, especially by the French. This accu-

sation is unjust, but not altogether untrue. The nobility of the empire, as I have observed of society in a former letter, differ very much from each other. The Austrian nobles are, in fact, remarkably simple, and quietly polite in their manners, while they are, at the same time, nearly destitute, in their bearing, of that warmth of reception which distinguish the far more proud Hungarians. One cause, which the authoress of *Corinne*,—she who herself shone with such splendour in her conversational circles, remarked nearly thirty years ago, holds, I fear, too *heritably* true, at the present hour.

“The principal disadvantage of society at Vienna, arises from the nobles and men of letters not mingling together. The result of this separation of classes, is, that the men of letters are deficient in the graces of society, and the men of the world want ideas.” How different in Paris!

The apartments next to those we occupy in our hotel, are, at the present moment, in the possession of the highly gifted Berryer, who has just arrived at Vienna from visiting Charles the Tenth. Berryer, to whose political ideas, I certainly do not subscribe, is one of the most agreeable, and I believe, conscientious, men in Europe. He owes every thing to his genius.

In Paris he is the delight of all in the society with which he mingles, and never was there a man more free from the small passions. When I last met him in Paris, it was at one of the delectable *soirées* of the widow of the man whom Corinne adored—at the house of Madame Benjamin Constant.

Here were many of the most charming and *spirituelle* ladies of France and foreign countries. Here was Berryer, the *legitimist*; he, who, not long before, said to Thiers, on the latter observing, when leaving the chamber of deputies for the *Tuileries*, with such members as were desirous to congratulate the citizen king on the suppression of the *émeutes* of April, and on passing the law against associations,—“M. Berryer, you do not accompany us?”—“No, I am writing Charles the Tenth that his ordinances are being executed.” There was also, on the same *canapé* with M. Berryer, General Excelmans, that Bonapartist peer of France, who, on occasion of the memorable trial against the editor of the *Tribune*, rose and echoed the climax of accusation made against the peers in their capacity of judges, by Armand Carrell,—“The death of Marshal Ney was a judicial assassination!” Not far from them

sat the philosopher La Mennais,—he who, for writing, “The Words of a Believer,” was excommunicated by the pope. Besides these, there were many peers and deputies, professors of the university, members of the institute,—Lerminier, the professor of law, and Alexander Dumas, the dramatist. Beranger would have been there also, but he had not returned from his hermitage at Fontainebleau. Then there were the Lafayettes, the Lasteries, and Odillon Barrot,—in *juxtaposition* with Louis-Philippists, and the most *distingué* Carlists; Biernacki, the banished finance minister of Poland, and General Pepé, who headed the revolution of Naples; some distinguished Russians, and a few talented American citizens; also some English, and some Germans.

Conversation, the most animated, the most agreeable, enlivened and entertained all;—that conversation which never fatigues, that *bears* and *forbears* with all its *piquancy*;—that conversation, the want of which would drive a Frenchman to despair;—in which “a manner of acting one upon the other,—of pleasing reciprocally, and with rapidity,—of speaking when we think,—of enjoying at the moment,—of receiving applause without labour,—of showing

its spirit in all the graceful varieties of accent, gesture, regard,—of producing at will the electric sparks which kindle our attention, and awaken the apathy of others.”

It is these re-unions, the least expensive, and the most delightful, that impart to Paris that enchantment which renders it more agreeable than any other metropolis in the world. In other capitals, there is still a cumbrous *nightmare* of formal observance, which smothers the ease of social intercourse. Among the best company in London—among the well-bred middle class, as well as the aristocracy, we are gradually throwing off this oppression.

In Vienna, and more so in other German cities, there is still observed much of that withering formality,—the measured *politeness* of the old German courts and castles, which prevents, even those of the first class, being happy, or being perfectly at well-bred ease on their first meeting with each other. But there are exceptions—there are men of the world, who have long since thrown aside the *coat-of-mail* manners of the old German courts. There are also ladies, but to those I shall devote a separate letter, who, with the purest excellence of heart, have also

those charming graces, which dazzle us far less at first sight, than they attract love, and command admiration in society.

The aristocracy of Austria and the Imperial States, are many of them possessed of great wealth. Their property has been *conserved* in the family by *descent*, and by the formation of *majorats*: but the younger branches are too numerous to be provided for, otherwise than by employment in the army, the church, and the civil administrations. The church, and the monastic institutions, must certainly be considered as specially maintained for the support of poor noblemen.

LETTER XV.

THE WOMEN.

THE WOMEN, or, if you please, the *ladies* of Austria, have charms and virtues of which the transient observer, who only views them on the surface of society, as on the Prater, or at the theatre, will form but an imperfect opinion.

The Viennese ladies have great claims to personal beauty; but its style is exceedingly varied. Those of German or Saxon race, who may be said to predominate in society, are easily distinguished by their clear, transparent, fresh complexions, in which the lovely rose-colour advances and retires, amidst the pure lily-white,—with the quick pulsations of their exquisite sensibilities,—by their fair hair,—rather timid manner,—their tender voices,—and the elegance

of their quiet air, joined to a high feeling of aristocratic and ancestral pride. It is this last absurdity, alone, that clouds their charms—that freezes the approach towards their society—that makes us entertain the idea at first sight of their hearts being cold—their sensibilities torpid. This character is believed, but it is fallacious. The Austrian ladies have assuredly warm feelings, and excellent hearts. Those of Linz are especially celebrated for their beauty; and those of Vienna have little to complain against nature's distributions. The Hungarian ladies, who either reside at Vienna, or who visit it during the season, are of a different style of beauty. They, also, are fair—often with dark blue eyes, and dark brown hair. Among them, few are as low in stature as the middle size. They may, indeed, properly be styled magnificent, or gorgeous beauties. They have nothing of the delicate, pale, nervous, hysterical *die-away* appearance in their forms. They are sprightly, and in conversation more animated than the ladies of German race. The Bohemian ladies, again, are often dark, or beautiful brunettes, chiefly of Sclavonic race, yet frequently with the finest gipsy-like countenances in the world. They are vivacious, fascinating, and not so

scrupulous as the Germanic families in throwing aside that formality which enchains society. The ladies from Milan and Venetia, display all the warmth and beauty of their sunny skies.

In mingling together at Vienna, the manners and forms of the capital, however, prevail. Foreigners complain of the difficulty of feeling at ease in the society of Vienna, from the difficulty of conversing with the ladies, and from the deference paid to noble rank. This is, however, more remarkable in manner than in reality. There are many exceptions to the restraint complained of; and I have found myself, especially at the Princess Metternich's weekly *soirées* (the most general resort of the *corps diplomatique*), quite as unshackled by formality among the Viennese ladies of rank, as I have among the Parisians, at the Duke de Broglie's, or at Lady Granville's.

The Princess Metternich possesses very charming powers of address, and has eminent skill in the art of pleasing. She has always something appropriate to say. It is true she worships high Tory ideas, and believes that we are all moving on to destruction in England. In half *badinage*, the other evening, she said, on

my alluding accidentally to public affairs, and to our government, "Ah! votre gouvernement! votre parlement! Ils détruisent tout!"

On my replying, "J'espère que non! Je suis persuadé que chez nous on respectera tous qu'est digne de respecte. Ah! si *vous* espère c'est quelque chose! C'est quelque chose, si *vous* espère!"

The princess turned round to *badiner* with Prince Altieri, the pope's nuncio, then to the Turkish ambassador, and then to the Count de St. Aulaire. The Countess de St. Aulaire observed, "How *charmingly* the princess complimented you, by laying the emphasis so strongly on the *vous*!" Conversation then became general; or rather it was carried on in *tête-à-tête*, or in groups of three or four. The ladies were disposed, or rather they *reposed* themselves, on *sofas* or *fauteuils*; the gentlemen chiefly standing near them, or walking up and down the room. Here was our own ambassador, Sir Frederick Lamb,—than whom none more delights others in society. He never speaks for effect, never interrupts, never wounds the feelings of others, he always pleases.

Besides the ladies of most of the leading families, there were all those of the *corps*

diplomatique. The foreign ministers themselves were, I believe, all present. There was the Prussian minister Ludwig, or Lewis Mortimer, Graff, or Earl of Maltzan, grave and guarded; here was Count de St. Aulaire, with his venerable white locks, and looking more like a philosopher of the institute than a French courtier; here was Prince Gortschakof, the representative of all the Russias in the absence of Tatistcheff. Prince G—— speaks English with the utmost fluency, and without scarcely any foreign accent. He introduced himself to me; and regretted that there should be any misunderstanding between the courts of London and St. Petersburg, and contended that the causes were purely ideal. He had spent some years in England, which he said he preferred to any other country. Besides these, there were the ministers of all the German Confederation, and those of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Sardinia, and the Two Sicilies. Then the Esterhazys, the Lichtensteins, the Schwarzenbergs, Kaunitzs, Kinskys, Trautmamdorfs, Kollowraths, Palfys and many others. Prince Metternich was usually engaged conversing with one or other of the ambassadors; the princess entertaining all who approached her.

Here and there, two or three, usually *two*, were engaged in conversation. More frequently a gentleman engaged *tête-à-tête* with a lady. In fact, the *soirées* at the Princess Metternich's, differ very little from those of the first families at Paris: excepting that at Vienna, all take leave, usually French leave, very early, seldom later than ten o'clock.

Prince Esterhazy's dinner-parties, *soirées*, and balls, are on a still more brilliant scale. His *fêtes* at Eisenstadt are perfect banquets; and to these, the princess extends all the charming ease and pleasure, for which high-bred manners, and an ardent desire to see all delighted, so eminently distinguish that lady.

There are many others of the high nobility, at whose palaces in Vienna, fashionable parties are frequently given; but still, it must be admitted, that it requires some time to be reconciled to the formality that prevails, and to causes, which I will hereafter explain, that shackle the spirit and the *compass* of conversation.

The Viennese ladies are scarcely ever seen walking out, unless it be when they occasionally descend from their carriages in the Prater. They are devoted to the theatres, which, as all the

front seats are occupied by the fair, appear as if there were none of their lords present with them. This, I must observe, is very often the case, and may have been a ground of the charge against them of being deficient in gallantry, which the French make against the Austrians. This again I doubt. Certainly none are greater admirers of beauty. The ladies of Vienna are said to be so jealous of foreigners who have claims to beauty, that the latter are treated with a reserve which almost excludes them from society: but that a foreign lady of gifted mind, *without* beauty, always makes her way triumphantly. Madame de Staël, who with undeniable right to talent, owed nothing to beauty, was indeed a star at Vienna. It is true the most accomplished and gallant man of his time, the Prince de Ligne, was then living, to do her the honours of introductions and attendance. When she arrived in 1808, the prince immediately called on her. "To what circumstance, madame," said he, "does Vienna owe the honour of Corinne's visit?"—"To the purpose alone of establishing my son at the engineer seminary—the *école de génie*."—"Il a été à l'école de *génie* (*genius*) depuis son enfance," replied the prince.

LETTER XVI.

THE SPIRIT OF CONVERSATION.

WITH the exception of a few gifted individuals, an Englishman of intelligence will find the first society in Vienna sadly destitute of that spirit in conversation which creates such interest and such delight in England; and a Frenchman will *ennuyé* himself to death, from the absence of *l'esprit de causer*, which animates the salons of Paris.

The elements of animated discussion, of interesting conversation, seem wanting in Austria. Politics, public affairs, the sitting of parliament, news from abroad, literature, the periodicals, the courts of law, afford inexhaustible materials either for instructive or agreeable conversation in England and France.

In Austria, politics and the affairs of the state never form the elements of conversation unless it be in a corner, or in the *embrasure* of windows, between two persons. Literature is as seldom introduced. Some remarks on the play or opera, the fashions, a drive on the Prater, a ball *masqué* at the Ridotto, or at Eisenstadt, a reception at court, the cholera, an excursion to Baden, Carlsbad, Toplitz or Marienbad, the chase, a favourite topic, and lately the steam-boats on the Danube, or perhaps a little *terror* imported in the shape of an *émeute* from Paris, or how very shocking the radicals are going on in England, comprise the most that escapes in the hearing of all, either at a dinner party or a *soirée*.

Even these materials would be transformed into animated charms in the best English or French assemblage. The *exactitude* of the established forms—the time lost in consequence, the monotony of the *grande* world, weary the mind; especially where society is not formed nor intended to develop the spirit of intelligence and reciprocal delight. Here the most gifted minds in the nation are seldom met with, unless it be perhaps at the re-unions where the diplomatic corps assemble; and in a country

where the material enjoyments are so abundant, the mental are, unfortunately, not much sought after. The charms of social intercourse are also rather exotic than indigenous.

The true pleasure and advantage we derive from society, arise from animated, amusing, and instructive conversation—from its *liberalizing* our opinions—from its rendering us happy in ourselves and agreeable to others—from its rubbing off the prejudices of country and of education—from its making us ashamed of unpleasant habits—of ignorance—of mediocrity,—and from its making us ambitious to excel.

I think it is Lord Kaimes who says, that *man, by inertia, may degenerate into an oyster*. The idea is excellent. It has often struck me in the monotony of a stupid assemblage.

Pleasantry and ridicule, those powerful excitors to spirited conversation, are almost unknown in Austria. Words are taken according to the letter. Every lord and lady's title is pronounced at full length; every form of *politesse* is as faithfully observed as the steps of a minuet; yet, conversation seems a fatigue, not a pleasure. The charm of narrating well is unknown; yet, from what old ladies have re-

peated to me of the Prince de Ligne, and of that extraordinary period in *Viennese* society, the Congress of 1814, those who then excelled in conversation are still remembered with delight.

The elements of speaking well, are, however, allowed to sleep in this capital. The aristocracy, although the least supercilious in the world in their bearing towards the other classes of society, form a distinct *caste* in social intercourse; and before the conversation and the intelligence of Vienna attains a distinguished scale of eminence, the nobility must draw men of genius and knowledge into their society. The latter, were they *admitted* among the aristocracy, have too much sensibility ever to be obtrusive; and I hope that they have too much pride to be *servile*. Whether men be of noble birth or not, the time is rapidly arriving, when superior talents, knowledge, sagacity, and sound judgment, will not only give a tone to social life, but govern the world. No power can arrest that of the *steam-press*.

LETTER XVII.

THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

THE middle class, or that broad body of people, or demarcation of society, which lies between the aristocracy and the labouring class, forms, in Austria, the *happiest* and most *enjoying* portion of the inhabitants. This class, usually, by means of industry, independent in circumstances, has not only its many *castes*, but, with its *material happiness*, also its *moral vexations*.

To this class belong, first, the wealthy without title, as bankers, merchants, and the principal manufacturers. These may be said to form one division of the first *middle class caste*.

The clergy, or rather the curates, form a caste by themselves; the dignitaries of the church rank with the aristocracy, of whose

families they are usually members. Literary and scientific men form another division of the middle class. They must, in Austria, be considered the most uneasy of this generally happy section. They do not belong to the wealthy, and seldom, I believe, associate with the nobility, among whom there are, however, some talented, literary, and scientific men. There is some encouragement extended both to literature and science; but I must treat these subjects apart. Professional men, as lawyers and doctors, have little chance of great distinction; a musical composer being a far more eminent person than either. In the courts there is no pleading; all is conducted in writing. In fact, with the exception of Hungary, there is no public speaking in the empire. This alone, coupled with the absence of political controversy in the public journals, causes a mental *inertion*, which prevents even the feeling of emulation, much more the active strife which acquires celebrity.

The *corps dramatic* are, as in France and England, confined very much to their own society. In England, however, an actor or actress of the first order, if of good moral character and agreeable manners, is not an excluded

being in regard to private society, as they may be said to be in France and Austria. In public, however, the *corps dramatic* and *musicians* have their full meed of estimation at Vienna.

The second *caste* of the middle classes comprehend shopkeepers, and the first order of artisans. These are in a most happy physical condition. In fact, the labouring classes in Austria, as I will hereafter show you, when saying something of the agricultural classes, are the most comfortably situated working population that I know.

Notwithstanding the division of society into marked *castes* in the Austrian empire, there is less feeling on the subject, than perhaps in any other country. The lower classes never seem to vex themselves, in regard to the position of those above them; and the upper classes never lord it contumeliously over those beneath them. In public places, neither prince nor noble arrogate their own way before that of the most simple citizen. It is this that makes the distinction of *caste*, a subject of little consideration among the middle classes; all of whom have equal rights and equal pleasures at the Prater, Volks-garten, and other places of public amuse-

ment, where each associates or goes with friends or acquaintance of his own rank.

Among the middle and lower classes, *dress* is the great, and seemingly the only object of vanity or ambition. To this passion they sacrifice even far more than the Parisians; and nothing strikes the stranger's attention so forcibly, as the richly-dressed population of Vienna at all places of public resort. It is not the *mode de Paris*, but the *Wiener mode*, that the *Modehandlerin*, or fashionable dressmakers of Vienna, boast of as their most costly and sumptuous displays.

LETTER XVIII.

PLEASURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

BEFORE entering Vienna last Sunday evening, on returning from a short excursion, our attention was attracted to the bright illumination of large rooms, in some four or five houses by the way side, each of which exhibited from twelve to twenty windows brilliantly lighted up. Those on the ground floor had numerous tables, at which sat many of both sexes conversing, sipping beer and wine, sugar and water, or other drinkable mixture. Some were playing cards, and all enjoying themselves. The rooms in the second floor were still more brilliant; and in each of these, some two or three hundred young and middle-aged persons of both sexes, as joyously dancing, as were ever swains and maidens

made happy on that once happiest of days and evenings, on which the harvest-home load of merry old England was annually celebrated.

Beneficent Heaven! said I, why will not the *people*, yes, the *people* of England, be merry and happy too. At present they are not exactly either the one or the other, and yet they have the right to be as much so as any people on earth.

We are perpetually making laws, but I cannot discover that we have ever attempted to legislate in any way to make the hearts of the people glad; to make the weary and heavy-laden forget their cares and toils. Indeed, all the legislation that I am acquainted with, has evidently a different tendency. We think if we make the people rest from all *bodily movement* on Sunday, except compelling them to fill the churches; if we close against them all other places of resort, unless it be *blue ruin* shops, that we shall make them moral, and consequently happy. We are egregiously wrong. I grant we may make them hypocrites or drunkards. We certainly are the only nation in all the world, which, in town and country, looks sad on the sabbath-day, and who consequently are ungrateful to the Deity for the health and the blessings we enjoy. If

we think we are a more virtuous and moral people than the Austrians, we are still further in error; and I believe there is far more intoxication, and more iniquity committed, within the closed doors of London, on one Sunday, day and night together, than during the whole year in Vienna.

At public amusements, the sense of shame, natural to all people, will prevent whatever is considered immoral or ill-behaved from being exhibited, before a multitude of witnesses. Now *if idleness be the mother of mischief*, surely, when the people rest from those labours which yield them means of subsistence, and there be no harmless means of amusements within their reach, and especially if they are debarred from resorting to public enjoyments, it will be natural for them to indulge in those sensualities which, for the time either gratify their appetites, or smother their cares.

In all continental towns, even in Calvinistic Amsterdam, and Lutheran Berlin, there are unexpensive amusements to attract the people, whenever the labours of the day or week are over.

I don't know of any town, not even Paris, where the citizens of all classes have so many

pleasurable resorts as those of Vienna. The many public coffee-houses, ball-rooms, *Lust-hausen* (pleasure-houses), with numerous concerts, are all open to them at very trifling expense. For from twelve to forty-eight kreutzers, a much less sum than each of many thousands of all ages and sexes in London pay on Sundays for *blue ruin*, the tradespeople, high and low, at Vienna, amuse themselves once a week, or oftener, at a ball or concert, and the military bands play to them every evening for nothing. I said balls for the people—yes, and the regularity and good demeanour which prevails at these, need not shock even the greatest prude that ever flaunted up the aisle of a church in any cathedral town from Durham to Exeter

LETTER XIX.

THE PRATER.

LONDON has its Hyde Park, its St. James's Park, its Kensington Gardens, its Prince of all parks—the Regent's ; *but* London has neither a Champs Elysées nor a Prater. The London parks and gardens are kept to look at, if you please : but there you have no bands of music, no concerts, no booths, no fête-days, no endless attractions for old and young,—little to make the heart glad, less to feed even the “reveries of the solitary walker,”—something it is true for the publicist, who traces the sources whence the oil oozes, that smoothens the axles of the carriages that *roll* past him.

What then is the Prater ? Pass from the city through *Rothe Thurm Thor* (gate of the

Red Tower), cross the bridge of Ferdinand, halt to observe the activity of landing and embarking on the Donau arm—remark the people enjoying themselves at the restaurateurs, coffee-houses, and billiard-tables as you pass to the Yäger-Zeile, a noble street which leads you to a magnificent wood, with spacious avenues, planted with chestnuts, acacias, oaks, and plane-trees, and with the horizontal branching, not the feather-like Lombardy poplars. On each side of these avenues are coffee-houses, eating-houses, orchestras, dioramas, and an olympic circus, for all; and riding-schools with hobby-horses, and chariots, and little ships moving round on shafts fixed to large cylinders to divert thousands of children.

The avenues, near the cafés, are lighted up at night; and this splendid wood, intersected by several branches of the Danube, extends for miles. It has at all times been one of the principal attractions of Vienna. Twenty-eight years ago, Madame de Staël says of this charming resort. "There is no great city without some edifice, some promenade, something remarkable in art or nature to which our associations of early days carry us back. It seems to me that in this respect the *Prater*

must have, for the inhabitants of Vienna, a delicious charm. In no part so near a great capital, is there to be found a promenade which offers so many beauties, and of a nature, at the same time, so rural and so embellished. A majestic forest extends to the Danube, and in the distance, we observe herds of deer crossing the meadows. They return every morning to feed, they bound off every evening, when the multitude which throng the avenues disturbs their solitude.

“The *spectacle*, which occurs but three days in the year, on the avenue of *Longchamp*, near Paris, is renewed constantly during pleasant weather at Vienna. This *citadine* nation, assembled under the shade of magnificent trees, or on the green turf, refreshed by the Danube, form in the prospect a charming *coup d'œil*. Fashionable company in carriages, and people on foot, resort to this promenade every evening, and, in this virtuous country, pleasures are like duties, and, however uniform either may be, they are never neglected.

“It is especially on the Prater that one is struck with the prosperity of the people. Vienna has the reputation of consuming more provisions than any other capital of equal

population ; and this somewhat vulgar kind of superiority is not disputed by foreigners. One observes an entire family of citizens and artisans repairing to the Prater, at five o'clock in the evening, where they partake of a rural luncheon, substantial as the dinners of other countries, and the money which they are enabled to spend in this way, proves equally their industry and their being mildly governed.

“Later in the evening, thousands of men arrive, leading their wives and children by the hand ; yet, no disorder, no quarrelling, ever disturbs this multitude, whose voices are only heard with difficulty. This silence, however, arises from no sadness of soul, it is the result of physical wellbeing, which in South Germany soothes the sensations, and in the north tranquillizes the ideas.

“Suppose an equal number of Parisians assembled, and the air sparkles with their *bon mots*, *pleasantries*, and disputes, and never can a Frenchman enjoy pleasure in which his self-esteem does not appear in some manner.”

Although probably more than half of those whom Madame de Staël saw, including the emperor, whom she says mixed in the throng as a simple citizen, as well as *Corinne* herself,

lay now silent in the dust, the Prater still exhibits much the same spectacle as she describes. Probably the multitude is greater, the horses—their trappings, and the carriages of the aristocracy and wealthy citizens more showy and splendid than they were a quarter of a century ago.

The citizens have still much the same characteristics, the same habitual observances in their pleasures, much the same amusements, the same cookery, and at least the same means of enjoyment. The nobility have the same routine manner. In their magnificent carriages, or on horseback, they meet each other in the avenues of the park, they make way for the hackney-coach which carries a tradesman and his children, as readily as they do for the carriages of the Metternichs, Liechtensteins, Esterhazys, or Schwarzenbergs. There is another emperor, but he and his brothers and uncles are as free from ostentation, as simple in their ways, as was the well-beloved Francis. They are seen in the same way among the throng.

Among all this multitude, which is rendered still more dramatic by a most picturesque intermixture of Hungarian, Servian, Croatian,

and Jewish costumes, we never encounter beggary. However attained, all are evidently in possession of the material elements of happiness.

LETTER XIX.

DEER FEEDING.

I KNOW you are fond of animals, for I have seen your sheep, your cows, and your horses, coming up to receive a few blades of grass, or a wisp of hay from your hand ; and, for ought I know, you may be a worthy member of the humane society, for suppressing cruelty to the quadrupeds which we term brutes, although, God knows, how much more brutal than they, are we bipeds.

In the whole range of the Prater there are, I am told, some thousands of deer ; and among them are many more noble stags than those you delighted to see bounding over the most hilly ground in England. The avenues of the Prater and its sylvan wilds as you approach the

Danube, are our favourite walks. Lately, the chestnuts have been falling thickly from their husks, and the deer, you know, are fond of chestnuts: as we go along, I pick up sufficient to fill my pockets; I stretch out my hand, with two or three in my palm, as we approach those innocent creatures. The stags, with their proud antlers, are shy; the does approach without fear, take the chestnuts from us, and then rub our hands with their foreheads. At the royal park of Nymphenburg, near Munich, there was a beautiful doe, that formed with us a sort of intimate acquaintance. Wherever we appeared she ran towards us. We had usually a piece of bread to give her, and whether we had or not, she followed us until we reached the benches under a tuft of trees, close to which there is a house where they sell bread and beer. When we sat down, the doe stood before us: when the blue-eyed *kelnerin* brought us a jug of fine Bavarian ale and a few rolls, the doe was sure not to be disappointed of a share of the latter; and although she at first would not taste the beer, she soon learnt to have no dislike for a share of that also. Was this instinct or education?—certainly the latter: and how difficult or impossible to define what instinct

is; for, although quadrupeds have neither thumbs nor fingers, nor organs of speech, they have memory, like man; they have the faculty of choosing what is agreeable, of avoiding danger, of receiving instruction; they have the virtue of gratitude, and the power of judgment, to a degree of which we are ignorant: they have also the faithfulness of sincere affection.

At five o'clock in the evening, as you walk down the Prater, until you reach the *Lusthaus*, near the Danube, you hear the *Jager's* horn, and immediately after, you observe the deer converging in full flight to one centre, near the place from whence the horn-blasts proceed. You observe, at the same time, a large shed;—that is the feeding-house, where the deer are each evening regaled as regularly at this end of the Prater, as the citizens are at the other. Chestnuts being in abundance in the decline of autumn, are gathered in great plenty, and form the supper which bring the deer, however widely scattered, together:—although frequently separated by the branches of the Danube, the *Jager's* horn never fails to gather them.

I have been told that sometimes, on these occasions, you may see one or two hundred of

them rush altogether into the Danube, which runs down at the rate of eight to ten miles an hour, and then the whole herd breasting the stream until they reach the opposite shore, from whence, after shaking the water off, they fly to their feeding rendezvous. This sight, which I have not had the opportunity of witnessing, is described by the Austrian sportsmen, as being, in its particular character, the most superb that can delight those who love the chase.

LETTER XX.

THE DRAMA.—THE ROYAL IMPERIAL HOFBURG THEATRE.—SCHILLER'S MARY STUART ; MACBETH ; AND RAUPACH'S KONRADIN.

FOR the first three evenings after our arrival at Vienna, the plays acted were clumsy representations of badly-translated French pieces ; and however much the ephemeral dramas of M. Scribe and Company may please all the world at the minor Parisian theatres, never, assuredly, has false taste been more glaringly exhibited, than in the attempts to adapt the dramatic writings of French authors, even those of the first excellence, to the German theatres, in the German language. "The French," says Benjamin Constant, "in their dramas, paint only the passions, the Ger-

mans draw characters.”* This is critically true.

Lessing, perhaps the most spirited of all German writers,—he who courageously and successfully criticised several of Voltaire’s tragedies, and who so humorously ridicules the very prince of mockers, proves, on the other hand, the close affinity between the true English drama and the genius of Germany.

This is evident in Schlegel’s, and Schiller’s, and Tieck’s translations of Shakspeare, which convey so faithfully, the spirit, meaning, and even idioms of the English into German, that posterity, if history revealed not the truth, might well dispute which was the original text. In fact, Shakspeare’s English contains but few words that are not Saxon.

The German language, it is true, has been amplified, and its prosody somewhat altered, since the period when the gigantic, yet coarse mind of Martin Luther, imparted to its construction a force and breadth, and an explicit power of argumentation, unknown and imperceptible either in the writings of the monks, in the ballads of the *minne-singers*, or in the *epic*

* Preface to Wallenstein.

of the Nibelungs. The religious animosities which succeeded the reformation, instead of refining, brutalized the language, by interlarding it with coarse compound abusive epithets, formed, however, of words not borrowed, but found in the language itself. The genius of literature was afterwards smothered, but not extinguished, by the political wars which so long distracted Germany, by the despotism of the Catholic hierarchy, and by the gloomy rigidity of Protestant manners.

During the early part of the last century, the German writers became impassioned with the imitation, but not inspired by the genius of French literature. They wrote, attempting only to imitate the writers of the age of Louis XIV. This unnatural servility was completely unsuccessful: all their productions, while they wanted originality, wanted also the wit, satire, and brilliancy of the French school. Wieland alone, by the fertility of his own conceptions, although he imitated Voltaire, is the only German of that school who appears to me worthy of merit as a writer. Frederick the Great, the supreme recorder of falsehood, as history calls him, but who should more properly be styled Frederick the Heartless, despised all,

in language, literature, and manners, that was German.*

The influence, however, of this "prince, philosopher, poet, and musician," despotic as it was, could not transplant French literature, French language, and French manners, into Germany. All his attempts withered and died. Klopstock, Haller, Bodmer, Gesner, Herder, Kant, Mendelssohn, Lessing, Winkelmann, and then Schiller, Goethe, the two Schlegels, and Tieck, established a German school of literature, poetry, art, and criticism, that can never be rooted up except by the extirpation of the people. This school has, from the affinity of language and of original customs, a closer similarity to that of England about a century ago, than to any other in Europe: with those of

* This may be considered severe; and while I readily admit that much of the present power of Prussia resulted from the political and civil measures adopted by that conqueror, after his exterminating success in Silesia, yet his callosity of heart as manifested in the ingratitude he afterwards showed to those who most faithfully served him, and his total neglect of such men as Kant, Mendelssohn, and other great geniuses, who were his subjects, with his disdain for the literature, and the language, which he ridiculously wished to change, deserves the scorn of mankind.

France and Italy, it has no relationship whatever.

This must appear evident to all who have witnessed the performance not only of Shakspeare's plays in their German dress, but even such of Sir Walter Scott's novels as the Germans have dramatized. *Macbeth* is acted with the same truth in the German language, and excites the same general interest at Vienna and Berlin, as ever it did in the most able period of dramatic excellence in England. Schiller's translation is, I believe, generally preferred; at least in Vienna. Last May, I had the opportunity of being at the theatre of Leipzig, when the melodrama of *Ivanhoe*, or "*Der Templer und die Judin*" (*The Templar and the Jewess*), was performed. That theatre is considered, both in regard to the dramas thought worthy of representation, and to the merit or demerit of the actors, the most refined in its critical judgment of any in Germany. The orchestra is almost faultless, the scenery always appropriate, and the actors, who once pass that ordeal with honour, may move on to Vienna or Berlin with the assurance of continued fortune and fame. *The Templar* (Eicke), *Ivanhoe* (Freimüller), the

Black Knight (Ball), the Clerk of Copmanhurst (Berthold), the enchanting Rebecca (Madame Walzel), and old Isaac of York (Bandias), Wamba (Lortzing), were exactly what Sir Walter Scott created them; no character over-acted, no part enfeebled. One of the best judges, perhaps, in all Germany, the young highly-gifted Mendelssohn,* sat next me; and admitted that the original characters as drawn by Scott (whom he personally knew), were fairly represented, I therefore give my opinion with a confidence that I dare not otherwise venture.

I attended the performance of this melodrama three months afterwards at Munich, where it was got up, in the superb theatre of that capital, with extraordinary scenic splendour: the king and royal family being present; but the orchestra almost alone was effective. The splendid scenery was unnatural and inappropriate; and, with the exception of Rebecca, acted by Demoiselle Haselt, a young Dutch actress of great merit and talent, both as a singer and actress, the whole representa-

* This talented composer is also a refined literary genius, and nephew of the celebrated philosopher.

tion was wretched, at least, after having once seen it performed at Leipzig.

Of the dramatic writers of Germany, Schiller is, perhaps, the most purely Saxon. With a compass of intellectual power not so universal, not so ready, as that of Goethe, we are far more in love with him. In Schiller, the spirit of truth and independence carries him over all base restrictions. If his poetry and his prose are considered too exalted, it is his heart and patriotism which elevate him so far above common mortals; and if he has transfused into delicious poetry the philosophical ideas of Kant, he is not relished the less in Germany on that account. It is said that Goethe has never written a line that breathed true liberty. In the ardour of his youth he has,—first, as the advocate of suicide in Werther, in which work he portrays the baronial families of Germany,—their hereditary costumes,—their limited understandings,—and their exclusive pride, in a most dramatic and ludicrous perspective;—secondly, in his Count Egmont, in which he so powerfully—so dramatically, describes the tyranny and treachery of the Duke of Alva, and the exalted soul, and patriotic heart of Count Egmont. But during the ravages of Napoleon,

and the war of liberation, Goethe's patriotic muse slept—unlike Körner's—she roused not the spirit of Vaterland, to death or liberty!

Schiller's *Wallenstein* has been enfeebled to the merely English reader, by being so much abridged in Coleridge's otherwise excellent translation. Some of the finest passages of the original, even those which have in Germany, become every day maxims; those also quoted to add force or beauty to subjects which require the aid of some appropriate expression, made by a favourite author, being omitted for the sake of brevity. The whole should have been translated; or, if abridging it was the object, it would have been far better to have recast the three parts of *Wallenstein* into one play in English, which might then be admirably adapted for the English stage. Benjamin Constant did so in French; but even his transcendent genius could not represent the original in a French dress. It would be an admirable subject for Sheridan Knowles in English.

Mary Stuart, considered by critics the most perfect of Schiller's dramas, was performed at the Hofburg theatre a week after our arrival at Vienna. This theatre joins, or rather forms a part of the buildings of the royal palace, and in

it, says the *Gemalde von Wein*,* “the masterpieces of Shakspeare, Goethe, Lessing, Schiller, &c., are acted with taste, and in the first style of dramatic excellence.”

In its interior decorations, the Hofburg is less showy than any other theatre that I recollect; but its old-fashioned style is well adapted to the period of history belonging to the drama which was about to be represented. The management, like that of every theatre in Vienna, can neither be too highly praised, nor too generally imitated. There is no irregularity—no confusion, as to the places in the boxes, galleries, or pit. The latter is divided into two *parterres*; the first or front, called the *parterre-noble*, where seats may be procured for about three shillings each, and to which you are attended by the person who unlocks them immediately on presenting your ticket. Ladies, whatever may be their rank, may take places, without its being considered vulgar, in the *parterre-noble*. In the second, the seats are taken as those who fill them, enter. Neither is there any delay during the performance. The curtain rises at the moment announced;—the

* Picture of Vienna.

orchestra is equally regular,—there is little delay between the scenes or acts, and the most decorous attention and behaviour prevails in boxes, galleries, and pit. It has often struck me, that I have never been in a Catholic or Protestant church in any part of the world without observing inattention, sometimes yawning, not unfrequently sleeping, and very generally an evident abstraction from the service to some other subject. On the other hand, I have never, at the leading theatres of Vienna and of North Germany, witnessed any thing but full attention to, and a deep interest in, the representation. Never, however, did I witness this interest, this attention, more closely observed, than during the performance of *Mary Stuart* at the Hofburg theatre.

The first act opens in a chamber in Fotheringay Castle.—Hannah Kennedy, Mary's nurse, but who looks and speaks more like her confidential friend—as the jealous guardian of the respect due to her queen, appears on the stage. On the entrance of Sir Amy Paulett, the keeper, she says,—

“What brings you, sir,—what further insult do you mean?
Retire from these *our limits*!”

A scene of great interest then follows.

In the dialogue between Hannah Kennedy and Paulett, Hannah, forgetting the helplessness of her royal mistress, insists on the keeper retiring—"to forego his audacious scrutiny, and to withdraw his hateful presence." The latter accuses Mary of secretly corresponding with Babington and Parry, and conspiring to sacrifice his rightful queen, Elizabeth; and then insists on opening a casket, in which some letters, deemed fatal, are discovered. He leaves the stage exclaiming against Mary—

"Der christus in der hand—
Die hoffart und die weltlust in dem herzen."

(The crucifix in her hand—
Pride and the world's pleasures in her heart.)

Mary (Madame Schröder) enters dressed in black velvet, and veiled, with a crucifix in her hand. Kennedy moves up to her, and exclaims, that tyranny is closely pursuing her royal mistress,—that each new day brings further arrogance from her enemies, and conveys fresh sadness to her royal heart. Mary, with impressive queenly dignity, and elevated composure of mind, says, she is prepared to hear all, and to suffer all.

Paulett enters, and in bitter severity accuses Mary of conspiring against Elizabeth.

Mortimer, Paulett's nephew, then comes on, saying, "Uncle, you are required without." Mary and her nurse are then left alone: a dialogue of exquisite interest follows. Mortimer re-enters, and directs the nurse to retire, as he had to speak privately to the queen. Mary bids Hannah remain (*Hanna, du bleibst*); but on Mortimer handing a letter to Mary, and telling Hannah to retire behind the door to announce the approach of Paulett, the nurse moves off. The letter is from Rheims, from Mary's uncle, the cardinal. In the scene between Mary and Mortimer, the latter feels deeply for the condition of Mary, proposes a plan for her escape, and accuses Leicester of perfidy. Mary considers the project of deliverance impracticable, and acknowledges that she has still an affection for that culpable nobleman. Mortimer then retires, and the keeper, Paulett, and Lord Burleigh enter: the latter is introduced by Paulett, and says, "I am come as the minister of justice (*Ich komme als gesandter des gerichts*)."

A long dialogue follows between Burleigh and Mary, broken in upon by an occasional remark from Paulett. Burleigh goes through an enumeration of various in-

trigues which he asserts to have been carried on among the Catholics at home, and at the courts of France and Spain. He endeavours to prove the guilt of Mary, and to substantiate the conspiracy against Elizabeth. Mary's queenly character is admirably sustained throughout these rude charges.

The second act opens in the palace of Queen Elizabeth, at Westminster. The Earl of Kent and Secretary Davidson are conversing on the dangers that threaten the Protestant Establishment, and on the Popish intrigues for raising Mary Stuart to the English throne. The scene which follows opens with Elizabeth entering, accompanied by Leicester, the earls of Aubespiné, Shrewsbury, Belierre, Burleigh, and other English and French gentlemen. Elizabeth, addressing Aubespiné, accuses the court of St. Germain of plotting against her life, and the weal of her realm. A scene of highly-wrought dissimulation succeeds. All but Leicester, Burleigh, and Talbot, leave the queen's apartment. Burleigh then artfully addresses, and, in a half commanding spirit, flatters Elizabeth.

"Glorious queen! thou wilt to day
Accord the ardent wishes of thy people."

(*Stürmvolle Königin! du krönest heut
Die heissen wünsche deines volks.*)

Elizabeth replies—

“What do my people want? Speak, my lord.”

(Was wünche mein Volke noch? Sprecht, my lord.)

Burleigh—

“They demand the head of the Stuart.”

(Es fordert das Haupt der Stuart.)

He then, in a long speech, accuses Mary of innumerable crimes, and of intriguing with France against Elizabeth. Both Talbot and Leicester endeavour to disprove the statements of Burleigh. Talbot, the faithful servant of Elizabeth, pleads grace for Mary; and Leicester conjures Elizabeth to see the unfortunate Queen of Scotland. The haughty Elizabeth finally agrees, and Leicester is to manage the interview as if by accident when hunting at Fotheringay.

The third act opens with Mary, accompanied by her devoted Hannah Kennedy, in the park of Fotheringay, breathing the fresh air of heaven, for the first time, after nineteen years imprisonment. The natural delicious joy she experiences on treading the greensward,—on passing under the shady trees,—on meeting with flowers and shrubs which recalled associ-

ations of happy days,—the freedom so delightful to her heart, and so beautifully expressed, forms a scene of the most exquisitely delicate interest. She sees in the distance a small fishing-vessel, and her heart is reanimated by the idea that even that frail craft may save her. She talks of France—of her early life—of delights that breathing freedom has still the power to revive.

The sounds of hunting-horns, in a short time break in upon this charming scene. The keeper Paulett appears; Shrewsbury soon afterwards approaches, and then a deeply affecting dialogue takes place between that nobleman and Mary. It is broken off by the keeper announcing that the queen is coming. Mary stands aside, leaning on Kennedy. Elizabeth advances accompanied by Leicester. The meeting of the queens is one of the most powerful scenes in the drama. The dissimulation and haughtiness of Elizabeth; the dignity and at the same time the high-toned sentiments of Mary—provoked into utterance, by the jealous Elizabeth, are most skilfully characterized. Elizabeth accuses Mary of numerous crimes and follies—she turns the very charms of Mary into treason. Mary retorts, with high-minded dignity; but finally, excited by the

taunting imperiousness of Elizabeth, she refers to the doubts which Henry expressed relative to the mother of Elizabeth, and then to his belief in the illegitimacy of the latter. Both queens are governed only by their passions, and forget their accustomed dignity. We hate Elizabeth, and we every moment fear that the next expression uttered by Mary will be fatal to her. Mary is evidently determined to humiliate Elizabeth in the eyes of Leicester, with whom the latter is at the time ardently in love. Elizabeth as evidently feels this, and assumes the queenly character, and Mary that of the queen and woman together. Both leave the stage in mutual hatred towards each other.

The fourth act prepares the circumstances, and leads to the sentence for Mary's execution being signed. The urgent flattery and half commanding demands of Burleigh for death, with the pleas of Talbot for saving Mary, and the contending passions of love and ambition, jealousy and hatred, exhibited by Elizabeth, are all managed with extraordinary skill throughout.

The fifth act opens in the same chamber as the first. Mary having been refused a clergyman of her own faith, to administer the consola-

tions of religion, and to attend her in her last moments. Melville, formerly a gentleman of her court, has hastened to Rome, where he has taken holy orders, and returns to Fotheringay; immediately after, the commissioners arrive with the fatal sentence.

The first interview between Mary and Melville, and the confessional scene, are, perhaps, equal to the most powerful representations of character ever delineated.

When this tragedy was first acted in North Germany, the affecting confession scene, was, and I believe still continues to be, omitted, and I was consequently unprepared to witness its introduction at Vienna.

During the whole representation of this remarkable tragedy, the audience at the Hofburg theatre, seemed as fully chained to the stage, as if they were actually witnessing the original drama at Fotheringay and Westminster. In the profound silence which reigned all around, except on the stage, there was an awful feeling, which overwhelmed one, as if left alone under ground in the vaults of the catacombs.

Schiller has sustained a feeling and an interest which fix us to every sentence throughout. He

has preserved this faithful perfection of dramatic skill, without losing its force for a moment. The character of Mary is maintained in every word she utters. We cannot help loving her, we hardly dare reprove her. Her parting scene with Leicester, perfidious as he was, is a representation of human feeling, that engages our most earnest interest. When she takes leave of her servants, and when she says "Swear to me by the image of Christ, that when I am no more, you will leave this unhappy island, and seek an asylum under the protection of my royal brother, who will give you *another native land* in France," I observed the salt tears trickling down the cheeks of gentle and simple around me.

In the confession scene, we are startled from our almost adoring adoration, when Mary acknowledges having been guilty of the death of Darnley; but then Schiller manages this with his usual knowledge of the human heart. It was the crime of her youth, long since confessed to the church; and her guilt consisted not of acquiescence in the murder, but in listening to the treacherous Bothwell, whose seductive flattery, in the age of love and thoughtless-

ness, betrayed her heart. This forms the acmé of the confession. Administering the holy sacrament follows, and Melville says,

“Madame, there yet remains a difficult proof of your constancy to overcome. Do you feel sufficient strength to triumph over the bitterness of hatred?”

Mary replies—

“I have no fear. I have sacrificed my hatred and my love to God.”

In the parting scene with her servants, when she distributes her apparel and jewels among them, her expressions are so natural, so endearing, that the most callous are overwhelmed with the tender and affectionate feelings of the unfortunate queen. Mary then appears in pure white royal robes, amidst an assemblage who are all in deep mourning—the crown is on her head—a gold crucifix in her hand, and she seems irradiated, as it were, by rays of innocence, love, and majesty, sent forth from heaven, as the emblems of celestial enthronement. She consoles her faithful servants, who weep around her. She says to them—

“Death, that severe friend, is approaching with his dark wings to shade the faults of my

youth : this last decree will release the feeble—the overpowered creature, from earth, to join its Creator in paradise.

“ For thee,” speaking to her nurse, “ my faithful Hannah, gold and diamonds have no attraction. Thy recollection of me, will always remain the only gift precious to thy heart. Accept this *kerchief*, which, in the hours of my sadness, I have embroidered for thee,—which has been steeped in my tears,—with it thou wilt soon *band* over my eyes. This last duty, mine own Hannah only shall perform.* Mary then extends her hands to the other servants, saying, “ Come all—come and receive my last farewell.”

They all approach and kiss Mary’s hand, who bids each an affectionate adieu.

* O meine treue Hanna, reitzet nicht
Der werth des goldes, nicht der Steine Pracht ;
Dir ist das höchste Kleinod mein Gedächtniss.
Nimm dieses Tuch ! Ich hab’s mit eigner Hand
Für dich gestickt in meines Kummers Stunden,
Und meine heissen Thränen eingewoben.
Mit diesem Tuch wirst du die Augen mir verbinden,
Wen es so weit ist—diesen letzten Dienst
Wunsch’ ich von meiner Hanna zu empfangen.

" Farewell Margaret—Alice farewell—
 For thy faithful services, thanks to the Burgoyne—
 Thy lips on my hand burn,—affectionate Gertrude;
 I have been deeply hated, and more faithfully loved.
 May a man of generous soul make my Gertrude happy;
 Thy affectionate heart, was made to be loved.
 Bertha, thou hast chosen the better part :
 Thou wilt wed the chaste celestial spouse.
 Haste to accomplish thy vow—
 The destiny of thy queen teacheth thee,
 That earthly fortune is deceitful.—
 Farewell all—*Farewell*, for ever.*"

Immediately after the confession, the Chancellor Burleigh, and Leicester arrive to receive Mary's last commands. Leicester, with down-cast eyes, remains in the distance.

* Schiller's words in the original are so tenderly affecting, that my loose translation does them injustice.

Leb' wohl, Margretha—Alix, lebe wohl—
 Dank Burgoyne, für deine treuen Deinsten—
 Dein Mund brennt heiss, Gertrude—Ich bin viel
 Gehasset worden, doch auch viel geliebt!
 Ein edler Mann beglücke meine Gertrud—
 Denn Liebe fordert dieses glühnde Herz—
 Bertha! Du hast das bessere Theil erwählt
 Die keusche Braut des Himmels willst du werden!
 O eile, dein Gelübde zu vollziehen!
 Bertrieglichen sind die Güter dieser Erden,
 Das 'lern an deiner Königin! Nichts weiter!
 Lebt wohl!—Lebt wohl!—Lebt ewig wohl!—

Burleigh says—

"I am come, Lady Stuart, to receive your final requests."

Mary—

"Thank you, my Lord."

Burleigh—

"It is the will of the queen that no equitable demand shall be denied you."

Mary—

"My testament contains my last requests. It is confided to the care of Sir Paulett,— I hope it will be faithfully executed."

Paulett—

"It will."

Mary—

"As my body cannot repose in holy ground, I demand that my faithful servant be allowed, to carry my heart to France, there to repose by its own. Alas! it has always been there!"*

Burleigh—

"That will be done."

* Och! Es war immer dort!

When the sheriff arrives, Mary turns to sooth her nurse,

"Hannah!—yes, it is now the hour! There comes the sheriff, to lead me hence to death. He must separate us! Farewell! farewell!"

And then turning to Burleigh, she says,

"I wish, sir, my faithful Hannah to attend me on this last walk.—My lord, do not refuse this consolation.—"

Burleigh—

"I have not the power to grant it."

Mary—

"What? not accord me this weak—this simple wish? Who but my nurse can perform these little last services for me? It can never be the will of my sister to outrage in my person the respect due to woman."

Burleigh—

"My lady, no woman can ascend the scaffold with you.—Her cries—her grief——"

Mary—

“She shall not—I will answer for my Han-
nah’s firm spirit. My lord do not separate me
in dying, from my nurse. Her arms received
me on the threshold of life—let her tender
hand from hence conduct me.”

Paulett—

“This must be allowed.”

Burleigh—

“Be it so.”

Mary—

“Now I have nothing more to ask of this
world.—”

(Kisses the crucifix.)

“My Saviour!—My Redeemer! Receive
me.

(Leicester comes forward.)

“Thou has kept thy word, Earl Leicester.—
Thou didst promise thy support in delivering
me from this prison, and now thou hast come
to aid me.”

She concludes in tenderly forgiving lan-
guage, and then moves on with the sheriff and

Hannah to the scaffold, Paulett and Burleigh following.—*The curtain falls!*

Macbeth (Schiller's translation) was lately acted at the Hofburg, and I doubt very much if the present dramatic talent of all England could represent the characters that Shakspeare drew with any approach to that style of excellence of which the principal actors at the Hofburg theatre are masters. Not that there is wanting true dramatic genius in England, but that it requires public encouragement to awaken its spirit, and public taste to appreciate its force and beauty.

Shakspeare's plays, whether tragic or comic, always secure full houses at Vienna. *Hamlet* was also acted at the same theatre. It was on a Sunday evening, and drew forth all the rank and fashion from their palaces; and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Tempest* have lately been frequently represented. Shakspeare is at least once a week on the boards of the Hofburg. Most of our standard plays have been translated into German, and represented on the stage, with the fresh interest of novelty at Vienna. During the last week I witnessed Cumberland's *Jew*, at one theatre, and Sheridan Knowles's *Wife of Mantua* at

another: both houses were crowded from the pit to the top gallery.

Of the modern German plays, Raupach's *Konradin* seems to have been the most attractive. Yet, as a drama, it is imperfect, and will probably be soon forgotten. Historical plays have, however, extraordinary fascination for a German audience; and *Konradin* is historical, and in many parts highly dramatic.

Konradin the younger, or Konradin, King of Jerusalem, and Duke of Swabia, is son of Duke Konrad IV. He becomes King of Jerusalem, much in the same manner as Otho of Bavaria has lately become King of Greece. Konradin (Madame Rettich) is about eighteen years of age. Frederick (Mademoiselle Reichel) of Baden, hereditary Prince of Austria, resolves to accompany Konradin to the Holy Land. The first scene, or rather the prelude, opens at Bregenz, on the lake of Constance, in the autumn of 1267, and the parting of Konradin from his mother, Elizabeth of Bavaria (Madame Lambert), is wrought up to the highest strain of maternal affection and filial love, in which the acting of Madame Lambert and Madame Rettich is, perhaps, faultless. The *first act* (which takes place nearly a year after the pre-

Inde), is laid at Rome,—the *second*, amidst the Apulian mountains,—the *third* on the Roman coast,—the *fourth* at Naples, where Konradin and his friend, Prince Frederick, are made prisoners by John Frangipani (Herr Welhelmi), agreeable to the secret cognizance of Charles, King of Sicily (C. La Roch),—and the *fifth* opens in the dungeons of Frangipani's castle, where the young princes are sitting at a table playing chess to beguile time. There is a great deal of mystery shed over this drama; particularly in the scenes amidst the Apulian mountains, in which Walter, a jolly miller (Herr Anschütz), is one of the best written and best acted characters in the play. The other personages are Louis, Duke of Bavaria, Konradin's uncle, Robert, Duke of Flanders, Henry, Prince of Castile, several Italian and French barons, Roman nobles, knights from all the states of Europe, Clara, Frangipani's daughter (Mademoiselle Pister), in love with her father's prisoner, Konradin, her maids, companions, &c.; all of whom, with guards and servants, give full scenic effect to a *tragedy*, the last act of which ends without a conclusion, in the dungeon, where it is communicated to

the young princes that they are to be put to death.

The historical materials of this drama only required the genius of Schiller or Lessing, to work them into one of the most powerful tragedies ever conceived. Many passages are drawn with great force of character, but there are none sustained with equal power throughout. Elizabeth of Bavaria, the mother, and Konradin, are the least faultless ;—and Konradin, a young king, in royal robes, with a crown on his head and sword in hand, is much enfeebled in character by being personified by a young handsome woman, with a fine clear feminine voice, although Madame Rettich is an actress of talent very far above mediocrity. The part of Prince Frederick is in itself meagre, but the insipid yet very pretty Mademoiselle Reichel, withers it. Carl La Roche, Wilhelmi, Anchütz, and Dlle. Pistor, impart, however, by their force of acting, more effect to their respective characters than the genius of the author.

LETTER XXI.

 KARNTHNER-THOR, AND FAUBOURG
THEATRES.

THE only theatre privileged within the walls besides the Hofburg, is the *K. K. Hof Opern Theater, nächst dem Kärnthner-thor*, or, in plain English, the Imperial Royal Court Opera Theatre, next the Corinthian-gate, commonly called the K. K. Kärnthner-thor Theatre.

Its arrangements, prices, and management, are exactly the same as at the Hofburg theatre, and its performances almost strictly confined to the opera and ballet. Its orchestra is, perhaps, the best in Europe. The manager and director of this theatre have also a passion for Italian and French compositions. The former, although far more attainable by German ears than the latter, are, however, never Italian,

except in those parts taken by Italian singers. In all German operas, the performances at this theatre are admirable: and *Robert le Diable*, although Meyerbeer was compelled, in order to gratify Parisian vanity, to introduce much that is French into its music, still possesses so wholesome a Saxon body, that its representation at Vienna is remarkably effective.

At this theatre it is usual to introduce a forepiece (*vorher*), as a prelude to either ballet or opera. For instance, as an introduction to *Semiramis*, I have seen "*Die Nymphe und der Schmetterling*" (the Nymph and the Butterfly), in one act; in which Perrot, as a butterfly, and Carlota Grisi, as Sylph or Psyche, both *fresh* from Paris, danced a *pas de deux*; and the exquisite Angiolina Mayer, the beautiful Sebirani, and the pretty Cassi, as nymphs, dance an equally classical *pas de trois*.

I have in Paris, and in various European capitals, been present at the most admired ballets. I have in this respect but little confidence in my own judgment. I look upon dancing rather as a sculptor would, than otherwise; for it is impossible for the most rapid whirligig of a figurante to be successfully expert without being graceful.

The "Spaniards in Peru," is the ballet now quite the rage at the Kärnthner-theater, where it is performed three times a-week. It is taken chiefly from Kotzebue's Pizzaro. The plot is, I think, faultless,—the pantomimic parts admirable,—the scenery magnificent,—and the acting of Alonzo (Lasina), Cora (Dlle. Colombon), Rolla (Catte), and Pizzaro (Campelli), excellent. A scene of the most sublime dramatic effect, is that in which Rolla, to save Cora's young son, carries it up rocky precipices—climbs a tree with it—bends the tree with his weight over a craggy ravine, through which a mountain torrent roars, and while descending to the opposite cliff, clung with the boy to the tree, gradually bending downwards, is shot by Pizzaro.

The *pas de neuf* of Bencini, Opfermann, Frederick Campilli, with Dlle. Angiolina Mayer, Baseg, Lasina, A. Hasenhüt, and Dingler; and the *pas de trois* of M. Casati, with Fanny Cerito (a beautifully graceful brunette Italian), and Louisa Scroll (an exquisitely fair and equally beautiful German), appeared to those who are far better judges than I am, as altogether equal, and in some respects superior to any thing, except Taglioni, that ever Paris

can pretend to. Perrot and Carlotta Grisi have also lately danced in this attractive ballet.

To the Spaniards in Peru, there was also a prelude, a sort of melodrame in one act from the French, called the "*Uniform and Schlafrock*," or the "Uniform and Dressing-gown;" a piece which had its usual week's tithe of talk at Paris, and then died, to be resuscitated at Vienna. Nearly all the standard Italian, and all German operas, with most French ballets, are introduced at this theatre.

The theatres in the Fauxbourgs are, in relation to the two great theatres, much what minor theatres are to the great ones in all large capitals.

National melodramas are admirably represented, both at the Leopold-stadt, and the Joseph-stadt theatres. The audiences, especially at the former, are kept in perpetual laughter, by the talents of the actors, and the point or drollery of the plays. One of the most broad-humoured pieces that I have for a long time witnessed, was at the latter. The "Burgomaster of Zaar-dam," a melodrama, in which Peter the Great, as the young carpenter, Michaelhoff, figures with the burgomaster and his fair daughter. "Das Kätchen of Heilbron"

(Kitty of Heilbron), is another melodrama especially national, and exceedingly popular at the Leopold-stadt. The emperor, a Graf Otto, an old German Baron, admirably represented Kitty, the heroine and daughter of a rich weapon-smith, and several counts, knights, ladies, citizens, and vassals, perform their parts very graphically in this humorous play. Perhaps this piece may be considered one of the best specimens of the present comic taste of South Germany, although the "Hans-Sachs" of Deinhardstein has been, and continues to be, the most popular.

The large theatre in Wiener-stadt, is appropriated to what the Germans very expressly term *Grosse-Spectakel*: that is, representations which they consider not possessing the requisite dignity of the pure drama; much the same as those *shows*, in which wild beasts have been introduced on the boards of our great national theatres in London. A piece, called the Monkey and the Frog—" *Der Affe und die Frosch*," has, for instance, been for weeks together attracting crowds to the great amphitheatre of Wiener-stadt.

The fair sex are, I have already observed,

far more numerous than the other, at each of the theatres.

The whole play-going population of Vienna, is probably double that which frequent all the London theatres together; and those of the former being over about nine o'clock, the crowd which issue forth, *radiate* off, immediately after, either to the restaurateurs or to their houses, to enjoy their hot suppers, and, if we believe the scandal-mongers, very generally, to their amorous assignations. Be this as it may, neither the streets at night, nor the theatres, ever exhibit the least appearance of that deplorable immodesty, which moves through London and all large towns in the United Kingdom.

LETTER XXII.

THE VOLKSGARTEN.

THE *au-Garten*, with its majestic avenues, its green, its eating-houses, its cafés, and its waltzing and gallopading in the open air,—the gardens and dancing-rooms of Schönbrun; and the more distant and rural grounds and temptations of Baden and Helen's Thal, are the resorts of pleasure and gourmandizing in summer: the Schwartzenberg gardens, the *glacis*,—and the *Wasser cur anstadt*, the fine weather haunts of lovers; but the *Volks-garten* (the people's garden) forms the attraction of all seasons.

It has the Imperial palace, the Neue Burghor, and the magnificent NEUER PARADE, Platze, with its elevated promenades bounding

it to the south and east; a fine planted terrace, and Prince Metternich's palace, immediately facing it on the north; the ramparts, with its splendid terrace, the Löwel Bastey, and the *Öffentliche* (public) promenade, and *Gast-haus*, extending round from south to north-west. It is planted with trees, and shrubs, and flower-beds,—divided into walks, sheltered on all sides, and at night lighted with countless lamps. Near the centre, amidst the trees, stands the Temple of Theseus, classically true in its architecture, and erected to shelter the masterpiece, as the Viennese say, of Canova—Theseus slaying the Minotaur,—originally intended (by Napoleon) for the Porta del Sempione, at Milan. In the southern angle of this garden, stands an extensive semicircular coffee-house, the amphitheatre of which is entirely formed of glass windows, while the opposite interior wall is made to correspond with large mirrors, and the whole inner extent, forming either a promenading or dancing room, with tables and chairs near the windows and walls, for the accommodation of all who demolish ices, or sip coffee, lemonade, or *liqueurs*. In front of this *kaffee*, is a circular pavilion, for the civic music-band, facing which, all round, are placed

countless rows of seats, for the multitudes of all ages and sexes, who resort here every evening, to enjoy brilliant selections, performed in perfection, of German and Italian music.

On ordinary occasions, the civic band only performs: but once or twice a week, two military bands attend,—when it is usual to form a sort of cordon, and to pay twenty-four kreutzers for admission. On the emperor's return from Prague, it was considered loyal to celebrate his arrival by greater than usual efforts of musical display, and with arrangements, to do honour, in the words of the Kapellmeister,* “*Zur Feier der Allerhöchsten Königs-Krönung Seiner K. K. Majestät Ferdinand I. zu Prag.*”

It was during the last week in September—the weather was serene and beautiful. After dinner, we walked to the terrace in front of Prince Metternich's garden, in which his children were diverting themselves with their nurse. Fashionably-dressed groups, chiefly families, were moving along the terrace, or amidst the avenues; the sun was descending fast over the western hills; the cloudless heavens, clearly

* Literally chapel music-master, but *de facto*, more so of theatres and concerts.

blue above, were gradually brightening into brilliant red and gold towards the horizon; while the Gothic spire of St. Stephen's to the right, and the oriental dome of St. Karl, far to the left, were still gilded with the sun's far lingering rays. A stream of life, infinitely varied in costume and colours, was passing to and fro between the city and the suburbs. In both were heard that subdued incessant sound of mingled noises, which has a peculiar charm when heard in the distance on a clear calm eventide.

As the sun sunk beyond the horizon, an effulgent splendour decked the western sky, in bright scarlet, shaded into bright gold and yellow, until the latter, gently purpled, was blended and lost in the clear azure above. In the magnificent regions of the west, imagination might revel, in painting, as Corinne would say, "An asylum of hope,—a native land of love—in which nature seemed to repeat 'man is immortal!'"

As the upper heavens were attaining a deeper azure, the west was changing its gold and scarlet into rich yellow and crimsoned purple. At length, the stars advanced in the heavens, and, at the same time, numerous lights started one by one into rapid existence among the

trees of the garden and new parade. The glass *Kaffeehaus*, was brilliantly illuminated, while the front and interior was filling fast with gaily dressed men, women, and children. The civic band had taken its place in the orchestra within the pavilion in front, and were tuning the instruments, while a living tide was still flowing through the portals of the new parade into the people's garden.

We still continued our walk on the terrace, between the Neue-Thor and the Löwel Bastey,—at all times the most animated of the numerous Vienna promenades. Myriads of lamps were now lighted, between the city and the suburbs, in the parade, and in the garden. The windows of every house seemed also in a blaze. The stars twinkled, or sent forth their clear fixed lights. The civic band struck up a delicious *mélange* from Weber, Mozart, and Haydn. Two superb military bands had also by this time taken their places, one to the right, and the other to the left. Each of the three then relieved the other in succession. We descended from the terrace to the garden, and promenaded among the trees, while the military bands played a splendid piece of martial music. In the in-

terval that succeeded, we entered the *Kaffee*. Here, ices, coffee, *liqueurs*, were carried forth by the waiters in all directions. The ices would be considered perfection, by the greatest epicurean that frequents Tortoni's—the coffee excellent—the *liqueurs* delicious. God knows who, or what were the classes, of both sexes, young and old, beautiful and ugly, which were assembled. If we believe travellers, virtue is here as evanescent as the ices which are so profusely demolished. Nothing, however, immodest in gesture, word, or look, is observed; and, although it is not probable that so much idleness and love of pleasure congregates without a great leaven of licentiousness being mixed up with it, “want of decency,” at least, cannot be brought forward to prove that there is at the same time a “want of sense.”

Propriety of demeanour is universally preserved. That much which is good and virtuous pervades this mixed assemblage, appears evident, from the great proportion of mothers with their husbands, daughters, sons, and little children, who occupy so many benches, and who, unless it be the exception of the women engaged in their eternal knitting, and the sipping of

coffee, water,* or *liqueurs*, all seemed profoundly attentive to, and thoroughly delighted with the music, which, in its exquisitely beautiful, varied, and powerful composition, and in the skill, taste, and judgment of its execution, is not surpassed in the world. It is of their music alone the Viennese are supremely vain: leave them the fame of this excellence, and they seem, generally speaking, indifferent to the reputation of any other; although for dress and eating, even the Parisian modists and gastronomes can do no more than equal the Viennese. We again ascended the terrace—the moon, within a few days of her full, was rising over the dome of St. Karl—the night, temperately warm, was delightfully pleasant. The different bands continued in alternate succession to play the spirit-animating, or heart-soothing, selections laid down in the *Kapell-meisters* programme. In the intervals, the demolition of ices and the dissipation of coffee and *liqueurs*, went on as before. Groups promenaded on the terrace, in the avenues, or within the long semi-circuit of the *Kaffee*, until at length, after nine o'clock,

* A large glass of pure water is always served in Vienna in coffee-houses and restaurants, with either coffee, ices, or *liqueurs*.

the fireworks were let off. For these displays, Vienna has long been celebrated; and in the exhibition of colours, figures, startling effects, and effulgent brilliancy, those which closed this evening's *gala* at the *Volks-garten*, the capital of Austria hath fully sustained her *pyrotechnic* reputation.

Immediately after the fireworks, the assembled throng departed in a crowded flood, through the gate to the new parade, now lighted with a thousand lamps, and then taking their several ways, separated for repose, or for the enjoyments to which their several dispositions or habits may have led them. On returning to our hotel, a full stream was also flowing forth from both theatres; yet the streets were strikingly tranquil. The air and amusement had prepared, also, our appetites for something far more substantial than the ices and *schwartz-kaffee*, that we had partaken, during the evening, which we spent with a pleasure that we shall ever remember in the PEOPLE'S GARDEN, VIENNA.

LETTER XXIII.

SUNDAY AT VIENNA.

IN CHRISTENDOM, the manner in which the population, especially of a large city, spend the Sunday, forms, perhaps, the best illustration of their education, habits, prejudices, slavery of opinion, subservience to priestcraft, and the influence of legislation.

Sunday in London is unlike the same day in any town in Europe. The whole metropolis looks as if the plague had visited its population—melancholy seems to pervade all from east to west. It has an atmosphere of sadness, which seems despair to all who have been brought up or lived long on the Continent, and who are ignorant of our real virtues, as well as of the abominations and vice, which closed doors and window-shutters conceal.

Paris, again, is more joyous on Sunday than on any other day in the week. Not that the people rest altogether from their usual productive labours, but that by devoting its early hours to industry and profit, and its afternoon and evening to gaiety, its animation is never suspended. On visiting that city soon after the last revolution, having been for several years accustomed to the solemn Sabbaths of England and North America, the first Sunday I spent in the capital of France was to me uncommonly striking. I was almost prepared, in the orthodox charity of a true Calvinist, to denounce the nation as having, in the course of eternal justice, drawn down upon it the retributive judgment of all just heaven. I was accompanied by an excellent, amiable, and intelligent Canadian gentleman—of the old French school in his manners—a good Catholic, and liberal in politics and religion—yet even he, from the force of habit, was shocked at seeing the Parisians at work, instead of being at mass

On our walking out early in the morning, we had not a little difficulty in crossing the streets, in consequence of the vast number of hackney coaches, and cabriolets, and nondescript ve-

hicles, filled with parties going to enjoy the day in the country; and of numerous loaded waggons, some with hay, some with wine casks, others with medley loads. The shops, cafés, restaurants, were all open. We wended our way along the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, and turned into the church of the Assumption. Mass was performing; but the congregation consisted of only nine old women, three old men, seven little girls, and four boys, with three deformed beggars at the doors. When we left the church, rue St. Honoré was thronged. We met several detachments of national guards, horse and foot; also troops of the line, sappers and miners, horse artillery, and several baggage waggons. No church bells ringing, but the drums were beating in all quarters. As we turned down rue Castiglione, masons were at work on all the new buildings. We passed on to the Tuileries, where alterations were making in the palace and garden by the citizen king, and there also many were at work. At the same time a great movement of the populace across the Pont-Royal followed the crowd to the Champ de Mars. A grand review—30,000 line, guards and artillery. The artillery exercise was considered sublime, and the *fusillage* bril-

liant. The king and staff, Duke of Orleans, Soult, &c. were present, and a vast multitude assembled. We crossed over the Pont de l'Ecole militaire—hundreds of washerwomen and washermen were beating dirty linen to pieces, in the huge floating sheds moored on the river—several people dragging nets for fish. We proceeded to the Champ-Élysées—people amusing themselves and their children in seeing the exhibitions of mountebanks, grimaciers, and polichenello, and on the swinging machines and wooden horses suspended—good exercise. Walked on to the Tuileries gardens—Parisians, in great numbers, sitting on chairs, under the shade of majestic trees; some conversing, some promenading, some playing with their children, and many reading newspapers, or sipping lemonade or coffee. Spent two hours in the museum of the Louvre, where the bourgeois of Paris lounge each Sunday, admiring antique statues, and the old and new schools of painting, which my Canadian friend observed “is a better resort on the Sabbath than the London *blue-ruin chapels*.” We crossed over the Seine to the quai Voltaire—walked to the Pont neuf—books exposed in great numbers for sale along the quays—shops all open—caricatures of Louis

Philippe, grotesque, ridiculous, and political—portraits of Napoleon, the Duke of Reichstadt, and Napoleon's exploits, every where blazoned forth—proceeded to the Cathedral Notre Dame. A circle congregated near the entrance, listening apparently with much delight, to a man and woman singing a romaunt (ballad); the man at the same time accompanying on a tambourine, and a boy playing on the violin—no service in the cathedral. On the opposite side, stood a group round an Italian, playing on a barrel organ, and a woman singing a humorous ballad, in which naughty things were repeated of a priest and a woman in the Rue Montmartre—passed on to the site of the archbishop's palace, not one stone left over another—glorious privilege of a revolution, destruction without accountability,—came over the Pont neuf to the Palais-Royal, great crowds in the garden and in the Cabinets de lecture, reading newspapers, and talking politics. We read the journals—dined at the Café de Chartres, waiters doubly active, it being Sunday. We left the restaurant, like all the world for a café, sipped a demi-tasse and petit-verre—went to the Theatre Français.

The foregoing extract from a note book I

kept at the time, would be considered a most virtuous and *self-denial* sort of spending the Sabbath day in Paris: but the evangelicals of England and Scotland, would no doubt consign me or others who had done the same, not to only everlasting perdition, but eternal torment in consequence. To what further punishment would they doom those, who, in their ordinary course of passing or enjoying the day, on which we are commanded to do no work, attend the Sunday-stock exchange at Tortoni's in the afternoon, and in the evening frequent one or other of the numerous Sunday *fêtes-champêtres* and balls,—laying aside fashionable soirées, Frascati's, or any one of the countless *ecarté* saloons of Paris?—From principle I abominate everything that partakes of gambling, I condemn debauchery in whatever shape; but as to the ordinary Sunday amusements of the Parisians, I am inclined to believe that they divert the mind and heart from, rather than incline them to, the vices and crimes that demoralize society. Of Sunday in foreign countries being a day of mischief, I have never heard; and, as to the commission of sin, who can presume to judge? How much more charitable and rational the belief, that the *Creator*, so long as his *creatures*

do one to another as they would reciprocally be done by, *will*, so long, not be displeased at seeing the mortals of his creation happy, in the enjoyment of those means of happiness which his providence hath given them? Is it not also presumption to arrogate that England, Scotland, and Anglo-America are, alone, infallible, to the exclusion of the rest of Christendom, in their interpretation of the fourth commandment? A noble foreigner,—not a Frenchman, of most amiable character, great experience, learning, and intelligence,—moral from principle, spent five months of the last year in England. I have long had the honour of his friendship; and since his return to the Continent, I have had frequent conversations with him on the domestic condition of England. He had travelled over most parts of the kingdom. He is much attached to rural life, having given much of his time to agriculture, grazing, and improving the breeds of live stock; on all which he has written, and, as a practical farmer in his own country, has been successful in most of his experiments. In England he associated with the nobles of the land, and with the country population. He spent several days with Mr.

Coke at Holkam. He considers England as possessing the most powerful elements of wealth and happiness. "Yet," said he, "there is a *dead weight* on society no where else to be found; and, with the extraordinary moral courage of your nation, I have been astonished that although hundreds spoke to me on the subject when I adverted to it, with them individually, not one had the hardihood to express the same opinions in society. This *dead weight* is that *chilling atmosphere of Puritanism* which renders the seventh part of English life intolerable to foreigners, and much of your society during the whole irksome. This Puritanism, which from the individual admissions made to me must in its general character be considered hypocritical,—is a NIGHTMARE that smothers your incomparable elements of happiness."

But as SCOTT, in *Guy Mannering*, *philosophically* remarks in regard to Bacon's and Sir Thomas Browne's implied belief in Astrology; "that the opinion was only sanctioned by those learned men, either because they durst not at once speak against the universal prejudice of their age, or because they themselves were not altogether freed from the contagious influence

of a prevailing superstition," so is it in regard to thousands in the United Kingdom, who silently repose beneath the *Puritanical nightmare* that overwhelms the society and the legislation of the Empire."

Sunday in Vienna is very different from the Parisian Sabbath. To observe the aspects, which present the lights and shadows of a capital, either on every day, or on any particular day, the best way, is to walk out in the morning, and afterwards to visit those resorts to which the people are in the habit of publicly frequenting.

On the first Sunday we spent in Vienna, the church bells were all ringing at six in the morning. I walked out at eight: all the shops were shut, and the iron doors and window-shutters, some of which painted dark green, but generally black, transformed the streets, so brilliant during the week, into the most funereal gloom. The industrious classes, who had *in reality* ceased to labour, were one by one, each with a prayer-book neatly bound in red or blue morocco with silver clasps, and a silver cross on the cover, hurrying to the churches.

Being at the time in the Eisen-platz,* near St. Stephen's cathedral, I walked to that magnificent temple—solemn silence prevailed—the priests at the high altar were kneeling before it—wax lights were burning on it—and also on all the lateral altars of the numerous chapels. In the aisles and chapels were old and young of both sexes,—all of them well dressed, kneeling towards the crucifixes, praying and crossing themselves in silence. Occasionally, the priests uttered an ejaculation aloud—a Gregorian chant accompanied by the solemn trombone followed. As the worshippers completed the usual number of prayers, they rose, one not regarding or knowing when the others performed the usual devotions;—and each, on walking off, and dipping a finger in the holy water, made the sign of the cross, and left the cathedral. In this way they continued to enter, repeat their prayers, and depart while I remained. The ordinary masses being performed,

* So named from the remains of the stump of a tree said to be one of the original forest, growing where Vienna stands. It is covered over with the heads of nails, driven into it by each blacksmith, on coming to work as such in the city.

with the exception of the chanting, chiefly in silence by the priests, without regard to the entrance or the departure of the worshippers.

I returned after breakfast, and found the citizens—probably of a higher grade in life, entering praying and departing as I had observed early in the day; and the ordinary mass still performing. The chapels of the cathedral, especially that of the Liechtenstein's, were now more numerous filled, but, as far as I could learn, indiscriminately by all who chose, or found room to kneel in them.

The cathedral of St. Stephen's in its magnificent extent,—in the height of its spire and towers, and in the richness of its gothic architecture ranks with those of Strasburg and Antwerp. The interior is more solemnly gothic than any other in Europe;—the architecture retains the colour given to it by the atmosphere of every age since the twelfth century. Its columns and vaulted roofs have never like those of France been violated by whitewashing. The paintings have also with the exception of an *Ecce-Homo*, attributed to Corregio, much of the old German school, and the monuments have nothing glaring in their character. The

tomb of Prince Eugène, of Savoy, has been the last of the mighty dead placed in St. Stephen's, "where he waits for other heroes!" as remarked by Madame de Stäel. There is little that is gothic in the other churches of Vienna. Most of them exhibit gilding, and gaudy images of the Virgin, with the most barbarous representations of crucifixes and dead Christs, that bad taste and priestly terror could represent to dupe or terrify poor ignorant superstitious humanity. The Virgin is invariably clad in silks and with a gold crown; the child usually decorated in the same fashion; and the crucifixes and dead Christs are too disgustingly horrible, even for the savage spirit of an American Indian to have conceived, in his most wrathful vengeance.

With these revolting exceptions, and without being influenced by the higher powers of that rational philosophy, and that intelligence which dispel the vapours that obscure our judgment, and overwhelm us in the shadows of superstition, we all, while treading the aisles and chapels of St. Stephen's, feel much of what Madame de Stäel expresses when speaking of this temple.

"No other edifice," says she, "is so patriotic

as a church. It alone is that in which all classes of the nation assemble together; that alone which recalls not only public events, but the secret thoughts, and intimate affections which chiefs and citizens have carried into its sanctuary. The temple of the divinity represents the present as it does the ages that have passed. As I approached the tomb of Prince Eugène, I observed attached to one of the pillars that surrounded it, a paper on which was written, *that a young woman requested the prayers of the people during her sickness*. The name of this young woman was not even indicated: this was an afflicted being, addressing herself to unknown beings not for succour, but for their prayers. It is a pious usage among Catholics, and which we ought to imitate, to leave the churches always open. There are many occasions when we experience the want of such an asylum; and never can we enter without feeling an emotion which comforts the heart, and, as if by an holy absolution, it reinstates its strength and its purity."

High mass is not performed in all the churches on Sunday. After leaving the cathedral, and stopping a short time at the church

of the Capucins,* we proceeded to hear high mass at the church of St. Augustin.†

If there were not even religious devotion in the high masses of Vienna, the music alone, forms a splendid and an imposing attraction. The instrumental execution in the German churches may not be so powerfully impressive as the vocal orchestra at St. Peter's, Rome; but where else on earth can the public hear such exquisite music performed with such masterly excellence as at Vienna, and generally throughout Germany? At Munich, there is a military mass performed every Sunday, in the Old Jesuit's church. The instruments are all brass, and the effect is overpoweringly grand. In Vienna, military masses are less frequent, but they are executed in the highest style of grandeur. The musical genius of the people is

* In the vaults of the Capucins, are deposited the bodies of the deceased Imperial family: the hearts are placed in silver jars deposited in the church of St. Augustin, while the viscera are preserved in copper urns in the crypt of St. Stephen's.

† The finest monumental conception, executed by Canova, is considered to be that erected in this church to the memory of the late Christina of Austria, by her husband, the late Duke of Sachsen Teschen.

still more universally indulged on Sunday, than during the week. The musical society, consisting of from two to three thousand members, frequently assemble at their celebrated institution. The opera is more than usually rich in its representation and performance, and there are besides numerous concerts and balls. I have on one Sunday morning counted not less than twenty-five placards, announcing where the balls and concerts were to take place. After twelve o'clock, the masses are, I believe, all over. Before that hour, all ranks appeared, to me, devotedly attentive to their religious duties. After which, amusement seemed to be the order of the day. The shops are not opened. Neither worldly gain nor the morrow are thought of. We drove on the Sunday to which I allude, first to the Prater, where several families were driving up and down the avenues. We returned, and drove to Schönbrun. Crowded vehicles filled with citizens, besides many noble carriages were driving on the same route. The public gardens were enlivened by orderly people of all ages and sexes. We returned and dined with Baron D—'s family. As usual we retired soon after, and then, like all the world, went to the theatre. The play was Hamlet, and I

wished that the ghost of Shakspeare had (and for aught we know it may have) witnessed its masterly performance, in a language that so perfectly expressed what our immortal dramatist meant.

On returning to our hotel, the tranquil order of the town was in no wise disturbed. No disorder—no drunkenness—not a dram, beer, or wine shop open. The kaffees alone and the restaurateurs were ready to receive those who wanted refreshments after their amusements, which, are generally over about nine o'clock. Next morning, all were industriously attending to their occupations. No Monday morning drunken idlers as in London.

One traveller after another has given an immoral character to Vienna, that requires at least a passing remark. I cannot help thinking that their charity must also have been smothered by the *nightmare of Puritanism*. Mr. Russell says—

“This looseness of morals, so disgraceful to the Austrian capital, if not aided, is at least, very little restrained by religion; that happy self-satisfaction under certain iniquities, which only quickens our pace in the career of guilt, though it may not form any part of the doc-

trines of the Catholic church, is an almost infallible consequence of the deceptive nature of many parts of her ritual, and exists as a fact in every country where her hierarchy is dominant, and no extraneous circumstances modify its corrupting influence."

Without thinking that the more intelligent classes of the Viennese believe any of the ridiculous superstitions of the Catholic faith, I have no hesitation in saying, they are quite as sincerely devout as Protestant Christians; and, completely opposed as I am to the political constitution of the Romish church, I cannot but acknowledge that its influence on morals, produces at least, as much practical virtue as, and with less hypocrisy than, other denominations of Christianity.

LETTER XXIV.

THE ENVIRONS.

FROM the *outer*, or *police* boundary, of Vienna, there are fourteen *issues*, or gates, to the routes (*linien*) which lead to the country. Most of these routes are picturesque and animated. Hills, vales, woods, fields, villages, cattle, sheep, and other live stock, with often a thronged movement of carriages, waggons, riders, and walkers, on the road, that enliven and lend a pleasing interest to the landscape. Occasionally, we drive for several miles along one route, and then over another.

On passing through Leopoldstadt, to the *Tabor-linie*, so called, by its leading to the

grand route by the town of Tabor* in Bohemia, to Prague, we drive through a splendid wood, to the picturesque banks of the Danube, which we cross at the thriving manufacturing village of *Floridsdorf*, and then, by another thrifty place, Leopoldau, soon arrive at the fatal field of Aspern. Taking a drive in another direction, on the *Marxerdorferlinie*, the route to Hungary, we first pass Neu-gebäude (new building), an edifice in the oriental style, formerly a royal especial residence, now a depot for arms and ammunition. Then we come to Kaisersdorff, with its brisk hardware manufactory, artillery barracks, old castle, and park,—let us drive further on to Fishamend, which derives its name from an immense iron fish, that veers with the wind on the spire of an old church. Here there is a most important corn-market, several manufactures, fine meadows, and extensive vestiges of a Roman camp. The most classical ground is, however, further on, at Petronell, where, from the widely-spread traces of their occupation, the Romans had evidently one of their most important military positions. Here, also, was a famous battle fought between the

* This town was so named from Scripture, by the afterwards extirpated Hussites.

Austrians and Turks. If you are anxious to see tobacco manufactured on a large scale, as a government monopoly, drive on to Hainburg, also a Roman site, near the Danube, and there you will observe this weed in all its states of preparation.

On this route, you pass several old German castles, each with four round, bastion-like towers, in one of which you never fail to find what was once a prison. On the road, you probably meet with Hungarian noblemen, in their carriages, driving, more furiously than Jehu did of old, four sleek black horses towards the capital,—with Hungarian *freemen*, conducting large waggons, dragged by from six to twelve strong cattle, and loaded with woolpacks, corn, or wine,—and often with Hungarian serfs driving, under the direction of a leader, their master's swine to the Vienna market.

The route to Baden is, however, the most picturesque, and the most agreeable. Smiling villages along the road, and to the right and to the left—the holiday resorts of the Viennese; the valley of Briel, with its rocks and miniature alps, woods, parks, ruins, and *Lust-haus*; the old and new castles of Liechtenstein; Heiligen-Kreuz (Holy-cross), with its old Cistercian

abbey, and curious library; Mödling, at a short distance to the right, and the imperial chateau and park of Laxenburg a mile or two to the left, with numerous other picturesque objects and views, lie or rise in the direction of Baden, by or near the Marxerdorferlinie. Five or six miles further, close to the frontiers of Hungary, in a romantic neighbourhood, stands *Wiener Neustadt*, or New Vienna. It is, however, a long time since it was *new*, as its venerable Gothic church, built in 1186, attests. This town, with a population of 10,000 inhabitants, is a thriving manufacturing place, and possesses, besides the military academy, several institutions. A few miles east of Wiener Neustadt, within Hungary, is situated the lordly castle of *Eisenstadt*, Prince Esterhazy's chief country-seat,—and the home of hospitality.

Baden, in regard to situation, is one of the most agreeable of watering-places. It was always the favourite summer residence of the late, but not of the present emperor. Francis dwelt here with his family, Prince and Princess Metternich, and it may be said his whole court. All Vienna might then be said, especially on Sunday, to have been found at Baden; and among them the Emperor Franz, as un-

pretending as the most simple citizen. Since the death of Francis, Baden has apparently ceased to be a fashionable resort. It was always tranquil; no rioting, no gambling, as at Aix-la-Chapelle, was ever heard or known at Baden. Its rural charms, its promenades amidst sylvan solitudes, and its neighbourhood to the Schneeberg and other alps,—the delicious valley of St. Helena,—and, exclusive of its wells, the material comforts and conveniences it affords to those who wish to retire for a time from the fatigue of town formalities, or from the labours of business, render Baden, in my opinion, a very agreeable retreat. But two classes only will consider it so—the stupid-lazy, who wish to live undisturbed, with their physical desires supplied without trouble to themselves; and the intellectual man, who wants relief from the fatigues of his position in life, and leisure to think, unannoyed by those interruptions, either of routine business, or of fashionable formalities, which destroy so much of our moral existence.

In whatever direction we diverge from the capital of Austria, the material condition of the population will appear remarkably satisfactory. Not even a shade of that haggard

wretchedness, which so frequently presents its squalid forms, amidst the splendid wealth of the British metropolis, and its vast province of environs, appears either in the city, or neighbourhood of Vienna : nor, as far as I have been able to discern, in any part of the archduchy of Austria.

The dwellings of the farmers and peasantry are, taking them altogether, by far the best in Europe. I have travelled over different parts of the country in cold weather, and the cheerful fires blazing day and night, even in the meanest house, formed a delightful contrast to the shivering condition of the French peasantry, who, although otherwise tolerably independent, are, by a cruel system of commercial legislation, prevented the opportunity of burning cheap fuel.

There are no poor-rates in Austria, nor would it appear that there was any necessity for such an exaction. There must, no doubt, be many cases that require relief; but I am told, this is never denied by the monastic and other communities, of whom I shall hereafter have occasion to speak. I have had such frequent opportunities of witnessing the difference of condition, between Protestants and

Catholics, strikingly unfavourable to the latter, in different parts of Europe, especially in Rhenish Prussia, and in contrasting Savoy with the environs of Geneva, and with the Pays de Vaud, that I have been at times almost ready to attribute the difference to the effect of catholicism on thrift and industry. But when we are acquainted with the opulent condition of the inhabitants of East and West Flanders, and of the provinces of Antwerp and Brabant, who are, perhaps, the most *priest-ridden* people in the world,—and with the generally easy state of the whole population of Bavaria, and the comfortably independent material condition of the Austrian manufacturing and agricultural classes, it appears indisputable that, although the holidays of the church withdraw from industry a portion of labour, which protestantism does not claim, either for devotion or feasting, there are causes altogether independent of religion, which render, whenever it is observable, the material situation of the Catholics inferior, as is frequently the case, especially in Ireland, to that of the Protestants. This subject is of important consideration to the legislator and publicist. During my excursions in various parts of the continent, it has engaged my attention. In

North Germany, Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria, Moravia, and lately during an excursion by steam down the Danube, through Hungary, and in the course of my return by land (of which I have not yet been able, but will give you an account), I have particularly endeavoured to ascertain the condition of the people, and how far their material prosperity or material wretchedness may be attributed to the nature of the government, and to the spirit of religion. The latter has its undoubted influence on the moral state, and to a certain degree on the material. But to government, education, and the structure of society (as I may on a future occasion be more fully able to explain to you from examples drawn from the several states of the Austrian empire), must be attributed the well-being, or ill-conditioned state of the people in all countries.

LETTER XXV.

THE KAHLENBERG.

A ride to the heights of the *Kahlenberg* would be delightful, were it only for the splendid view which this celebrated eminence commands. On the way, we pass through one of the principal suburbs, and when we attain the summit we look down upon Vienna as on an alto-relievo map—over the Prater and over the Danube branching and uniting until its magnificent stream is lost in the far distant view as it flows into Hungary—hills, distant alps, woods, valleys, villages, country-seats, farms, pastures, and cattle, spread far and wide, with a monastic edifice, and a church near to where we stand, combine to fill up the rich features of a splendid landscape.

The celebrated Prince de Ligne* had a summer residence here, and in the vault underneath the decent chapel of the Kahlenberg, repose the ashes of that nobleman, who left few behind him of a school that shed a dignified, yet graceful and animated lustre over the society of the age, which ensured a respect from its exterior manners—delighting while it commanded, and distinguished more by the fascination of address and language, than by the more solid acquisitions of useful and profound knowledge.

The Prince de Ligne was, however, much more than a man of the world—he was a man of genius, as his voluminous memoirs and other works amply testify. Delightful in conversation, beyond all others who resided at that time at Vienna, even more so, it is said, than any of the many illustrious distinguished personages who were assembled at the congress, wit and satire on measures and manners, seldom on individuals, were eminently his gifts.

Things are repeated at Vienna, far longer after their occurrence, than with us. We have constantly occurring subjects of exciting interest—the politics, the literature, and the men and

* He died in 1814, during the congress at Vienna.

measures of the day, afford a superabundant supply of colloquial food. At Vienna they have, and they consider it safer, to feast, except in material subjects, on the usual trifling common day occurrences, or on reminiscences of the past. There is not a Fürstin or Gräfin, above thirty years of age, that cannot repeat some sprightly saying or anecdote of the Prince de Ligne.

The snug box, rather than seat, which he occupied on the Kahlenberg, was indeed often filled by his real friends. Here he invoked the muses, and sought relaxation from the fatigues of courtly amusements,—and with a few friends, lived for them, and for himself.*

It stands, I believe, on the very spot which

* On the front of the building, immediately overlooking the Danube, the prince had cut the following lines, written by himself.

“ Margraves, Polonais, Turcs, et saints, tour à tour,
Rendirent autrefois célèbre ce séjour ;
C'est à présent celui de la philosophie
Du calme, de l'esprit, du bonheur de la vie.
Notre âme s'aggrandit par des grands souvenirs,
Mais la meilleure histoire est celle des plaisirs
Sans remords, sans regrets, sans crainte, et sans envie
La Nature se montre en son bel appareil
Et on se croit ici favori du soleil.”

John Sobieski occupied at the head of the thirty thousand brave Poles, with whom he defeated the greatly superior force of Kara Mustapha, and saved not only Vienna, but perhaps the whole dominion of Leopold. After the battle, Sobieski writes to the queen his wife, "Blessed be the God of arms, who has given us victory, and glory unequalled,—routed and put the enemy to flight: their artillery and a great battery, and the powder magazines with powder worth a million, are ours. The oxen, the sheep and the camels, are fallen to the lot of our soldiers."

Then after reciting in a most interesting and peculiar manner, the events of the battle, he proceeds :

"The emperor has sent me a hasty letter, saying he is setting out to see me, but as I am going in pursuit of the enemy, I may not be able to see him.

"The reverend father Marius Ariano, assures me, that he saw during the battle *a white dove* hovering above our heads.

"I shall write to the King of France as the *most christian king*, to tell him of the victory that has saved Christianity.

"Let Christianity rejoice and return thanks

to the Almighty, who hath not suffered that the infidels should longer say, 'Where now is your God?' "

After Sobieski had completely routed the Turks, he met the Emperor Leopold: but the latter disdained to embrace his deliverer. This arrogant haughtiness of presumed dignity was, until the reign of Joseph II., as much the characteristic of the house of Hapsburg, as of that of Spain. The gallant Sobieski, who might have revenged it on the spot, and it would perhaps have been well for the Polish nation if he had, returned with his brave but ill-requited army to his own country.

LETTER XXVI.

ROYAL EXILES AND ROYAL VISITERS.

FRENCHMEN have little to do with Austria. Few of them have visited the empire, except as invaders. But French princes have resorted to it in adversity, and sometimes in prosperity.

The ex-royal family of France, since their sojourn in these dominions, have exhibited a spirit of restlessness, which has been far from agreeable to the court of Vienna. Charles X., who has become more uneasy in his disposition as he advances in years, is the principal cause of this unsettled state of the family. His passion for hunting increases in the same degree; and he is perpetually fancying that he shall be happier in some other place than that which he inhabits. This is often the infirmity of old.

age. The Duke and Duchess of Angoulême follow him steadfastly. They have been spending part of the season at Töplitz. The Duke of Bourdeaux, really a very amiable young man, but not apparently gifted with the mind and spirit, ever likely to rule a great nation, accompanies his grandfather; but, occasionally visits other places than the temporary residence of the ex-monarch, and has, some time ago, been examining all that is curious in Dresden, where he has been received with the honours due to royalty. His mother is the most troublesomely restless of the family. It would seem that without the least judgment, she is perpetually dreaming of some mischief. They have, altogether, lately wandered down to Linz, and are about passing the winter in the Schloss of Erla, Goritz,* not far from Schönbrun. This is

* Charles died soon after at Goritz. Restlessness is often the precursor of dissolution; and he exhibited this until he was sensible that death was meddling with him. He then calmly gave himself over to his religious director. His demise, although the court has gone *pro forma* into mourning, creates no change in the views entertained at this court in regard to France. The principle of non-interference being that of the emperor and Prince Metternich.

certainly neither agreeable to the court, nor to Prince Metternich : but they will not imbitter the last days of a wrong-headed old man, whose incorrigible folly, and the madness of his family, drove him from a throne to wander in humiliation amidst a people whose habits are little in unison with the French character. What a lesson does this obstinate man, and his unwise advisers, afford to those who are at the head of governments ?

The Carlists have annually visited Charles the Tenth in his exile. A few of them, with Marmont, have taken up their abode here. M. Berryer is now in this city, with some other Carlists from Paris. The deputy of legitimacy has been much in society, but he will find it impracticable to interest Prince Metternich so far, as to lead him into any measure, which will have for its object, to restore the elder family of the Bourbons.

While the dethroned monarch of France and his heirs have thus been wanderers in a foreign land, the sons of the reigning King of the French have been visiting the courts of North and South Germany in a far different character.

It was our lot to have arrived at Trèves,* on our return from Saxony last May, on the same evening that the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours entered that fine old city.

They were received with high honours, and they seemed much struck with the handsome military appearance of the Prussian troops, all consisting of tall young men, none above twenty-five years old, who, in their remarkably fine and well-made uniforms, and stately attitudes, contrasted wonderfully with the little, bronzed, ugly-clad, but brave French soldiery. Bands of music assembled in the evening, on the large square before the hotel at which the royal dukes put up; and next morning, the troops of the garrison were reviewed by them.

The princes afterwards proceeded on their journey to Berlin, halting at Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein, to view those extraordinary

* We had crossed from Mayence, by way of Bingen and Simmern, over the mountains, to the Moselle. The road is one of the worst in Europe; and on descending to the Moselle for about five miles, we were obliged to walk, our carriage being, in many places, rather carried down by men, than dragged by horses; but the exquisite scenery of the Moselle upwards, and the road by Luxemburg, with that extraordinary fortress itself, more than repaid us for the fatigues we experienced before reaching Trèves.

fortresses, before which the armies of the revolution had displayed such gallant bravery.

Whatever ideas may have been entertained of legitimacy, not only the court of Berlin, but that of Vienna, has received the sons of Louis-Philippe, the citizen king, with the utmost honours that would be extended to the most uninterrupted descendants of royal succession.

At Vienna, the court and the people received them with the utmost respect. They descended at Prince Metternich's palace, and, on the following day, were visited by the archdukes. They were presented to the emperor and empress at Schönbrunn, and at the same time to the archduchess, Maria Theresa.* In every respect, they have been placed on an equal footing with the imperial family.† They dined with the emperor and empress, who invited, at the same time, the archdukes and duchesses, and also the Duke and Duchess of

* It has been stated malevolently in the papers, that this princess would not see the sons of Louis-Philippe.

† It must be also recollected that they are near relatives—the mother of the Duke of Orleans, and the father of the Archduchess Theresa, being first cousins.

Anhalt-Kothen, and the Duchess of Lucca, to meet them. They speak German well; and their conversation with the imperial family was always in that language. They have dined with the Archduke Charles, and Prince Metternich has given them a ball. They have had, also, a court-ball; and some Carlist dames intrigued, to dissuade those of the old nobility from attending. On the Princess Metternich mentioning this to her husband, he smiled, and said, "If the graces be there, it is better that the *harpies* should stay away."

Whether the object of the Duke of Orleans, in visiting the Austrian court, has or has not been a marriage, it is evident that a proposal of the kind would not be entertained either by the emperor or by his minister. The Duke of Orleans, personally, is unexceptionable. He is just the man whom the archduchess would love to marry; but *policy* will not permit it. The throne of Louis-Philippe is not considered secure. An *émeute*, or assassination, may overturn all. The last Austrian princess, who shared the throne of France, has been returned to her father's dominions. The former had her head cut off, by the judgment of a blood-

thirsty tribunal. It is insecurity, and not personal considerations, that prevents the sovereigns of Germany accepting an alliance with the Duke of Orleans.

Soon after their departure, the widowed King of Naples, their cousin, arrived, rather *incognita* at Vienna. He met the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, attended by Count Zichy, brother to the Princess Metternich, at Milan. I was not at Vienna when the King of Naples arrived, but was at Munich, when he came in a very humble way to that city, on his way to Paris. Although I was living at the same hotel, the Cerf d'Or, I did not know he was in the house, until, one day on my going out, I met the Count de Bourgoûin, the French minister, coming in, when he told me he was going to pay his respects to the King of Naples. It was then believed that he was going to Paris in order to marry one of his cousins, the amiable and beautiful daughter of Louis-Philippe. Without exception, I thought him, when meeting him, before knowing who he was, the most uncouth-looking man, in gentleman's clothes, that I had ever seen; and when I was made acquainted with his rank, I saw no reason to change my opinion. Yet he is to wed one of the most

lovely women in the world—the Archduchess Maria Theresa, of Austria.*

How much happier, thought I, might she be, with one of the Emperor's princely, handsome, and good subjects in *Morgantischer Ehe*?

* On the 23rd of December following, this princess was married at Vienna, by proxy, to the King of Naples. The dowry has been great ;—the settlement ample,—and the *trousseau* so rich and varied, as to continue long a topic of admiration. Soon after the ceremony, she left Vienna to meet her husband at Ancona, or some nearer point of Italy.

LETTER XXVII.

LEFT-HANDED MARRIAGES.

I FIRST heard, without well comprehending the meaning, the term 'Left-handed marriages', or *Mergantischer Ehe*, at Munich, where some members of the royal family have had the philosophical courage, at the expense of princely dignity, to marry those they loved and with whom they knew they could be happy, rather than ally themselves politically with those with whom they might probably have no community of feelings, affections, or ideas. But these marriages, virtuous and *christian* in celebration as they are, do not figure on the leaves of the *Gothaischer-genealogischer-Hof-Kalender*, or on those of other courtly or gothic registers.

At that picturesque and charming watering-place Töplitz, I spent a few weeks the first year I visited Germany. Although many of those who congregate to Töplitz, *Carlsbad* and *Marienbad*,—those favourite resorts of the most distinguished families of Germany, and also of Italians, Russians, Poles, and Hollanders, may, no doubt have been in some degree afflicted with chronic (seldom other) complaints, the great majority are attracted to those fashionable wells, for the pleasures of society; in which the usual formalities are greatly softened down by all appearing on a footing of respectful, but not familiar equality.

It is especially at the watering-places of Bohemia, that we discover more truly than elsewhere, the real excellences of Germanic character,—that the *Iron Mask* of aristocratic incumbrance, is thrown aside, and where the German nobleman is found to be the intelligent, quiet, well-bred gentleman.

The public promenades,—the *table d'hôtes*, and the balls, bring all the visitors together. The beautiful drives, the baths, the theatres also, divert much of the time; and it is seldom that the hours seem too long.

At Carlsbad and Marienbad we passed, at

each, two happy weeks. At Töplitz, besides partaking, with hearts free from care, and our constitutions in healthy order, of all the ordinary recreations of the place, we often strayed away on horseback, and sometimes on foot, to revel amidst the scenery of the richly-wooded mountains and valleys of the neighbourhood. The valley of Töplitz itself is one of the most picturesque and richly varied in Bohemia; and the buildings, grounds, gardens, and woods,—fountains and ponds, with temples and statues, render this fashionable resort one of the most charming in its landscape.

At the period I allude to, the King of Prussia, according to his continued annual custom, was spending the season, as a private gentleman, at Töplitz. He was accompanied by the Princess Legnitz, his wife, by *Morgantischer Ehe*, a beautiful young woman,* of very engaging manners. It is not easy, were it desirable, to forget her pleasant unshowy levees or parties, given in the *schloss* garden, a beautifully laid out spot, belonging, with its chateau, to Prince Clary. There, was Frederick William

* Only now thirty-six years old, and twenty-four on her marriage, agreeably to the Lutheran service, to the king.

himself, plain, accessible, and in conversation only remarkable for intelligence and unornamented good sense.

Annually, since that period, has the King of Prussia and his wife, with their familiar friends, and a portion of their court, spent the usual season at Töplitz, and drawn thither, at the same time, some of the first families of Germany.

Removed by choice for a great part of the year from the capital, Archduke John, of Austria, resides upon his lands in Styria. There he lives in happy simplicity, with an amiable wife, by a left-handed marriage. This marriage was grounded on reason and affection. He considered that if he married a royal princess, his offspring would be included with the already too multiplied number, who, with their probable descendants, must live out of the civil list allowance of the empire; he, in consequence, wisely determined on marrying a woman formed to be loved, and fitted to be his friend and companion, as well as a proper mother for his offspring. For the benefit of the latter, whom he is determined not to leave as heritages to be provided for by the country, he is turning

his lands and mines to the best account that can be effected by well applied skill.

His knowledge and scientific abilities rank him high; but his personal character,—which exalts him more truly, and his general conduct in Styria, endear him to all who know, or who hear of him, throughout that mountain region.

LETTER XXVIII.

SCHONBRUN.—THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

SCHÖNBRUN, two miles from Vienna, is the palace which the present emperor has chosen for his summer residence: BADEN having been the favourite dwelling of his father. The palace of Schönbrun is an enormous pile, nearly as monotonous in its architecture as that of Versailles, and, although the hills and dales of the former allowed full picturesque scope to the landscape gardener, the formal style of *Le Notre* has been servilely imitated. Here there is a vast park (the Thiergarten) eight to nine miles in extent, with herds of deer, wild boars, hares, pheasants, &c., in plenty. Here the imperial lovers of the chase occasionally indulge in sporting, without the fatigue of passing over very extensive, or

very difficult grounds. Here also is another park with flower-gardens, a tolerably extensive menagerie, and an admirable botanic garden, with the highest glass-houses in Europe, and within which, tall tropical forest-trees, attain their full growth. On the high eminence behind the palace, stands the gloriette, a large structure, consisting chiefly of columns, built for ornament, not use. From this point, the view is magnificent, overlooking all Vienna, and a rich surrounding country. At Schönbrun, the people have not been forgotten; for, here also they have a public garden, with eating-houses, and music and dancing rooms: all crowded in summer and autumn, especially on Sundays.

The tapestry, the mirrors, the lustres, the Bohemian glass, of the palace, exhibit the most splendid specimens of the manufactures of the empire. Several pictures are by the great masters, and the largest saloon has its ceiling painted by Guglielmi. It is in truth a residence fit for emperors. But Schönbrun palace is not celebrated on that account, but as the palace in which Napoleon, twice as the conqueror of Vienna, held his court, and as that in which the Duke of Reichstadt expired, on the same

bed, and in the same chamber in which his father slept.

The imperial court has been accused, especially by the Bonapartists in France, of keeping that young man, not only ignorant of his father's history, but of limiting his personal liberty to little more than that of a state prisoner, and even of hastening his dissolution by slow poison. Never were accusations so utterly false.

I was in Paris in August, 1832, when events, auspicious, solemn, bloody, severe, joyous, melancholy, and political, had followed each other with such rapidity during the previous month, that the Parisians had certainly no cause to complain of the absence of variety and excitement.

In the midst of those events, the *fils de l'homme*, the son of Napoleon, *ci-devant* King of Rome, and Duke of Reichstadt, expired at the age of twenty-one, in the palace of Schönbrun.

This intelligence created more sensation in Paris, than I was prepared to believe. There was evidently a strong feeling in his favour; not that he could have ever reigned over the nation, at least not for a long period. But the

party, long enrolled under the banners of the empire, was still numerous in France; and they had, as yet, gained nothing from the expulsion of the Bourbons.

Prints illustrating the death, inscriptions pretending to be the last words, and engravings of the *apotheosis* of the King of Rome, filled nearly all the windows of the printshops and libraries of Paris.

In one, he was represented conveyed by the imperial eagle to the celestial regions, where Napoleon receives him amidst his staff.

In another, he was represented amidst several persons with his mother in attendance, and in dying, grasping the sword of his father.

In a third, Napoleon, in heaven, was observed surrounded by Ney, Labedoyere, Kleber, Desaix, Lefebvre, Lannes, Foy, Lamarque, and other generals of renown, in the act of embracing his son.

The journalist and pamphleteer had been far from silent on this occasion. One imaginative writer said, "Le cancer politique avait pompé goutte à goutte la vie de ce prince auquel avait été destiné le plus beau *trône* du monde, et qui se vit mourir vierge de la couronne; lui qui était né roi."

"Unfortunate young man," says another, "you who were so *great* in your *cradle*, who have perished so far from your country, an involuntary exile (dans une espèce d'exil au milieu d'une cour perfide, qui l'avait depuis longtemps immolé)."

"Traitors," exclaims a third, "dare not approach this sacred urn! It contains the ashes of the King of Rome, of the *child* of the empire and of France (c'est enfant de l'empire et de la France). Frenchmen! it is to you alone that the honours of his tomb, the elevation of his monument, and the preservation of his memory, appertain. Come forth, warriors of the grand army, faithful followers of the imperial eagle! You, all, whose hearts have leaped in the ardour of carrying our bright standards into the capitals of Europe! In the glorious name of the God of battles, come forth, come all, bring your tributes of regret. *The son of the great man is no more!* Nothing now remains of Napoleon, but the eternal *recollections* of his glory, and our triumphs. Here sleeps his mortal posterity."

"Awaken, ye magnanimous shades!" says a fourth, "form your lines! Kleber! Desaix! Lannes! Bessières; Duroc! Poniatowsky!

assemble your legions. Napoleon the Second ! the son of the man, is about to pass amongst you ! Prepare for his illustrious, immortal, and triumphal entry into your eternal abodes ! You, also, inspired lyric bards, with floating silver locks, sing your war songs ! Strike your resounding harps ! Thou, likewise, courier of war, eagle imperial, for whom there is no further asylum on earth, precede and announce the son of Rome and France, then revolve eternally in the heavens.

“Tender victim of barbarous feeling, advance amidst a glorious *cortège* of immortality. Son of Napoleon, rejoin thy father, thou wilt find him in the company of Alexander and Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Alfred, the first among heroes. *His statue* remains to be admired on earth, the altar at which we adore his shrine, is written in our hearts.

“The emperor expired a captive on the shores of an enemy, environed by the surges of the Atlantic ; he bequeathed the opprobrium of his death to the reigning family of England ; his testament is registered in heaven ; posterity, from age to age, will record it on earth. His son leaves the opprobrium of his obscurity and death, to the house of Austria—to the father of

his mother. He bitterly felt his condition, the column Vendôme was engraven on his heart, he died in sorrow, he left the theatre of action, to sleep among the corpses of the stupid family of Hapsburg, in the convent of the Capuchins! History will record these truths.

“Repose toi de la vie, elle te fut si lourde et si amère.

“*Adieu fils de l'homme.* Il fut un jour donné à ma voix de défendre ton image qu'on voulait outrager, je ne croyais pas alors parler près de ton cercueil—adieu !”

Such were the ravings of the Bonapartists, on hearing of his death.

During my residence in Vienna, I felt some curiosity in regard to the manner in which the conqueror's son past his brief life; and also as to the way in which he was treated, and how he was regarded by the imperial family. I had read the book of the ex-minister of Charles the Tenth, concerning the Duke of Reichstadt; but I rely far more on the conversation I have had on the subject with some eminent persons, not high admirers of the imperial policy, and particularly with a celebrated and liberal physician. I have in consequence been convinced of the fallacy of all the accusa-

tions made by the Bonapartists against the court of Vienna.

The quiet life which the Austrian court prefers, is certainly the most agreeable to its members; for assuredly they might, were they so disposed, live as licentiously as ever did the court of Madame de Maintenon, without creating discontent on the part of their pleasure-loving subjects.

The Duke of Reichstadt, after his mother's going to Parma and her marriage, was brought up among the imperial family, but he was at all times allowed the most perfect freedom. The old race had been replaced by the *allied powers* of Europe, on the throne of France; and there was no court, and scarcely a man of common judgment, who entertained the idea that the son of Napoleon would become a crowned head. He was, however, the grandson, legitimately born, of the Emperor of Austria, and there is no denying, that Francis entertained a strong affection for the child. Not that the latter would ever have had the opportunity of acquiring celebrity in Austria.

The grandfather, however, knew well that every human being must have occupation of some kind; and, that the more discreetly such

employment was directed, the more regular would the habits of the mind become. His grandson was also to be considered an Austrian prince, if not legitimately, at least consistently, with his imperial relationship.

The boy was nearly five years of age before he left France; his memory was remarkably retentive, he *did*, indeed, recollect the column Vendôme, and the military splendour of his father's court. He, however, seldom spoke on the subject; he seemed to feel it would be an impropriety to do so in his grandfather's dwelling. Some time after his arrival at Vienna, while he was playing with the imperial children, one of whom found a silver medal, which happened to be one of those struck in honour of the birth of Napoleon's son. It was shown the latter, by the young archduke, saying, "whose bust is that?"

"C'est moi, quand j'étais Roi de Rome," eagerly replied the young Napoleon.*

* Madame Montesquiou used to say, that when she took him from the Tuileries, he wept bitterly, held fast by the curtains and said, "This is my father's house, and I will not leave it." The child, like other children, may very probably have cried according to his humour of the moment. Nurses, governesses, and tutors, have emi-

The disposition of his mind is said to have been from the first, military: most boys have the same propensity, and the emperor wisely decided, that he should accordingly be educated for that profession: taking Prince Eugène for his model, who, although not of the imperial family, nor yet an alien, was one of the most celebrated Austrian generals.

It appears that the restraint to which the boy was limited, was merely that he should not be allowed any communication with the adventurers or agitators of France. He had attendants, who anticipated his most slightly intimated wishes, and obeyed every order. He had instructors, books, horses, equipages, always at his command. The parks, the chase, always open to him. Yet they say he was uneasy and restless; that he felt as if he were imprisoned; that intercourse with mankind was denied him, as he saw nothing of Frenchmen; that he could not bear to hear German spoken, yet when it was decided that he should learn that language he acquired a knowledge of it, so as to speak it with facility in a remarkably short time.

nently the gift of making great men's babies say more wonderfully *inherent* things, than the brats of ordinary people are capable of uttering.

Meantime, he grew up with a sickly constitution, an active mind, and habits of thinking, far older than his age. Some of the most interesting particulars of his life, are stated by M. Foresti, who lived with him as tutor for sixteen years.

“From the very first,” says M. Foresti, “he was good-natured to his inferiors, friendly to his tutor, seldom lively in expressing his feelings, he obeyed only his convictions, and always began with resistance.

“He gave me many proofs of the command he had over himself. Amongst others, this :—Up to the time of Maria Louisa’s departure for Parma he was accustomed to the greatest affection and attention from Madame Marchand, mother of the first valet-de-chambre of the emperor : she remained with him all night, and every morning was the object of his infantine caresses. She attended him at his rising, and had the care of dressing him. On the departure of his mother, Madame Marchand returned to France at the same time with M. de Bausset, who also had a great affection for the prince. Henceforward I slept in his room at night. I dreaded, on the first morning, he would give way to grief on finding that his affectionate

nurse was gone. On waking, however, he spoke to me without hesitation, and with calmness astonishing for his age, said, 'M. Foresti, I wish to rise.' "

After that M. Collin, one of the few dramatic writers of merit, of which Vienna can boast, was appointed one of the tutors to the Duke of Reichstadt, some interesting particulars are related by M. Foresti; among others, that the adventurous creation of the liberal writer De Foe, was one of the stories imparted to instruct and interest the boy, who had entertained a sort of antipathy to poetry on account of its variance with truth.

"The poetic genius of Collin appeared to triumph somewhat over this obstinate resolution to reject every thing which did not appear to be correct in all the exactitude of truth. On the heights which overlook Schönbrunn, on the right of the arcades of La Gloriette, and at the bottom of a dark avenue of trees, there is a spot, which shuts out all view of Vienna, by thickets and impervious wood; a spot from which nothing can be seen but the romantic yet solitary aspect of mountains, smiling valleys, and rugged peaks, that go on ascending and ascending until they reach the lofty elevation of

the summits of the Schneeberg. Here there is a chalet, after the fashion of Switzerland, or rather of the Tyrolese mountains, called the Tyrol's house. In this rustic abode and in its neighbourhood, there is nothing to remind the spectator of the vicinity of a great capital. To this wild solitude Collin would frequently conduct the young duke. He there related to him the history of Robinson Crusoe. The imagination of the child was delighted with the tale, and solitude and silence completed the illusion: the duke fancied himself in a desert, and Collin proposed that he should set himself to fabricate such utensils as would be necessary to him, were he under the necessity of providing for his own subsistence under similar circumstances. He accomplished the task with skill. A collection has been made of these articles: they are placed in the pavilion, which still retains the name of the Duke of Reichstadt's house. The tutor and his pupil, by their joint industry, scooped out a cavern, resembling that described as the abode of Crusoe on his island."

Alluding to the restless curiosity of young Napoleon regarding his father, M. Foresti says, "It was for us a kind of torture. Happily the emperor came at length; we informed him of

the incessant questions put to us by the prince, and begged his instructions. The emperor said :—‘ Truth must be the basis of the prince’s education,—answer his questions frankly,—it is the only way to calm his imagination,—of inspiring him with that confidence necessary for you, who have to conduct his instructions.’

“ At first he overwhelmed us with questions, and exhibited a flow of ideas perfectly surprising. Finding ourselves authorized, we answered him with perfect candour. That which the emperor foresaw came to pass. After a few days, the prince was satiated with the conversation, and then became more calm, more reserved on the subject. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that at no time, under any circumstances, was he ever heard to utter a word of regret in connexion with it. Later in life, he was fully aware of the faults his father had committed, but it was a subject to which he never alluded !

“ The news of Napoleon’s death was brought to Vienna by one of Rothschild’s couriers. The Count of Dietrichstein (the superior governor) being absent from Vienna, the emperor charged me to communicate the melancholy intelligence to the young prince. He was then ten years

of age. It was the 22d July, at Schönbrunn : in the same place, on the same day, on which he himself, eleven years after, was doomed to die, that I announced to him the death of his father. He wept bitterly, and his sorrow endured for several days. ' M. Foresti,' said he to me, ' my father little thought that when he died you would be the person from whom I should receive such kindness and affection.' "

This alluded to an anecdote which the tutor had told him. M. Foresti had been taken prisoner by the French, and, at head-quarters, was treated with some harshness by the emperor.

The education of the youth was, it must be admitted, consigned to the care of the most able masters in Vienna. Of the classics he studied and mastered most of those generally taught, but he disregarded all but Cæsar's commentaries. Geography, mathematics, military tactics, and the sciences generally, were included in the course of his studies. The modern languages were not neglected. He wrote a sketch of Prince Schwartzenberg's life, and several papers in Italian. No book relative to the French revolutions,—to the wars,—or to his father, were kept from him. He read his

tory and travels with avidity,—made notes, and in military studies he exhibited an ardour, which, it was evident, his frail form could never endure to realize. From the first, he was made to know his military distinction had been accorded to his own predilection. At the age of seven, he was clad in a private's uniform, and took his turn as sentinel at the door of the emperor's saloons. When members of the court passed, he presented arms to men—never to women, saying, when spoken to on the subject, “I am ready to present all but arms to ladies.” He passed (*pro forma* of course), through the grades of sergeant and every other rank until that of colonel of a regiment of foot. He usually sat next the archdukes at the emperor's table; while quite a boy, he once attempted to take one of the bottom chairs. Being asked, why? he said, “I observe generals here, my superior officers—they have a right to their place above me.” He is said to have always disliked associating with children and women: saying his place was amongst men.

M. de Montbel says that “until the young prince approached manhood, he was allowed to read every work he chose, and to form his own conclusions; that afterwards no less a personage

than Prince Metternich gave him, under the style of historical lectures, a full view of imperial policy; and in sketching his father's history, illustrated, that inordinate ambition was sure to end in a downfall, equal to the height to which it has elevated the most triumphant conqueror."

It is certain that the emperor and Prince Metternich, had not only secured the affection, but the entire confidence of young Napoleon; and that he never concealed from them any communications made to him (and they were many) from France and Italy.

Although his acquaintances were numerous, he appears to have been extremely slow in admitting friendships. He accompanied the emperor in most of his excursions. When at Styria there sat next him one day at the emperor's table, M. Prokesch, the oriental traveller and military writer. Young Napoleon turned to the latter, saying, "I have long known you—your account of the battle of Waterloo has greatly pleased me—I have translated it into Italian."

They soon became and continued intimate friends, and often discussed together the battles and political career of Napoleon. An interest-

ing German pamphlet, entitled a letter on the Duke of Reichstadt, is ascribed to the pen of M. Prokesch. The writer states that the throne of France was the object that occupied the soul of young Napoleon, which he enthusiastically hoped to ascend by the universal demand of France, with the sanction of all Europe. It is not stated whether he ever intimated this ambitious conception, to the emperor or to Prince Metternich, but it is not concealed that he has expressed to both the high character and place which it was necessary for him to attain as the son of Napoleon. The Revolution of 1830 must have agitated his mind, and it is known that many attempts to excite him into active movement towards France were made at that period.* His beautiful and spirited cousin, Napolione Camerata, found her way to Vienna, and had a letter placed on his table, such in spirit as a Diana Vernon, or a Flora Mac Ivor would have written, to animate the youth to a grand attempt upon France. She even managed to seize the opportunity of

* One of the projects was a plan to carry him off by stratagem from Vienna.

kissing his hand on his entering the imperial saloons.

His military studies were now pursued with enthusiastic ardour. He read Montécuculli,—the memoirs of Prince Eugène, Vaudencourt, Jomini, Segur, and other works. He also wrote at considerable length rules of *self-conduct*, in which he prescribed his duties through life, and entered also into an examination of his position in regard to Austria and France, with the difficulties surrounding him, and the means of escaping them,—how to attain glory,—to moderate ambition,—and to secure honourable fame. This manuscript the prince afterwards destroyed, in consequence of particular circumstances, with which no one makes us acquainted.

Until he was nineteen years of age, he did not appear in what, generally speaking, is considered society, except in that of the imperial family, and of those admitted to their court. He frequented the theatres, and often followed the chase; but at all times he evinced a much more ardent predilection for study than for gaiety, or the amusements of other youths.

During the bacchanalian carnival of Vienna,

in January, 1831, he appeared first in general society, at the British ambassador's (Lord Cowley). There, among many others, were present, the representative of Charles X., in the person of Count de Kentzigen; Marshal Maison, ambassador of the Citizen King; Marshal Marmont, Napoleon's early aide-de-camp; and, as if to represent vicissitudes still more prominently, there was Gustavas Vasa, hereditary heir to the throne of Sweden; and Lowenheilm, minister of Napoleon's rival, as a French general, Charles John Bernadotte. Young Napoleon, with Prince Metternich's approbation, entered into immediate conversation with Marmont. The latter engaged to give the former, a course of military lectures, making the campaigns of the youth's father the text. This engagement was satisfactorily fulfilled.

In June following, the Duke of Reichstadt was appointed, as lieutenant-colonel, to take the command of a battalion of Hungarian foot, then garrisoned in the capital. His exertions became now unwearied; but his treacherous malady had already crept beneath his vitals. The morbidity of his precocious genius was evident to all. His voice failed when he at-

tempted to exert its wonted power. Fever and coughing exhausted his frame. His mind became more than usually restless. His body and spirit required repose, but he slept scarcely four hours in the four-and-twenty; and he still persisted in attending, with unrelenting strictness, to more than the military routine of his duty. At last, his medical attendant ventured to tell him, "Prince, you have a will of iron, but I must in duty impress upon you, that it is lodged in an abode of glass." The emperor, on being made fully acquainted with the wretched health of his grandson, insisted on his retiring for repose to Schönbrunn. For some time he appeared to revive. He slept better, and his appetite improved. He ventured to hunt, first on fine days, then in all weathers. His malady, meantime, was crawling rapidly through a body which had sprouted up to an uncommon height for his age. His mother was sent for. He rallied,—exerted himself,—and fell down exhausted. His mind was in conflict with his disease to the last. All saw that he must soon die; but the struggle between spirit and body maintained its force until the 22d of June, when he expired, as I

have already mentioned, on the same bed, and in the same apartment which his father once occupied, as the conqueror of Austria.

Consumption had sapped his vitals to an extraordinary degree, before the spirit consented to leave its shattered abode. The *post mortem* examination proved, what his physician had long predicted. The brain, the seat of mind, or thinking principle, was perfect, sound, and compact; one *lobe* of the lungs had almost entirely vanished; and the intestines were so far incapable of performing their functions, as to represent the withered frailty of the oldest subjects. Had his active mind been lodged in a healthy organization of body, it is more than probable that his position would have led to a very different aspect than that which the affairs of France may hereafter assume.

When reposing after death, it is said, that his features assumed a close resemblance to those of his father. In life, his full Austrian lower lip, rather light hair, and tall slender figure, disguised the similarity. His portrait, by Isabey, taken during the congress of 1814, bears a striking likeness to that of Joseph II., when about the same age.

LETTER XXIX.

STEAM-BOAT EXCURSION ON THE DANUBE.

THE Vienna *blätter* (papers), and the placards pasted on the walls of almost every street in the city and suburbs, having announced that the *dampfboot nador* (steam-boat) would depart for Presburg and Pesth, on Friday, the 24th of September, from below the *Last-haus* at the foot of the Prater, near where the *Vienna-arm* joins the body of the Danube, we settled matters at the *Kaiserin vom Oesterreich*, so as to leave bags, baggage, carriage, and all heavy moveables behind, and to have the same rooms we occupied in our hotel when we returned.

A hackney-coach, which, but for the large white figures, 1099, on the fine green varnish, could not be distinguished from the most

fashionable chariot that wheels round Hyde Park, carried us, with merely necessary luggage, over to Leopoldstadt, and thence down the principal avenue of the Prater, until we got among the sandy alluvions below the aforesaid *Lust-haus*, and then over a most uneasy road, or rather, no road at all, to where the nador lay.

Here were about a hundred carriages, of various forms, and apparently a thousand people. Many had come down as passengers; others to see their friends depart; but the greater number were assembled from curiosity; for a steam-boat is still a novelty to the Austrians. The scene was remarkably picturesque. A cord, extending from post to post along the river's bank, left an open space in front for the luggage, goods, and the men employed in shipping the latter. The spectators, the carriages, and the waggons, were ranged immediately behind the cord, extending along it for about a hundred yards. They presented the appearance of an assemblage surrounding a race-course at the time the horses are running; with the exception of the costumes of Servians, Hungarians, Turks, Armenians, Croats, Greeks, Jews, and others, that were intermingled in

front, and the far greater number of dashing carriages which lined the rear.

Besides our passports, all signed and countersigned in due form, we were also obliged to have a permit to go on board the steam-boat,—from that continental nuisance, that retarder of locomotion and business, the police department. This permit is delivered by each passenger to an officer, stationed for the purpose at the gangway. Some were, however, allowed to come on board without such licence, to take leave of their friends; and I must not omit observing, that I never witnessed more expressive tenderness on the part of those whom the ties of blood or friendship had united in affection to each other. The women and children kissed each other,—then sobbed,—then kissed,—and then sobbed,—kissed again, and then parted, weeping as they separated. Those on shore remained on the bank until we were out of sight;—their friends and relatives on board never, for the same time, withdrawing their eyes from those whom they were leaving behind.

Instead of a bell being rung to give notice of preparation, a cannon was fired half an hour before our departure. The people were, at the

same time, rolling down from Vienna in crowded carriages. In a quarter of an hour, another cannon was fired, as a signal for those who were not passengers to land; and at the precise moment of departure, announced in the hand-bills, a third cannon was fired, and we started. The scene on shore and on deck was, at this time, exceedingly picturesque. The people moving downwards along the banks,—the rapid stream of the broad Danube, carrying us swiftly past them, upon a great leviathan-like body, which spouted forth a whirling volume of dark gray smoke, extending fast and far up the river.

In a short time we lost sight of those on land; steam and stream carried us away from them at the rate of eighteen miles (English) an hour. Vienna, even the spire of St. Stephen's, soon vanished in the distance. The low banks, islands, and alluvions of the Danube, became interesting only for their fertility, and the white happy-looking little towns and villages that rose here and there on each side, and from the floating mills at anchor,* or the huge rude river craft, carried down by the stream, or

* These are houses, built on two boats, anchored in a rapid part of the stream, which turns a great wheel that puts in motion all the machinery of a grist-mill. At

dragged up against the current by from five to twenty horses, or, often by a chain of Hungarian serfs, clad in dirty white woollen jackets and short trousers.

Groups of men and women stood on the banks as we scoured past the manufacturing village of Simmering, and its plain (*Simmeringerhaide*)—the great review ground for the general military evolutions of the Austrian army,—and also the great racing ground which attracts to the contest the swiftest horses, and the most sporting nobles of the empire. The monotony of the flat scenery, through which the Danube, divided into several winding branches, flows, left us now free to muse among the diversity of character with which the deck of our steam-boat was peopled.

There were altogether about two hundred on board; consisting of a few Austrians and other Germans;—a great proportion of Hungarians, several of whom accompanied by their wives and daughters;—a good many Servians in their cylinder-like red caps;—and several Wallachians, Moldavians, and Jews, with some Greeks, Croats, three Armenians, two Turks,

Mayence, and some other parts of the Rhine, they have similar mills, but they are more general on the Danube.

and three young Englishmen. The baggage was all arranged below,—and the deck was cleared so as to afford room for sitting or promenading. In the fore-part, were those whom economy led to choose the second-price section of the vessel. These were chiefly either secondary Hungarian *nobles*, or else Hungarian *freemen*: that is, citizens of certain free towns. Their under-clothing, whatever it might be, is generally made in the Vienna fashion, and hidden by a huge sheepskin great-coat, with the wool inside, falling back in its black curls over the shoulders, and tucked up in the same way behind, from the skirts. I have often seen the North American Indians in moose-deer-skin dresses, but infinitely superior in form and manufacture. These freemen, and most of the Germans were on their way with merchandise they had purchased at Vienna, to the great fair just opening at Presburg.

These traffickers kept by themselves. They spoke little—they all seemed to have brought with them some provender, as bread, wine, and cooked animal food, which served them for the day. A few smoked their pipes—some slept—others walked incessantly. There were among

them several women, some of whom accompanied their husbands. Others were *marchandes* on their own account, carrying fashions from Vienna to one or other of the capitals of Hungary. If the men were taciturn, the women are certainly not so.

Those on the after-deck were chiefly, from all appearance, of a high *caste*. One, a Hungarian noble, of about thirty years of age, with a proud air, tall handsome figure,—and fashionably dressed in the Vienna cut, smoked a huge pipe, and every two or three minutes spat on all sides, with a haughty indifference, that seemed to signify, he had a right to squirt tobacco-juice around him. A rare want of courtesy either in Austria or Hungary. His wife was a dignified woman, with a face and complexion of remarkable beauty.

Nearly opposite, there sat an old respectable-looking man, and close by him a young lady of about twenty years of age. Her figure and person might well be termed gorgeous, a face, countenance, and complexion, as fine as Raphael could have had as the model of his Virgin. She might have been the grand-daughter of the white haired gentleman, by whose side she sat: but

the passport, that *revealer* of conditions, said she was his *gemahlin*.

There were more than ten others among the ladies, who had more than ordinary claims to beauty. In truth all, not far advanced in life, were comely, and the aged bore the handsome traces of having in their youth, possessed personal attractions.

The steam-boat Nador is a very handsome strongly-constructed vessel, built in the country, and with good engines made in England. Her cabins are handsomely fitted up, and many of both sexes soon found their way down—the ladies chiefly to the after-cabin, and the gentlemen to their own, where backgammon, cards, chess, smoking tobacco, with unceasing demands for beef-steaks, potatoes, wine, &c., occupied their time. With respect to refreshments, nothing could be worse managed. The stewards or waiters being stupid, awkward, dirty fellows, although very willing to do whatever they knew. I may here mention that they are little better on any part of the river downwards. There is no *table d'hôte* served between Vienna and Presburg, but there is between the latter and Pesth. The cooking is dirty and greasy, and the dinner served up in confusion. A good

steward and cook would remedy all this, and far more than repay the expense of allowing them fair wages, instead of having ignorant *dirty cooks* and *stewards*, for almost nothing.

The captain is a remarkably civil, scientific, and intelligent Prussian. He speaks English fluently and well. His patience is put to the utmost test, with those whom he has to manage: but still he succeeds wonderfully, and has already overcome many prejudices, which ignorance had for centuries fostered, relative to the navigation of the Danube. I had known him formerly, when he commanded the *Concordia* steam-boat on the Rhine, and I found him on the present occasion obliging, and both ready and fully able to give me every information relative to the navigation and trade of the Danube; subjects to which he has given much of his attention. The engineer of the *Nador* is an Englishman, and is not only a skilful man in regard to his profession, but well acquainted with all the peculiarities of the Danube navigation. There was also on board, a mariner from Trieste; but who, from his fair hair, ruddy complexion, and blue coat with plain gilt buttons, would invariably, from appearance, be taken for an Englishman. He is making himself ac-

quainted with the channels of the river, in order to take the command of the Nador, our Prussian captain being about taking charge of a fine new steamer now on the stocks and finished.

Among the passengers on the afterdeck, there was a Servian, of rather more than the middle age of life, habited in his national costume, and accompanied by his wife and two children. There was, in his countenance, a superior cast of character—of respectability, intelligence, and amenity, remarkably interesting. His playfulness with his children,—his kind tender attention to his wife,—his placid but cheerful manner to all, were far more attractive than he could be conscious of. He spoke German indifferently, but French tolerably well. On conversing with him, I was surprised at the extent of his information,—his liberal views,—his sound ideas in regard to freedom of commerce and intercourse between nations,—and, then, by the ardour of his feelings and hopes in believing that the *press* and *steam power* would extend civilization, the arts, political liberty, national prosperity, and social happiness, not only to Servia and Wallachia,

but to all the countries lying between the Rhine and the Dardanelles.

Steam navigation on the Danube has already made a progress that has far exceeded the ideas of the most sanguine, in Austria and Hungary, on its first commencement within the last five years, and its success, yet in its infancy, has removed the doubts of the most sceptical as well as of the obstinate adherents of the *do well enough system*, so characteristic of the Austrian population.

The flat monotony of the Danube changed its character as we approached Haimbourg: the frontier town, in which there is one of the four great imperial tobacco manufactories; and which with the *Romerthurn schloss*, where still stands a colossal statue of Attila, now in ruins on the adjoining mountain, are famous in Gothic story, and in the songs of the Nibelungs. On passing Haimbourg, the promontory terminates in an enormous romantic rock, beyond which, stands the vast ruins of a castle, once the stronghold of the Templars. Immediately after, the lofty four-towered *schloss* of the Kings of Hungary, appeared on the height immediately above Poseni or Presburg. We soon ap-

proached the bridge of boats, and *Posoni* burst full and imposingly upon our view—the bridge opened and passing through, we then made a circuit, and steered up to a sort of wharf, where an immense crowd was assembled, and to which carriages filled with fashionable-looking people of both sexes were racing down, as fast as four sleek black horses, attached to each, could gallop. We landed without our passports being demanded, and walked up a street roughly paved, at the side only (but lined with magnificent palaces), to a spacious promenade, planted with trees, and where, before the coffee-houses, were sitting, or lounging, several portly personages, most of them smoking and reading newspapers. Passing from thence up another wide, dirty street, and across a filthy large square, occupied by hundreds of booths, erected for the wares brought to the fair, we entered the Golden Hirsche, a large handsome white house with green *persians*—very imposing without, but having no pretensions to cleanliness within.

Having fixed on one of the best apartments in which were two small German beds, both of which I at night, as I often had done before, converted into one, we then ordered dinner. The principal waiter looked like a fool; but he was,

however, one of the David Gelatley sort. He would have us know, that he understood, "*Deutch, Slavisch, und Ungarisch.*" One of the two latter, he no doubt did, but he was scarcely intelligible in the former. We, however, managed to get the best things they had, served up with a bottle of excellent *Offner* wine, which resembles good Burgundy.

The market nearly opposite, supplied abundance and variety. Cooking and cleanliness only were wanting. On bringing me a dirty knife, and requesting him to bring me a clean one, Mr. *Oberkelner* wiped it without ceremony on his filthy woollen apron. I have journeyed through the forests, and over the inland waters of America, with and among the red savages of the West; but never have I been more utterly disgusted with the uncleanness of a people, than with those of the hotels in Hungary.

We walked out in the evening down to the banks of the Danube, where fishermen were spreading their nets to dry, and where lay several of the uncouth river-craft, laden with goods and agricultural produce. We crossed over the bridge to the opposite side, where, in the recess of a luxuriant oak and elm wood, there are two or three coffee-houses and restau-

rants. We entered one of these, where several Hungarian politicians were disputing fiercely over the journals, and abusing every thing Austrian.

We soon returned to the open air: the evening was deliciously temperate, the heavens clearly blue above, and brightening into whitish yellow, gold and scarlet to the curves of the wooded hills extending along the western horizon.

The Danube here flows past in its whole undivided volume. Here it is in truth one of the most noble rivers in the world; and the situation of Posoni is in every respect far, very far superior for the site of an imperial capital, to that of Vienna.

The royal schloss has been all but destroyed by fire, with the exception of its enormously strong walls and towers. There, however, it stands, as if still overawing the more numerous modern palaces, which certainly rank in architecture and appearance equal with those of any city in Europe. Altogether there is a magnificent aspect in the churches, and the other public buildings and dwelling-houses of Posoni, which fully corresponds with the aristocratic ideas of feudality. While the dirty habits of

the townspeople are proofs of the *serfage* which prevails in the land.

The multitudes assembled at the opening fair, afforded a full and dramatic picture of the congregated people,—of the freemen, or secondary nobles, driving in their waggons loaded with wheat, wine, woolpacks, flesh, or vegetables;—of the serfs, in their undyed coarse woollen habiliments, sleeping at night under the carts;—of the *free citizens*, usually engaged in some ordinary handicraft, or as dealers in various wares;—of Jews, Armenians, Greeks, Wallachians, and Servians, who assemble with their wares from Vienna, or from their several head-quarters, to overreach the Hungarians of all classes.

In the evening, we went to the theatre; the house is arranged much in the same style as the Hofburg theatre at Vienna, but on a smaller scale; and the scenery, although evidently old, is effective. The play, a comedy with songs, remarkably well written, and the plot good, was called “Schloss Hainburg, oder Heinrich der Wilde,” and announced as the production of a lady, “*Schauspielerin Marie Wilhelmi*.”

Henry the Wild, the son, is at feud with his father, Leopold the Glorious, Baron of Ost-

mark; and the play throughout is considered a fair historical representation of feudal manners in the eastern section of Austria during the sixteenth century. The acting of Herr Matte as Leopold, of Madame Matte as Theodore the Baroness, of Madame Melchior, a beautiful young woman, as Margaretha, the daughter, of Röder as Henry the Wild, and of a Demoiselle Roscher as the pretty daughter of a weapon smith, were all far above mediocrity; as was also that of some other actors, especially in a bacchanalian scene of river fishermen. The orchestra, however, was ineffective; the prompter could be heard in all parts of the house; and the audience, of all classes, were riotously noisy.

The next day being Sunday, and the weather remarkably fine, we entered several churches, all of which are imposingly decorated within; and in these alone is the *serf* on a par with his *lord*. Mass began very early; and between eight and nine the first classes appeared, especially the ladies, on their way to church, in their carriages. Their lords seemed more generally directed towards the coffee-houses, to read the journals. The ladies of Posoni are celebrated for beauty; and it would certainly be difficult

to meet any where with a greater proportion of, at least very handsome, as well as many really beautiful, women. There are two Lutheran churches in this city. We entered one. The form of worship is, however, regulated more after that of the church of Geneva, than of our Episcopal service.

The steam-boat always stops for the night after arrival, and a good part of the following day at Posoni, to take on board, or land, goods and passengers. Half those who came down from Vienna remained on shore; the others, including most of those who, on the previous day, occupied the after-deck, proceeded on the voyage; their destination being Komorn, Pesth, Buda, Belgrade, Semlin, &c.: several were bound as far as Constantinople. The distance from Posoni to Pesth is nearly 150 miles; but with the current the voyage seldom takes more than ten hours. Soon after leaving Presburg, a low fertile country, monotonous scenery prevails,—with here and there a schloss, wretched habitations, and lands cultivated in a slovenly manner. The principal town, Komorn, is conveniently situated on the north banks, at the junction of the Waag and Little Danube with the main stream. Before reaching Pesth, the

country assumes an elevated character, and the appearance of those towns, rising from each side the Danube (the first having 76,000, and the other more than 30,000 inhabitants), is remarkably striking. Here, again, is a great halting-place for the steamers, and for all river craft; here were greater crowds on landing than before;—here there is much more life and motion than at Presburg;—here the Hungarian magnates, although the emperor will have the diet sit at the former, delight to assemble. In fact, if Hungary is to have a capital, Pesth and Buda united, should be the metropolis. Both have magnificent edifices, chiefly constructed in all the freshness of modern architecture; and, in which the nobles of the land reside during a great part of the year. Museums, printing establishments, the newspapers of all countries, and those printed at Pesth and Buda—libraries, theatres, casinos, coffee-houses, public gardens, a large park the "*wald*," afford sufficient resources to attract attention, and to amuse pleasure-seekers. Both towns are, however, remarkably filthy in the streets, and seldom very clean in the houses. The same character, unfortunately, applies to all the towns in Hungary. As I may find it necessary

to give you a more general view of the Danube navigation, without troubling you with monotonous details of my excursion down to the bend below Silistria, but confining myself rather to the extraordinary advantages which may be taken of the facilities afforded by this great river and its tributaries, and also send you some further sketches of the Hungarians, I must refer you to the guide books, as I have all along done, for detailed accounts of old churches, old castles, old paintings, and old towns.

LETTER XXX.

THE HUNGARIANS.

VOLTAIRE says, "The Hungarians are a proud, generous nation,—the scourge of its tyrants, and the defenders of its sovereigns." It would be very difficult to prove the truth or fallacy of this assertion.

The Huns, commanded by the "Scourge of God," Attila, that "supreme monarch of the barbarians," plundered, and settled in Hungary, and gave it a name. The Maygars came forth afterwards out of eastern countries, of which we are ignorant, further than that their language prove them of Uralian race. They conquered Hungary, of which they are now, although forming a minority of the whole

people, the ruling masters.* Voltaire, in truth, must have known very little of the Hungarians. Their language was not understood by the rest of Europe, and, except through the medium of Latin, their sentiments were as little known. The philosopher of Ferney, therefore, had probably but slight authority for his general character of this people, further than that when Maria Theresa supplicated their protection, the assembled magnates rose simultaneously, drew their swords, and gallantly exclaimed, "*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Maria Theresa.*"

The Maygars are certainly a people constitutionally of high generous spirit. The magnates have manifested this disposition in their ideas of all the world, except in jealousy of the Austrians; and in truth, seven-eighths of the population, not only Slavonians, but those

* Hungary, exclusive of Transylvania, the military limits, and Dalmatia, numbers a population estimated above 10,000,000, and occupies a surface more extensive than that of Great Britain. Transylvania, or *Siebenburgen*, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the military limits, have an extent of more than 40,000 square miles; and nearly 3,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these 13,000,000, the Maygars form about 4,600,000,—Slavonians about 5,500,000,—Wallachians 850,000,—Germans 600,000,—Jews 200,000,—the remainder being Croats, Greeks, Armenians, Arnauts, Gipsies, &c.

of their own race, are held in the light *de facto* as property, which the lordly slaveholders may *use* or *abuse*, as they deem fit.

The constitution of Hungary fully empowers the diet to introduce reforms of the greatest importance to a country, which, like Ireland, possesses the most eminent natural advantages; but which, from mismanagement, and the absence of enterprising industry, extend few benefits to the population at large. It is true the king has the initiative, but the diet again may render his authority in Hungary scarcely of nominal power.

The legislative chambers represent only the ecclesiastical dignitaries, the nobility, and a portion of the citizens of a few free towns. This legislation, again, has only the right of assembling once in five years, except before the coronation of the king; and it may be prorogued at pleasure.

The *golden bull* is the *magna charta* of Hungary, and was extorted by the barons from King Andreas II., on his return from the Holy War, much in the same spirit as the *magna charta* was forced (seven years before) from John, by the English barons.

The Hungarian barons alone were, and still

continue to be, benefited by the *golden bull*: it releases them from all taxes and services; and exempts them from arrests in all cases, but murder and robbery. The people, in fact, who never possessed their natural rights, have not acquired any privileges by virtue of this boasted charter; and as the king cannot raise money except through the aid of the legislature, his power, although he may be said to have the initiative, is very limited, while that of the chambers is calculated to create the utmost uneasiness to the court of Vienna.

Estimating the population of the free towns* at the highest supposed number, and adding the clergy who have any voice in the diet, together with the nobility, and all that may vaguely represent the constituency of the nearly eleven millions of beings into which the Deity hath breathed life, even then, we cannot make the numbers actually represented in the legislature amount to more than one million. Here is the *root* of all the evil, which has retarded the prosperity of a country blessed with the richest advantages of nature—

* Not amounting, including women, children, and serfs, in the twenty-seven royal or *free* towns of Hungary and Transylvania, and in the districts, to 1,000,000.

with the most varied elements of inexhaustible wealth, and of almost invincible power. It is in vain to expect that "any good can come out of *Hungary*," until her serfs, in the words of the American declaration of independence, are to be considered by the constitution and law, *men*, endowed by the Creator with the *unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*.

Let this be a reality, instead of a fiction, in Hungary, and the aristocracy may justly boast of their constitution, which, if its provisions extended to all, embraces many of the most essential elements of civil and political liberty; as, among these is the undisputed *right* of holding county meetings,—representative legislation, and the power of taxation invested solely in the diet; and, also, that no censorship can be established, nor any new law promulgated or put in force by the executive without the consent of the legislature.

From all I have seen of the Hungarian serfs they possess, notwithstanding the barbarism of their condition, and the ignorance in which their intellects are smothered, physical and moral elements of which one of the most in-

telligent, ingenious, practicable, and virtuous nations might be formed.

The first class of nobility, the magnates, or those who have established majorats, are generally wealthy; that is, they who possess extensive *regions* of land, a multitude of both serfs and sheep. They are fond of the chase, and all field sports,—horses, horse-races,—balls, and company. Their characteristics are generous and high-minded, and far more liberal than the secondary aristocracy. Generally, they consider the aristocracy of Austria as ranking below them, and their connexion with the empire not much more intimate than the Hanoverians do their kingdom with England.

The secondary aristocracy are seldom wealthy. This arises from each son and his descendants being equally considered noble as the father, and in consequence of the equal subdivisions of property among them, added to their antipathy to productive industry. Generally they are poor, and often tyrannical oppressors, who plunder the peasants, and not unfrequently billet upon them. In most parts of an extensive region like Hungary, with bad, and often no roads, it is almost impossible for these

enormities to be generally known, either at Pesth or Vienna. Yet these noble robbers still retain their privileges, and proclaim their unaccountability. About thirty of these are at present terrifying a part of the country; and are called the "bandits of Bancore," from the forest of that name. They are commanded by a young desperate noble, who, it is said, prizes himself for chivalry, and takes up *Rinaldo Renaldini* for his model.

Civilization, although slowly, is, however, making progress in Hungary. Not a few of the magnates are men of great public spirit. Among these, in active usefulness, is Graf Szechenyi. To him, the steam navigation on the Danube owes its existence; to him, several improvements already made in removing obstructions in the river, and of many more projected, must be attributed;—to his perseverance, the liberty of speaking the copious and melodious Hungarian language in the legislature, instead of Latin, is due. This alone is a reform equal, at least, to that of the service of a church being performed in the language understood by the people, instead of that only comprehended, often very imperfectly, by the priests.

In regard to Austria, no *possible reform* in Hungary can be so dangerous to the authority of the former, as the existing privileges of the aristocracy. They have hitherto allowed no tax to be imposed on themselves, nor sanctioned any measure in Hungary to augment the general revenue of the empire.* They have a country naturally rich, highly capable of improvement, at the same time the least improved of any, lying between the Rhine and the Dardanelles.

Were the aristocracy but to legislate so as to draw forth the resources of the country,—to ameliorate at first, and finally to do away with the feudal system, they would not only be more wealthy and more powerful, but more secure, more distinguished, and, in *reality*, worthy of the *liberty* of which they vaunt.

In respect to the improvements which have been made in the internal communications,—the establishment of steam-boats on the Danube, and the removal of obstructions in the waters of that river; it is but justice to say that these have been zealously promoted by the Austrian government, and by none more ardently than by Prince Metternich.

* See remarks on finances, vol. ii.

The Hungarians, especially at Pesth and Buda, complain loudly of the Austrian government: they have lately protested against *any Austrian* holding *any office* whatever in Hungary. They say the very crown of *Stephen the Holy*, the first Magyar king of Hungary, crowned, too, by the pope, on his becoming a convert to Christianity, and that on his absolutely commanding all his obedient subjects to change their faith at the same time, it was taken from them, and carried to Vienna.* The latter charge is a feeble grievance. The Scotch complained, in the same way, of the removal of a *stone chair* and some *rusty regalia* to London; but Scotland would still have been a wretched and poor country, had she not been united to England.

To me, it appears that the Hungarians have little more than one cause to warrant their complaints against Austria. They say their commerce is shackled by the latter: that not only their productions, but their imported necessities and luxuries, are taxed in a way which they cannot prevent. This is certainly

* This was the case; but it has, with the whole regalia, been conveyed back to Buda, after the present emperor was crowned king at Presburg, in 1833.

true, and, in a way not at first comprehended, when it is considered that import duties are not exacted on goods on entering, or before leaving, Hungary: but, as Hungary has hitherto persisted in not contributing to the expenses of the empire (further than some arrangements entered into, which I shall hereafter notice, relative to provisioning the troops at fixed prices), Austria has managed not only to levy a duty upon almost every article of produce and manufacture that can be exported from Hungary, but also to make that kingdom pay (by enhancing the consumption price), the imperial duties on all foreign commodities. To the north and east, Galitzia extends along one-fourth of the whole Hungarian frontiers,—to the west, from Galitzia to the Adriatic, the frontiers are bounded by Moravia, Austria, Styria, and Illyria,—and to the south, the *military limits*, occupied by Austrian troops, and by a double line of customs, extend between Hungary and the whole of the adjacent frontiers of Turkey. Foreign commodities, therefore, entering Hungary, are consequently subjected, in the first instance, to the Austrian import (not the transit) duties, without any drawback being afterwards allowed. Austria

possesses the Danube as it enters, and the military limits occupy that river on its departure from Hungary. The port of Fiume in the Adriatic, is, I believe, the sole inlet and outlet which Hungary can claim as free; but the difficulties opposed by bad roads, by a mountain ridge, and by the narrow stripe of communication with the interior being hemmed into a most disadvantageously narrow space, render the port of Fiume of, comparatively speaking, no service, in regard to freedom from duties on the commodities imported or exported from Hungary.

How are the Hungarians, who have become, since they have seen steam-boats floating in the Danube, remarkably sanguine in regard to an extension of their commerce with foreign countries, to remedy the evil they complain of. There is but one way that I can perceive. To remove the primary commercial shackles, and to supply the government with the means of carrying into operation and executing numerous essential improvements, such as roads, and canals,—by removing obstructions in the Danube and its tributary, it will be absolutely necessary for Hungary, surrounded by Austrian frontiers, to adopt the imperial tariff, or rather, form with

the rest of the imperial states, a part of the general system of customs.

In that case, her position would be far more advantageous than at present. She would receive her natural share of the revenue for public improvement, and bear a relative portion of the general expense,—even at less cost and far less inconvenience, than the kingdom, in defiance of her diet, is now subjected to. This might be arranged; if on no other plan, certainly on that, perhaps the best, of the Germanic Union of Customs; that is, to enter into the imperial system of customs, bearing the expense of collection, and receiving her share of the nett proceeds according to her population. This, considering the actual state of that population, would be highly in favour of Hungary.

The Austrian government has already begun to reduce the tariff of import duties; and, were it not for the opposition of Hungary to its extension to that kingdom, its rates would have, before now, been still further diminished. Prince Metternich, I am certain, not only understands clearly the great advantages of unshackling commerce from every burden that intercepts its course, but he is anxious to do

so to the utmost that considerations of finance, and the circumstances of the empire will admit. In this respect, Hungary has certainly no just ground of complaint against Austria.

On the other hand, we must not forget the efforts actually made by the liberal Hungarians, to disseminate general instruction, by establishing elementary schools in the various parishes of the kingdom. This has been, as yet, but partially carried into effect; but the diet has certainly sent the "schoolmaster abroad;" nor must I neglect to mention the admirable type-foundry,—the excellent paper manufactory and printing establishments of Pesth and Buda,—and also the daily and fearlessly patriotic newspapers, published within the last few years in the Hungarian language,—and, latterly, perhaps of more consequence than all, the *Penny*, or rather, *Farthing Magazine*, for it costs no more, with the cuts, those of its British parent, being faithfully stereotyped. The national literary club also receives the leading journals, reviews, and magazines of the German, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Danish, and Swedish press.

The works printed in Pesth are, in regard to type, press-work, and paper, highly creditable.

I have purchased, among others of great utility, Gallet's "*Allgemeine Weltkund*," or a geographical, statistical, and historical view of all countries,* in quarto, with numerous maps; and the type and press-work is such as the Didots of Paris might be proud to boast of. The maps also are very neatly engraved and coloured; and more, they are from the most approved authorities.

It is further decided that the censorship cannot be established in Hungary without the sanction of the Diet. Therefore, although this kingdom, considering her great mineral wealth, her soil nearly all fertile, her splendid forests, and her magnificent rivers, is in a deplorably unimproved condition, *there is* an advancing spirit of civilization and improvement, that has gained a force not likely to be retarded, and which only requires a more liberal, disinterested, and determined spirit of patriotism and

* The eighth edition, brought down to 1835, by Canabich. Kees's Statistics of the Austrian States, a most valuable work, in four volumes; the first two, giving a distinct account of the mineral and agricultural products, forests, animals, fisheries; in fact, all raw materials yielded by the empire; and the second and third giving a detailed statement of population, occupations of the people, manufactures, commerce, &c.

philanthropy, in those who really hold the power in their hands,—that is, all who are not either in bodily or mental bondage, to raise Hungary to the highest state of prosperity, wealth, power, and happiness.

I must also remark that the chief magnates of the country are by far the most liberal and disinterested in their views, relative to improving both the moral and material interests of Hungary; and among these, Prince Esterhazy, now in England, is not only one of the most benevolent to his people, whether tenants or serfs, but the most rationally anxious to improve the country, and the condition of its inhabitants.

LETTER XXXI.

HUNGARIAN FAIRS.

THE customs established for the sale and interchange of commodities in various parts of the world, are not only interesting in the manner in which they are conducted, but instructive in regard to the causes that have given rise to, and that have maintained them.

The first improvement on the early interchange of commodities, was the establishment of *fairs* in Asia and Europe, for the double purpose of convenience and protection,—*convenience*, in order to afford sellers and buyers the opportunity of repairing to certain fixed places for the purpose of purchasing, or disposing of, their respective commodities;—*protection*, inasmuch as *privileges* have usually,

from the earliest periods, been conferred by princes on the principal places where fairs are held. Among these privileges are, that the traders of all countries and religions have been considered free to enter, with their merchandise, those states and towns in which such fairs are held, and to depart, unmolested, with their commodities,—paying only, the established duties or tolls, specially fixed for such fairs.

Of the great fairs of Europe, those of Frankfurt on the Maine, and Leipzig, hold, as is well known, by far the first rank; and, the transactions at those marts, and at some others in Germany, as carried on by the great diversity of people who frequent them from almost every part of Europe, and various parts of Asia, especially Persia, are of the utmost interest to the political economist and publicist, as well as to the manufacturer and merchant. The fairs of Hungary, often stated at no less than 2000 annually,* are also very important, as affording

* The principal fairs in Hungary—in fact, those which impart life to all the others, are—*First*, Posoni, or Presburg, held seven times a year;—*Second*, Pesth and Buda, held eight times, alternately in each, annually;—*Third*, Debreczin, held four times annually, and attended with uncommon and peculiar interest. Fairs are also held at

to the population almost the only well-established course of trade which they as yet possess. To these fairs are carried, by land or by river carriage, those articles which the luxuries of the nobility, the vanity of the townsfolk, and the necessities of all, provide a market for.

Raw products, from common vegetables and the rock-salt of Wieleaska, to the fleeces and the corn of the kingdom,—common pottery and Dresden porcelain,—cast-iron pots and the finest Sheffield cutlery,—pewter plates and silver spoons,—sheepskin dresses and the silk velvets of Vienna,—the coarse and undyed woollens which form the unshapen garments of the serfs, and the superfine cloths of Moravia, Vienna, and Saxony, are all, with a thousand other varieties, displayed by the indomitable Austrian, the artless Hungarian, the eternal Jew,

Eisenstadt (Prince Esterhazy's domain), four times a year ; at Erlau, six times ; Funf-kirchen (Five churches), four times ; Gross-Wardein, six times ; Güns, eight times ; Herrmanstadt, three times ; Kaschau, five times ; Kasmark, five times ; Klausenburg, four times ; Komorn, four times ; Leutschau, four times ; Odenburg, five times ; Raab, six times ; Schassburg, six times ; Tyrnau, five times. Besides the foregoing, there are fairs in almost every little town in Hungary and Transylvania.

the vigilant Italian, the incessant Bohemian, and the decided Saxon.

These fairs are all conducted very much in the same way. Lately, at the Vienna fair, there were erected in all the squares of the city strong wooden booths, with the roof slanting from the front to the back,—with hanging doors, suspended on hinges from the roof above, which, let down, are secured with padlocks, and *close in*, during night, the merchandise held in the booth. These were exactly the same kind as we had seen at Leipzig, Frankfort, Munich, and lately at Presburg. At the two first, however, the great business is transacted in the huge warehouses of the importers. The trade carried on at the booths, generally commences some days after, and is called the *little fair*, although, in fact, it imparts to the scene far more animation than the great market.

In Hungary, it appeared to us that the operations were chiefly carried on at the booths; and the assemblage brought together of Hungarians, Austrians, Saxons, Italians, Bohemians, Moravians, Servians, Wallachians, Croats, Greeks, and a few Turks, speaking different tongues, and all in their respective national

costumes, among the booths, in the streets, and along the river, where the rude boats also form shops and booths for wooden wares and coarse pottery, with the various amusements of dancers, musicians, and mountebanks, formed a scene of the most striking dramatic interest.

Nearly all those who had booths and boats slept in them. Below the windows of our hotel, in front of the booths, we, early each morning, observed the serfs, who had come in from different parts with loaded waggons, sleeping either under or on those vehicles. In fact, from the time they leave their homes until they return, they scarcely ever have any other mode of resting at night.

These fairs have, from their frequency, the effect of bringing the people of so many different countries together, that, in the interchange of commodities, they must necessarily interchange ideas; it might consequently be expected that their influence in advancing civilization must be very great. This, to a certain extent, has undoubtedly been the case; that is, as far as the people who attend the fairs are themselves instructed. Hitherto, this instruction has, in respect to nearly all those who have frequented the

Hungarian fairs, been remarkably limited; but now that steam-boats pass through Hungary,—that elementary schools are spreading gradually over the country,—that newspapers, cheap magazines, and other instructive works, are published in the language of the people,—and that the inhabitants of the free towns are becoming animated by a greater spirit of enterprise, there can be no doubt that the assemblage of so many persons, from all parts of Hungary, and the neighbouring countries of Transylvania, Wallachia, Servia, Croatia, and Galitzia, at the numerous fairs held so frequently during the year in this kingdom, will lend a most powerful impulse to the improvement and civilization of those states, as the natural and inevitable consequences of increased intelligence, industry, and facility of intercourse.

The free and market towns of Hungary have, I believe, all municipal jurisdictions. Now, it is this privilege that renders absolute government so practicable without occasioning much discontent; as is the case within the Archduchy of Austria; and more especially in Prussia, where the municipalities are administered by themselves on the elective principle. To go

further, we find that the dread of being deprived of their elective *ayuntamientos*, in the lordships of Guipuscoa, Alava, and Navarra, by the constitution of centralization persisted in at Madrid, has rallied the people of those provinces around the bigoted Don Carlos.

The first great inroad upon the feudal system was the result, gradually working, of the privileges granted by sovereigns to towns, in order to enfeeble the power of the barons. As the inhabitants of cities grew rich by industry and trade, they acquired importance, and in the same proportion as the people attained the means of living independently of feudal services, did their vassalage diminish.

In regard, therefore, to the general prevalence of feudal services in Hungary, no measure except manufacture and commerce, assisted by the intelligence that must necessarily accompany both, will destroy those degrading, and in fact, unprofitable exactions, which the barons of Hungary persist in claiming from their serfs.

LETTER XXXII.

HUNGARIAN VASSALAGE.

It is only by remarking the actual condition of those who form the *mass* of the people, that we can form conclusions as to the wealth, power, and good or bad government of a country. With this view, we traversed our way back through Hungary by land.

Although great general roads diverge from Pesth to the various divisions of the kingdom, yet those roads are in a remarkably neglected condition, and must continue in that disgraceful state, until the *lords of the land* adopt other measures for their effectual improvement than that of the *ill-applied, unpaid, labour* of the *serfs*. They must, in fact, follow the example of Austria, where, generally, the highways are excellent.

In Hungary, the maxim of the old French lawyers, *nulle terre sans seigneur*, holds absolutely true, even as respects the roads. The *servi* are, at the same time, almost as strictly *adscripti glebæ*; that is, conveyable by sale with the estate on which they are born; but they cannot be sold as *domestic slaves*, *apart from the land, nor separated from their families*; and in that respect it is that they are in a condition so infinitely more enviable than that of four millions of the population of the United States of America.

Agriculture, if it ever took, as we are told, deep root in Hungary, *has* declined into a deplorable *unsystematic* condition; for, considering the more than ordinary proportion of fertile soil, its cultivation is in a most rude state. The carts, ploughs, harrows, and almost every implement of husbandry, are clumsily made;—and with the exception of sheep, no improvement is apparent in the breeding of live stock. The horses, however, though small, are hardy and swift; and the pigs, if the droves we saw on their way to Vienna be considered as representatives of the swinish multitude left behind, are, perhaps, the finest breed in Europe—short-legged, thick, round, and fat.

I found it difficult to ascertain the actual relations, *in practice*, between the *lord* and *serfs*. The services of the latter are not the same in all parts of Hungary; and the lesser aristocrats insist on much more service and dues from *their serfs* than the principal lords, such as the Esterhazys, and other chief *magnates*.

As a general exaction, the serfs are compelled to give one-third of their yearly labour to their lords, besides a share of the poultry, pigs, and cattle they rear; and one-ninth of the produce which the land they cultivate may yield. A family of serfs have usually from thirty to forty acres of land. One-tenth of all that the soil produces and rears is also exacted by the clergy. So that the serf gives away, as the sum of his bondage, one-third of his time, and rather more than one-fifth of what his industry produces. He has also to bear his share of having the troops quartered upon him.

Comparing the condition of the *Hungarian serf* with that of the *Irish peasant*, I regret having to admit that the former is in a far more enviable *material* position than the latter;*

* The following remarks in Mr. M'Culloch's most useful work on the statistics of the British empire (which I received three months after the above letter was

having about one-half what his labour yields to subsist upon, and having usually bread, and some animal food to eat, while the Irish cottier having to pay the highest possible rent in *cash*,

written), are so forcibly illustrative of the evil in respect to Ireland, alluded to in the text, that I cannot resist quoting them.

"The cottiers," he observes, "cling with desperate tenacity to the patches of land, and no wonder. They are the only resource on which they have to depend; and if turned out of them, they can hardly escape falling into the extremest destitution. But as the same calamity that has overtaken one, or a few, may equally overtake others, the whole peasantry are instinctively led to combine together: the interest of each being identified with that of his order, every one looks with detestation upon any individual bold enough to come into the place of an ejected cottier. By so doing he makes himself a common enemy, and is marked out for exemplary vengeance, which rarely fails to overtake him, unless he purchase, at a high price, the *goodwill* of the tenant that has been ejected. It is quite a mistake to suppose, as many have done, that the Irish poor are wantonly savage and destructive. Nine-tenths of the outrages they commit are really the result of calculation and foresight, not of reckless and sudden impulses. They are the efforts of the peasantry to protect themselves from ruin—efforts forced upon them by the oppressive conduct of many landlords, and by the want of any refuge for the destitute. To such an extent, indeed, is the present combination of the occupiers of the soil carried, that whatever may be the cause of one of them leaving his possession, if 'goodwill' be not paid—

not in kind, that the middleman of an absentee landlord can get out of him, is compelled to make up that rent, be his crop good or bad, or whether any thing be left for himself or his wife and little ones to live upon.

in other words, if a *guarantee of quiet possession* be not previously obtained—no other tenant dare enter upon it. This is so well understood in many parts, particularly in the south, that the landlord does not venture upon removing a tenant, though only holding from year to year, so long as he pays his own rent, unless by his own consent, and even in that case the occupier uniformly sells his 'goodwill.' This extraordinary state of things, so unlike what obtains in England or any other country, has gone far to subvert the right of property ; it forms an insuperable bar to all improvement ; and unless effectual measures be resorted to for its suppression, it may, and indeed most probably will, terminate at no distant period in the abolition of rent. The institution of a compulsory provision appears to be the only thing calculated to overcome this great difficulty. Were it established, ejection from a small farm and ruin would no longer be identical. The ejected cottier and his family would be supplied with the means of subsistence till they were conveyed to the colonies, or till they found some means of getting employment and subsistence at home."

LETTER XXXIII.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IMPORTANCE OF
THE DANUBE STEAM NAVIGATION.

THE triumphs which the ingenuity and intrepidity of man have achieved in overcoming the obstacles of nature, although they have long since performed what staggered all the merely timid prudent, and many of the adventurous sanguine, even as late as the first quarter of the present century,* are still, probably, only in

* In 1825, when endeavouring to promote the plan so ardently entered into by the Knight of Kerry, Captain Beaufort of the admiralty, and my late excellent friend Nimmo (then, and until his death, civil engineer for Ireland), of establishing a steam navigation across the Atlantic, we were considered little less than impracticable theorists. On my contending, supported by others, that the sea between Cork and Bristol, Liverpool and Dublin, Calais and Dover, and the waters of lake Ontario (all

the childhood of those wonders which steam and other moving powers, applied to machinery, seem destined to operate on the face of the world, and on the social relations of mankind.

Steam power, the most mighty propagator of universal intercourse and intelligence, reduces the space which separates countries to at least half its natural length, by the measurement of time instead of distance,—diminishes beyond estimate, the penalty of that labour which exhausts the strength of man, by lessening the toils, and multiplying the productions which are necessary, useful, or ornamental to mankind,—lengthens life, by calculating its duration according to the acts which mark our existence, and not by the years which limit our earthly journey,—multiplies, without end if

of which steamers then traversed, as I had personally experienced, with success), were much more difficult for steam-vessels to navigate than the waters of the Atlantic, which, circumstances had also occasioned me to traverse at all periods of the year : a *statesman*, of noble birth, remarkable for his smart replies, said, "If ever steam-packets are successfully established across the Atlantic I will swallow the boiler." I have no doubt that three months ago, the same personage would have said, that "if ever an individual travels in a balloon from the Thames to the Rhine, I will swallow the gas company's gasometer, gas and all,—yes, and the balloon and passengers to boot."

required, the productions of the press, and renders the intercourse between nations frequent, rapid, easy, and certain.

Perhaps the most astounding idea of the power and usefulness of steam would be to conceive, that instantaneously that power, as now applied, ceased to exist, even admitting that the power of water and wind, as formerly, were so far as possible immediately to replace it—what would be the consequence? To the United Kingdom, the ruin of her manufactures, and a calamity in her commercial relations that would bring desolation over the land. In the United States, the interruption to travelling, and interior commerce, would be almost equally disastrous.—And then our relations with the continent. Our Hamburg, Rotterdam, Calais, and Boulogne packets!—Even our excursions up the Rhine!—All to depend on sailing vessels with fair weather; but as often, and for weeks, foul winds and storms.

The advantages of steam power are now beginning to be appreciated in most parts of the continent. Even in Austria and Bohemia, where the power of water is naturally distributed by nature with profuse liberality, steam-engines and power-looms are at work.

My journey and wanderings in these dominions have, strictly speaking, been directed to other inquiries than those bearing on the steam navigation of the Danube; but they are not irrelevant to it. The natural resources, the productive industry, the elements for extending the commercial relations between the British and Austrian empires, are among the inquiries which should engage much of the attention of the English traveller who passes over these regions.

In regard, however, to the Danube, the infinite facilities for commerce,—for extending intelligence, and promoting intercourse, which may be opened by this great artery of the European body, flowing from west to east, fed by such numerous tributaries, so rich in soil, mineral and vegetable productions, have led me into inquiries relative to the improvement and the extension of its navigation, in almost every point of view that seemed important. In these inquiries I have been generously assisted by many of those who have devoted their attention seriously to this great subject. I have been directed to them by a distinguished statesman, who boasts not of the merit; and while travelling over the countries of the Germanic Union of Customs, and afterwards

on various positions along the Danube and its tributaries, the importance of a steam navigation traversing Europe from east to west, was continually presented to my view, as a subject worthy of far more than common observation.

This led me to make the inquiries I have done. The Danube in its extent from its source, within thirty miles of the Rhine, in the heart of the Black Forest, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, to its *debouche* in the Black Sea, and the countries watered and fertilized by it and its branches, (you will observe by referring to the maps,) flows through the most important parallels of central Europe.

Before its departure from Baden, it *lends* water-power to industry among the inhabitants of Villingen, Donaueschingen, and Gusingen; the latter, only twelve miles from the Rhine at Schaffhausen.

Flowing through Würtemberg it grows, fed by several *contributaries*, into a magnificent navigable stream on reaching Ulm. Here its importance is conspicuous. Here you observe those flat-bottomed, rudest of boats, with no part of the wood dressed, no part tarred; and, with the exception of a few black-stained, square blotches, no part painted—not even a

rope tarred. They answer, however, the purpose of transporting wood, merchandise, and agricultural produce; and are the same in construction on every part of the Danube and its tributaries,—at Ulm, at Munich, at Inspruck, at Salzburg, Branau, Ratisbon, Passau, Linz, Vienna, Posoni, Komorn, Pesth, Semlin, Belgrade,—on the Waag, on the Theis, and on the Drave,—at Semendria, at Ruschtschuk, Silestria, and Ismail.

These boats have not even sails. They are, in fact, little better than sheds floating on a kind of platform, closed in at the sides, carried down by the stream, and tugged up by men or horses.

At Ulm steam navigation is about to be established. The water is not deep, but it is sufficiently so for properly constructed flat-bottomed steam-vessels of from 60 to 100 tons, or even greater burden.* Flowing through Bavaria, the Danube receives numerous streams, many of which are navigable for a great distance,—as the Lech, the Isar, the Inn, and the Naab. In this distance, nume-

* Flat-bottomed steam-boats, to float on shallow water, are extensively employed on many rivers in America. See Note D, vol. ii.

rous towns rise along its banks, chiefly Ratisbon, Ingoldstadt, and Passau; the tributaries communicating at the same time with Augsburg, Munich, and the agricultural districts of the interior. A railroad is also about to be opened, on one side, to Augsburg; and a canal is in progress on the other, to join the Danube and Main by way of Nuremberg and Bamberg.

On entering Austria, below Passau, the Danube, augmented by the Inn, the Salza, and the streams of Bavaria, the Tyrol, Würtemberg, and Baden, flows on in majestic grandeur, through a romantic country to Linz, the handsome capital of Upper Austria. From this thriving seat of manufacturing industry, a railroad, seventy-five English miles long, to Budweiss, on the Moldau, connects the intercourse between the Danube and the Elbe,—in practical truth, between the Danube and Prague, Dresden, Leipzig (by a tributary), and Hamburg. To the south, a railroad from Linz to the manufacturing towns of Wels and Lambach, has also been completed.

Leaving Linz, the Traun and the Ens are the principal navigable streams that flow in from the south. Those from the north are

numerous, but only important as moving powers for mill-work. Near *Grein*, there are swift rapids in the stream, often assuming the appearance of whirlpools; but they seem to me of not more difficult ascent than those immediately below Montreal in Canada, which I have, as far back as twelve years ago, had the opportunity of ascending in the *Hercules* steam-boat, which towed up, at the same time, a large brig and a schooner. From *Grein* to Vienna the river flows on tranquilly, often amidst islands. In fact, the navigation by steam of the Danube, from *Ulm* to Vienna, is in every respect practicable, and from Vienna to Pesth without impediment.

From Pesth there is no interruption, unless it be sandbanks, which it requires only good pilotage to avoid. The Danube flows onward from Pesth through flat scenery, dividing itself in streams among islands, and a country naturally as fertile as any on the earth's surface, passing *Tolna*, *Mohacz* (celebrated by its battle, so disastrous to the Hungarians), to *Peterwar- dien*, *Semlin*, and *Belgrade*. In this distance the *Theis*, so abundant in fish, a magnificent river with large tributaries, flows into the Danube from the north; and the *Drau* and the

more important Save, forming the frontier of Turkey, joins it from the south-west.

At Belgrade, the common boat navigation is extremely important. After passing Semendria, the present capital of Servia, and residence of Prince Milosh, the navigation of the river is exceedingly winding, but very practicable for steam-boats 'to Neu-Moldava, below which the river is confined within high mountainous banks and rocky precipices; and before reaching Orsova a succession of difficult but not insurmountable rapids occur. Below which is the much dreaded "*Eisen-thor*," or the *Iron-gate*, or the *Cherdaps*, as this rocky turbulent bed of the river, divided into three channels, is called in that country. The river boats pass down, and by the power of oxen may be dragged up the Iron-gate. It is generally believed that steam power is not sufficient to propel a vessel up, but there is no doubt that a fixed engine ashore, with a fixed purchase, in the middle of the stream, above, might overcome the difficulty, and the captain of the Nador seemed confident in speaking to me, of ascending the Iron-gate by the force alone of a powerful locomotive engine in his steam-boat. It still, however, forms an interruption to the steam-

boats, which do not either ascend or descend this part of the Danube.

The first steam-boat station below the iron gate is Gladova, between which and the Black Sea a distance, following the windings, of at least six hundred English miles, there is no important material difficulty in the navigation, unless it be the bars off the entrance of the Danube.

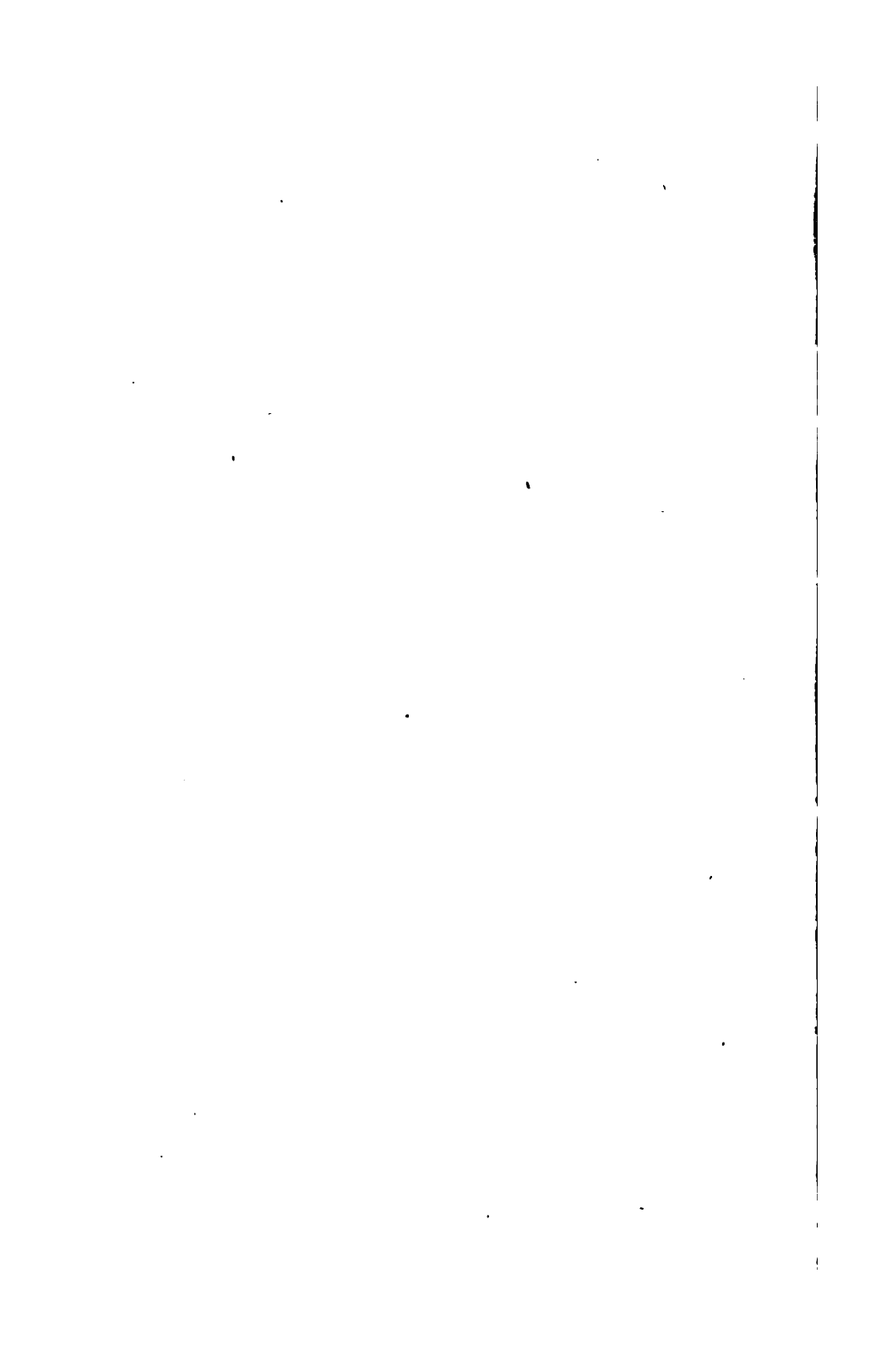
To avoid these, and the delays of quarantine or other interruptions, on the part of the Russian authorities, there appears, fortunately, a way of undoubted practicability. At Rassora, about thirty miles below Silistria, the Danube changes its course suddenly from east to something west of north, pursuing this direction for one hundred miles to Glatz, near the Russian frontiers, and then dividing, into several branches falls into the Black Sea. I need not say any thing relative to the possession obtained by Russia over those mouths, and will conclude this sketch by briefly showing how to avoid the difficult navigation of the branches of the Delta, and the sand bars thrown up by the surges of the Black Sea in their conflict with the streams issuing from the Danube.

The distance between the Black Sea and the bend of the Danube, below Silistria, is little more than thirty English miles: a deep lake thirteen miles long intervenes, in this distance; and the waters of the Black Sea are said to be deep, close to the shore, at Kustendji, where a harbour might be protected with piers so as to afford shelter at all times to a fleet, either of merchantmen or men-of-war. A ship-canal from thence to the elbow of the Danube, of the same depth and width, but not half so long as the Dutch have cut from Amsterdam to the Helder, for their frigates and East India ships, merely to avoid the intricacies of the Zuyder-zee, would then not only render the navigation of the Danube to the sea two hundred miles shorter, and at all times certain and safe, but it would also pass through a country nearly one hundred miles further south than the frontiers occupied by Russia.

Considering, therefore, the vast importance of carrying into execution such a project—the consequent effect it would have in extending commerce, and opening a free intercourse between the heart of so many European states and the sea—with the innumerable benefits that

must result in regard to the social and political condition, especially of eastern Europe, we cannot but be convinced of the magnificent utility of an uninterrupted navigation by steam-boats from Ulm to Constantinople.

END OF VOL. I.



AUSTRIA
AND
THE AUSTRIANS.

VOL. II.

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A U S T R I A,

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LETTER I.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

THIS extraordinary personage is one of those statesmen whose character and talents are scarcely known in Europe, however much his name has been before the public, and much as he has been personally associated with many of the most important events of the age.

I have had the opportunity to judge of him in his own country, and in his own person. I may speak of him without bias, although I differ from him in my ideas of governing nations, and although I consider the only sound political principles to be those of civil liberty,

grounded on a constitutional government, honestly and fearlessly representing the weal of the people at large, with the franchise of electing those who make the laws, placed upon the broadest footing that the safety of the state will admit; believing, at the same time, that, if the people be only properly and virtuously instructed, a mere money qualification is rather dangerous than safe, as such eligibility may be purchased by the unprincipled licentious rich,* to qualify the ignorant and vicious poor, in order to make them subservient for bad purposes.

The false† education of the people has been, in all periods of history, the cause of nearly all the crimes committed in the world, whether they may have been wicked wars (for all,

* Let it not be understood that wealth implies either want of principle, or licentiousness, for poverty is unfortunately too often linked with vice; the rich, however, are not governed by rectitude of moral principle, but are wicked from the lust of ambition and power; the poor are usually dishonest from idleness or necessity.

† Every human being is educated in some way,—even the savages. The very example of parents, and all circumstances and objects which present themselves to children and to youth, are materials which instruct and form their minds for good or evil.

except defensive wars, are wicked), or religious persecutions, or lastly, the private wrongs of which man is guilty towards any of his fellow-creatures, or against the peace and prosperity of society. Having for the last four years, among other inquiries in which I have been more fully engaged, directed my attention with some care to the state of public instruction in all parts of North and South Germany, and Switzerland, I shall probably hereafter examine the nature and influence of education in the Austrian dominions. My attention was attracted to this subject indirectly a few days ago, after a long interview which I had with Prince Metternich.

Our conversation turned on the easy condition; the tranquillity, the absence of poverty, and the generally affluent condition of the Austrian population. This I readily admitted.

"You have been in Hungary," said the Prince; "there they have a legislation, with a first and second chamber. Does it clothe, feed, or protect the people? Is agriculture in the same improved state? Are manufactures in as thriving a condition as in Austria and Bohemia, both which you have also travelled over?"

I as readily admitted "that Hungary, with the most abundant natural resources, had the most wretched population I knew;* that her agriculture was in a rude state; and, as for manufactures, that they could scarcely be said to exist; and further, that to the legislation of Hungary, all these evils might be attributed."

"I am happy to hear these admissions from you," observed the prince.

"Yes," I replied, "but the legislative constitution of Hungary is not a constitution constructed according to British ideas. It is a legislation which protects the nobility in all their privileges, that frees them from taxation, from liabilities as to the payment of their debts, from arrest, and from all compulsory services. Of the eleven millions of inhabitants, ten millions are in no way protected by that constitution, while they endure all the public burdens, and all the tyranny of their lords."

"I am equally happy," he said, "to hear these opinions from you. Among us in Austria, our policy is to extend all possible *material* happiness to the whole population,—to leave them nothing to desire in that way,—to admi-

* I certainly ought to have excepted Ireland—that
"First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea!"

nister the laws patriarchally,—to prevent their tranquillity from being disturbed,—and to maintain the national happiness as it at present exists. Is it not delightful to see those people looking so contented,” continued he, turning round to the next window, and pointing to the groups walking on the terrace of the *volks-garten*, immediately before his palace,—“so much in the possession of what makes them comfortable,—so well fed,—so well clad,—so quiet,—and so religiously observant of order? If they are injured in their persons, or in their property, they have immediate and unexpensive redress before our tribunals; and, in that respect, *neither I nor any nobleman in the land has the smallest advantage over a peasant*. Nor have we every small branch of the provincial administrations, as in France, centralized in the capital. The people have their municipal privileges, and they exercise them without our interference. We never, in fact, interfere, except complaints are made to us against the injustice of those in office.”

The above were, as nearly as possible his words; and I do not think I ever saw a face in which satisfaction seemed to dwell more evidently, than on that of Prince Metternich

while he spoke. Having some other subjects to discuss, not relative to administrations, I did not state what I considered necessary to ensure the continuance of the material prosperity which the population of Austria undoubtedly enjoy; perhaps, in a greater degree than any other people: further than "that government was certainly the best under which the people were secured the greatest happiness, and in which the laws, if the latter be just, were equally administered; while constitutions, with representative chambers, like those of Hungary and even of France, were merely calculated to enable the rulers to govern with arbitrary power, although I considered the only *permanent* security for good government was to be found in an honestly instructed representative constitution."

He is a remarkably handsome and healthy-looking man. He walks and stands erect. His countenance is open, intellectual, and agreeable, without any formality, and without any fascination in his manner, further than being courteously polite and frank, in a plain, unostentatious well bred way, to all who approach him. He dresses like a well-conditioned, unaffected English gentleman. He talks a good deal, but

I think seldom so as not to interest. He believes that he has not a personal enemy in the world. Nor can he conceive how he should—although I should be sorry to swear that he has not—were it from no other cause than the jealousy which weak minds, and often able ones, entertain towards those who have attained so elevated a position in the world's affairs. I think however that Prince Talleyrand cannot have much affection for Metternich. No one can say, that the latter has not been at all periods of his political life consistent in his principles, and frank in avowing them. The former has also been consistent, that is, equally loyal to every form of government under which he has served; equally faithful to each of the many oaths of allegiance he has sworn. I should not count the Emperor Nicholas, nor Count Pozzo di Borgo, among the personal friends of the Austrian prime minister, of whom the cabinet of St. Petersburg has always been more watchful than of any other statesman in Europe.

Prince Metternich avows, and has always done so, openly before the world, that he considers the absolute form of government the best—that the people ought to have no political

liberty; but, at the same time, that an absolute government should exercise its power paternally, considering its subjects as children, who should be cherished with affection, but who must obey without disputing the authority of the parent. This, in fact, is the present state of Austria; of which Metternich is the *actual* political father, and the Emperor's Austrian and Bohemian subjects, are the prince's cherished and obedient children, as long as they continue to be his.

How delightfully you will say, does this great patriarchal family, of from fifteen to twenty millions, live together, in such blessed harmony! Very true, but we have seen parents who have not cherished—who have had no affection for their offspring; we have observed some children considered the *pets*, and others, as the *black sheep*, of the family; we have, from partiality and injustice on the part of the parents, known a house divided against itself; and we have seen that house fall to the ground. Some parents lose the affection of their children from severity; others, their confidence, from want of judgment. Now if the present emperor (who is *de jure* the political father of his subjects,) had given them *de facto*

another parent in preference to Metternich, such *de facto* parent might not have either the same regard for his political children, nor the same judgment in directing their actions. He might restrict their accustomed means of enjoyment, and command them to tread in unpleasant ways. He might favour one member of this family, and neglect or tyrannize over the other. This would be disagreeable to those long accustomed to paternal affection; it would at once destroy their confidence, and the family would, therefore, in a short time, be probably divided against itself, the eldest against the youngest, that is, the nobility against the people; and the youngest against the eldest, the favoured against the ill-used, and then the once happy household (the empire) would consequently fall to pieces. As there is therefore no security for the continuation of a paternal despotism, we may confidently argue that a government honestly representing the welfare of the whole population through the medium of elective assemblies, is that in which reposes the greatest chance for a people being the best governed, and the least burdened.

As some further elucidation of the Austrian

government may interest you, I will, on a future occasion, send you more explicit details. Meantime you may be entertained by a few sketches of the personage, to whom I have already so far drawn your attention.

The family of Prince Metternich* is said to have risen to distinction during the time of Henry the Holy, the last of the Saxon emperors. They possessed the country from the Moselle to Hundsruok. Lothar was, from 1599 to 1623, archbishop and elector of Treves. The first prince of the house, Francis George Metternich, was born at Coblenz in 1746, and his

* Clemens Wenzeslaus Nepomuk Lothar, Graf, und Seit 1813, Fürst von Metternich-Winneburg, Herzog Portella, Graf von Königswart, Ritter des Goldenen Vlieses und Grand von Spanien erster Classe. Inhaber fast aller höchsten und hohen europäischen Orden; Seiner Oestereichischen Kaiserlich-Königlichen Majestät wirklicher Rath und Kämmerer, Haus-Hof und Staats-Kanzler und conferenz Minister: or, in plain English, Clemens Wenzeslaus Nepomuk Lothario, Earl, and in 1813 Prince Metternich Winneburg, Duke Portella, Earl of Königswart, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and Grandee of Spain, first class, possessor of nearly all the highest and elevated European orders,—his imperial royal majesty's actual privy counsellor, court chamberlain, state chancellor, and cabinet minister, &c., also minister for foreign affairs, and prime minister of the empire, taking precedence of all others in dignity and office.

son, the present prince, was born in the same city, on the 15th of May, 1773. He studied, after a careful preparatory education, at the university of Strasburg; and attended his father at the coronation of the emperor, Leopold II., in 1790, at Frankfort on the Maine.

He is said to have applied himself closely, especially to international law, and to the principles of government, during the two following years, at the university of Mayence; and he was also present at Frankfort, in the year 1792, at the coronation of Francis II. He then assisted his father in his administration, and in order to make himself personally acquainted with countries and courts, travelled over a great part of the continent, and visited England. The disasters carried into the Rhenish countries by the French armies dispossessed his family. In 1794, the young Count Metternich's talents attained for him an important place at the imperial court; and, on the following year, he married Mary Eleonora, daughter of Prince Ernest of Kaunitz-Rittberg, and grand-daughter of the then imperial chancellor. His diplomatic career commenced in 1797-8, when he was sent by the emperor as plenipotentiary to the congress at Radstadt:—when France compelled the

Germanic courts to cede to the former, all their possessions west of the Rhine. By these humiliating conditions Austria lost Belgium. In 1801, Count Metternich was the emperor's minister at the court of Dresden; and, four years after, minister at Berlin. Hostilities between Austria and France having broken out, in consequence of Austria adhering to the coalition between England and Russia, Count Metternich left Berlin on the third coalition of Prussia with Napoleon being ratified. In 1806, after the humiliating, but unavoidable peace of Presburg, which ceded Venice and the Tyrol to Napoleon, Metternich, under the title of Earl of Coblenz, proceeded, as ambassador, to Paris, where, it must be admitted, he had a most difficult part to act with the haughty victorious Napoleon, and with so skilful and impenetrable a foreign minister as M. de Talleyrand. Metternich, however, could not, with any honour to his sovereign or country, prevent the disastrous war which broke out in 1809, between Austria and France. Peace, and Germanic supremacy for the Austrian dominions, and the tranquillity of Europe, were at all times the great objects of his diplomacy. This was not, however, in accordance

with the ambition of Napoleon, nor the spirit of his restless belligerent subjects; and the Austrian ambassador returned in consequence, that year, to Vienna. Soon after, he arranged the preliminaries of that forced peace, which gave Napoleon still greater ascendancy over Austria, and emboldened him not only to demand, but enabled him to insist on, a princess of that house in marriage.

The Russian campaign having proved disastrous to Napoleon, and the Austrian cabinet having at first undertaken a position of mediation, Count Metternich endeavoured to bring about a cessation of arms. There can be no doubt but the matrimonial alliance between Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria, had influenced the latter to preserve the former; but Napoleon continued as haughty as if he had conquered Russia. Prussia having, however, assumed a position more honourable to her nationality and character, after all the degradation and plunder to which Napoleon had subjected her states, in reward, as it were, for her leaving Austria alone to defend Germany for so long a period, joined Russia and England against Napoleon. The most distinguished period of Prince Metternich's diplo-

macy now commenced ; first, in arranging the quadruple alliance at Töpliz ; and then, after the battle of Leipzig, in following up those measures in which he was personally engaged, with incessant vigilance, at Frankfort, Friburg, Basel, Langres, Chaumont, at the convention of Fontainebleau, and at the peace of Paris, on the 30th May, 1814.

From Paris, Prince Metternich accompanied the allied sovereigns to England, and the time which he spent there was devoted to observing the state of the United Kingdom, in regard to our social, moral, and material condition ; as is very evident from the liberal opinions which he still expresses relative to England ; not that his own determined principles of absolute government have been at all changed by the example of our constitutional administrations : but it must be recollected that neither Catholic emancipation nor parliamentary reform, had then withered the Tory ministerial power of that period, when Liverpool, Castlereagh, Melville, and Canning, ruled the country at will.

The famous Congress of Vienna, which opened in October following, was that in which, as president and negotiator, his diplo-

matic abilities were displayed, perhaps, in the most distinguished aspect of his career. To re-annex Belgium and the Rhenish countries to Austria, was a point which he was from the first persuaded of the wisdom of not contending for: but, guided by an awful public and personal responsibility of considering Austrian interests as the first and unchangeable principle of his conduct and duty, he indisputably and frankly maintained this position in every stage of the deliberations and conclusions of this, the most important assemblage of European delegates that ever met together. Had the representative of England possessed the same energy of purpose, the position of the United Kingdom, in regard to the Continent, and in respect to her financial liabilities, might, undoubtedly, have been placed at that period on a basis, not only far more advantageous to our commerce and political influence, but also in a relative condition, that would have also removed many inconveniences and evils which have since occurred, and which may as probably result hereafter, from the provisions of a treaty,—which I feel as far from being prepared to defend, as I should be to advocate the *Jesuitical casuistry* of its violations.

Prince Metternich, now as minister of foreign affairs, stood in a position of greater power than many crowned heads. The descent of Napoleon, which disturbed Europe for a few months, and added enormously to the public debt of England, scarcely affected, although it terrified Austria. The battle of Waterloo followed too suddenly to admit of much aid from Vienna; and Italy alone engaged her active vigilance. Murat fell;—Ferdinand IV. invested Prince Metternich with the dukedom of Portella,—and soon after he signed, in the name of Austria, the second treaty of peace at Paris. The Holy Alliance, the spirit of which, posterity will at all times, translate in a very different manner to its name, was soon after entered into between Austria, Russia, and Prussia.

Twenty years have passed away since the Congress of Vienna. In all the changes which have affected Europe, Austria and Prince Metternich have remained immoveable in the position attained by that treaty. In all matters which have in any way regarded the empire, he has never ceased to act; yet such was the jealousy of Francis in regard to his power, that his minister never directed affairs independently of the emperor; and he followed

the latter, summer and winter, whithersoever he went. Although Francis, to the last hour, could not entertain *the idea*, for it was ideal, that he himself did not monopolize all the affairs of state ; and would have dismissed any one* who might exhibit conduct implying any thing contrary to this vanity of governing ; yet it never has been remarked that the least want of harmony subsisted between the emperor and his favourite minister. The latter knew well that he exercised actual power, and he was too discreet to be jealous of its shadow. In fact, Prince Metternich, with great skill and prudence, wielded the emperor and his power together, while Francis believed that he himself did not only conceive, but direct all ; and that his minister was merely the most faithful and capable of servants, in executing the commands of his sovereign. Metternich was, however, frequently, especially to foreign diplomats, in the habit of saying, "The Emperor of Austria has a firm will. If I had the mis-

* Von Stift, the emperor's body physician, and a man of considerable abilities as a statesman, held a place in the council. He was, from some jealousy, released abruptly from all his functions ;—and it is said that Francis dismissed his aide-de-camp, General Apel, for his attentions to the present emperor.

fortune to mistake the path he directs, I should not remain his minister for a day."

In the affairs of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom,—at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1818,—at the congress assembled by him in the summer of 1819, at Carlsbad,—at the congress of Vienna, in 1820,—and at Troppau, in the same year,—at Laybach, in 1821,—in suppressing the insurrections of Naples and Piedmont, Prince Metternich may alone be said to have managed all the negotiations and affairs of the empire, and, in many respects, influenced those of all the *absolute* states, of Europe, Russia excepted. On returning from the congress of Laybach, he was elevated by the emperor to the highest office of the empire, that of chancellor, at the same time retaining that of even greater power, minister of foreign affairs.

In October following, on the accession of George IV. to the throne, Prince Metternich visited Hanover to meet that monarch. In October, 1822, he opened the congress of Verona. Soon after, he was created a grandee of Spain, first class; and in September following, he accompanied the emperor to meet Alexander at Ezernowitz.

His first wife's ill-health induced him to

visit Paris with her: but she died, in 1825, aged fifty, leaving him one son, who died three years afterwards, and two daughters, now living. From Paris, he went to Milan, and from thence to the opening of the Hungarian diet. In October 1826, the president of the state conference, Count Zichy-Ferraris, died, and to him succeeded Prince Metternich.

He married, in November 1827, Mary Antoinette, Countess of Beilstein. This beautiful and fascinating princess died two years after, aged only twenty-three years, leaving him one son, Prince Richard Clement.

When the revolution of 1830 dethroned Charles X., Prince Metternich determined upon neutrality;—this he also wisely observed in regard to both the Belgian and Greek revolutions. In regard to Greece, however, from the way its emancipation was accomplished, as he declared, chiefly through Russian agency, he was opposed to it, as leading to a war which enabled Russia to dictate to Turkey. In fact, no European statesman has annoyed the court of St. Petersburg so much, or so vexatiously, as Prince Metternich. Count D'Appony was at once accredited minister at the court of Louis-Philippe. In the affairs of Italy, alone, did Metternich maintain the principle of inter-

ference; and afterwards, in respect to Poland, to prevent the insurrection extending to the old section of that kingdom, which the partition gave to Austria, he sent Field-marshal Stutterheim with 50,000 men to the frontiers. Galizia was afterwards subjected to very arbitrary inquisitorial treatment, on pretence of corresponding with the liberal societies of France, while the grounds for severity were at most ideal. In regard to the assistance rendered in men and supplies to the Poles by Galizia, no public or prosecuting notice was taken by Metternich; while the Prussian subjects who assisted the Poles, were afterwards severely punished by their government.

In January, 1831, Prince Metternich married Melania Maria Antonia, Countess of Zichy-Ferraris, born in 1805, and daughter of his predecessor in the office of president of state conference. By her he has two lovely children.

On the death of Francis, it was by many supposed that the present emperor would have dispensed with the services of his father's prime-minister; but the world was soon put out of doubt on this subject, by Ferdinand's letter to the chancellor. I have already alluded to this letter. It was published as soon as dated in the *Beobachter* (Observer), or

government organ. Notwithstanding this, it is insinuated that Ferdinand has not his father's partiality for the prime-minister.

Forty years, the most eventful in history, have elapsed since Prince Metternich appeared officially on the theatre of great affairs. Three emperors of the House of Hapsburg have vanished from the earth since his manhood. Three kings of France, and one French emperor; one of the number by violence, and an emperor and another king of whom, in exile, have also passed away during the same period. Two kings of England,—two emperors of all the Russias,—and many other sovereigns, besides statesmen, including our Pitts, Foxes, Liverpools, Castle-reaghs, and Cannings, all of whom were personally known to Prince Metternich, are also mouldering in the dust, and almost forgotten.

The chancellor of Austria still retains the physical and intellectual vigour of manhood. Health, strength, memory, vision, speech, sagacity, and energy, unimpaired. His knowledge of character is remarkable. No man can estimate more acutely the capacity of the living diplomatists and statesmen of Europe and America,—of the Pozzo-di-Borgos, the Talleyrands, the Nesselrodes, and the Wellingtons.

At his weekly *soirées*. the most interesting, because the most instructive in Vienna, his frankness and even his simplicity of manners always please, and generally delight. The beauty and *esprit* of the princess sheds a brilliancy over these entertainments, and she lends equal grace to the prince's dinner-parties. Of the former I have already written you, in giving a slight sketch of society and manners in the Austrian capital.

As a domestic man, the character of Metternich stands high ; and I believe he considers it a proof of having been blessed in the married state, to seek happiness in another marriage, after the loss of a wife (however devotedly beloved), as soon as the observance of the ordinary intermission permits.

The late princess is said to have been one of the most beautiful women in Europe. If an exquisite portrait of grace, expression, and loveliness, be a resemblance, she must indeed have been so.

The present princess is only thirty-one, and looks much younger. Her countenance is full of expression and fascination. Her two children, with the son by the late princess, run up to her altogether, as if the three were by the same mother, and she receives them equally

with the same tenderness. In the day time they rush out into the garden, exercise themselves with juvenile spades, wheel-barrows, and various implements; they return back, often clambering over the prince's shoulders, and then bound off to their *mutter*, the princess.

The eldest daughter by the first marriage is wedded to Count Slavnicza; the second, Princess Hermenia, is young and unmarried, and still lives with her father: both are of a delicate cast of beauty, graceful and amiable, with manners somewhat retiring, and perfectly unaffected.

As a diplomatist, Prince Metternich always says that a frank, declared manner, is the most honourable, and the most successful. How few observe this in practice? How few there are, who are not lost by that vanity which is instantly perceived by sagacious and skilful negotiators. The qualifications necessary for an able diplomatist, are neither more nor less than firmness of character, sound judgment, energy, sagacity, and a perfect knowledge of the resources and power of his own, and especially of foreign countries. With these, and a capacity to understand the character of other men, and the *habitude* of agreeable manners,—a frank, not garrulous, but honest mi-

nister, will, in the end, baffle all the cunning and artifice of the ablest disciplinarian of the Machiavelian school.

I have not met any one who has known Prince Metternich personally who did not speak highly of him as a man, however much they may have differed from him in their ideas of public government. I have also found that all those who have made his acquaintance, have in consequence been completely deceived in their previous ideas of this celebrated personage. He has certainly much in his personal character that is kind,* and which, under another form of government, would render him very popular. He is religiously Catholic, but to-

* Anecdotes are often related of Prince Metternich's humane consideration for the obedient people. Among others, on his retiring one night last winter from a ball at Prince Esterhazy's, he observed, from his carriage-window, by the light of the lamps, a man lying in agony in the middle of the street. The prince stopped his carriage, and descending, found the man, a poor labourer, in an apparently dying state. He sent his servant immediately for the nearest doctor, and remained himself by the sick person, while the coachman drove home the princess. On the servant returning with a doctor, he ordered the patient to be taken in a coach to comfortable lodgings, and properly attended. He then walked home. These little humane attentions are very characteristic of the Austrian nobility.

lerant in regard to every other profession of faith; far more so than the Lutheran king of Prussia is in his policy towards his Catholic, and especially Jewish subjects; and infinitely more charitable towards those who worship the Deity in a different form from that of their church, than our evangelicals of England and Ireland are, in their spiritual and worldly bearing towards the protestant dissenters and Jews. The Lutherans of the Imperial States, and the Unitarians of Transylvania, have not the least cause to complain of the chancellor in regard to their faith. In short, Prince Metternich is liberal in, perhaps, every thing except in extending to the people the free privileges of citizenship,—that of having the power of governing themselves by representation; this he will assuredly never, (except it be through “state necessity,”) consent to invest them with: and while I condemn the principles of administration which the prime minister of Austria considers the best and wisest, I am as fully bound to admit, that he believes himself conscientiously right, in thinking, that his system extends a greater amount of happiness to the whole population than any other. Admitting it does, where rests the security for its being parental instead of tyrannical?

LETTER II.

GRAF KOLLOWRAT-LIEBSTEINSKY.

THIS statesman ranks next to the chancellor in office ; and, in character and ability may be considered among the most distinguished men of the empire. It has been long supposed that a jealousy has been entertained towards him by Prince Metternich, especially since the accession of the present emperor, who is considered more liberal than his father, and who appears to cherish a great partiality for Graf, or Count Kollowrat.

This nobleman is the representative of one of the most distinguished and wealthy Bohemian families. His education was liberal, and his principles have ever since been fixed on a basis of justice and tolerance in religion and in

government. It was even suspected that he formerly belonged to one of the *secret revolutionary societies* of Germany; and that Francis, dreading the liberalism of the wealthy and splendid Kollowrat, appointed him, in 1810, to the office of first authority in Bohemia,—*oberst-burg-graf*; or, lord-lieutenant of the kingdom.

For fifteen years he filled that important post, to the utmost advantage which his power and will could extend over the resources and energies of that country. He certainly revived the nationality of the people; and he has always been opposed to restrictions on commerce and on public opinion. He has consequently been accused of *Josephism*.* The nationality of the provinces, as the great natural tie which linked the people with confidence to the government—public instruction—the manufactures—trade—finances—and the general improvement of the country, were the subjects most earnestly attended to by Count Kollowrat during his administration in Bohemia. It is very probable that he became too popular, and that in consequence he was called by Francis, in 1825, to take high office in Vienna. For

* This epithet alludes to the opinions considered as theoretically entertained by the Emperor Joseph.

ten years he filled the office second only to that of Prince Metternich, and yet it is known that the political ideas of these ministers were at variance, but at the same time under Francis, as both were, at least nominally, subordinate to the emperor, neither came into direct collision with their opposed political ideas.

With, and since the accession of Ferdinand, a change has, however, been manifested. The will of Francis has, it is true, involved difficult questions. On opening this testament, 400,000 florins were bequeathed to re-establish the order of Jesuits throughout the empire. The faithful execution of this will divided the opinions of the imperial family, and of both the chief ministers. Ferdinand was opposed to the reinstatement of the Jesuits; and he was supported by his uncles the Archdukes Charles and John, and especially by Count Kollowrat. The dowager empress, and the Archdukes Maximilian and Ferdinand, and the Prince Metternich, contended that the will should be strictly executed. At length, by appealing to the filial affections and religious feelings of the emperor,—to the solemn dying requests of Francis, and to the dangerous injustice, as a *precedent*, of not executing the late emperor's

will, Ferdinand at last consented, on the 19th of March last, to sign a decree for the faithful performance of all the provisions contained in his father's testament. This, with some other measures relative to commerce and finance, led to the tendered, but not accepted, resignation of Count Kollowrat.

A small book has lately appeared, and extensively circulated in Germany, entitled "Austria in 1835, and the Signs of the Times in Germany." It is more curious from the author, Dr. Gross-Hoffenger, having been, not long since, a fiery writer of the school of "Young Germany," than remarkable for the soundness of its views, or the justice of its remarks. The writer has, as he fully tells us, written it on visiting Austria, and becoming a convert to *passive obedience*. In fact, he may be considered as the speaking organ of *absolutism*; and his account of Count Kollowrat is by no means flattering to that statesman.

"Since the accession of Ferdinand I.," says Hoffinger, "much has been said of cabinet differences between Prince Metternich and Count Kollowrat-Liebsteinsky. But those acquainted with the position of affairs, and with the character of these men, doubted at once

the fact of a serious misunderstanding,—pre-eminently dangerous to the state at the present moment. In the first place, the honourable position of those ministers in relation to their sovereign, and to the constitution of the Austrian states, formed in itself a refutation of expressions only applicable to reptiles who seek their own fortunes in the disorganization of states, and from the embarrassments of courts equally sunk in politics and morals. In the second place, the supposed separation of two ministers united so harmoniously under Francis I., must appear the more improbable, as the necessities of the state, and common interests and objects, as well as their joint patriotism, furnish necessary points of union, even if difference of opinion were to arise.

“Count Kollowrat, descended from one of the richest and most celebrated houses in Bohemia, which has ever been distinguished, in the struggles of that unfortunate people, by loyalty to the sovereign, was born and educated in the period termed in Austria the Josephinian age, because it was marked by the interesting character of that prince,—by his impetuous passions, his noble designs, and his errors. Let Kollowrat read the history of his house—

a house so famous—so distinguished, that legends tell of a bell which used to ring of itself, and a stone from which blood oozed whenever a Kollowrat died,—or the pages of his own youth, in which his noble spirit was directed to the examples of human worth under its various forms, and to those of a progressive age the most congenial to his own character. His wealth and influence nourished a great measure of independence in his opinions, which gave the young lively nobleman a reputation for liberal principles,* scarcely reconcileable in all respects with the stationary ideas of the ruling system of the time.

“ His exemplary economy—his patriotic zeal, revived the national life of Bohemia, and gained him all hearts. He succeeded in greatly improving the condition of that kingdom, by giving a fresh impulse to its culture, its civilization, and its public spirit. As a native Bohemian, he possessed the regard and confidence of all, and he soon witnessed the fruits of his enterprizes for the public good, which fully convinced him that tolerance, economy, and

* This hints at the alleged connection, in early life, of Kollowrat with a democratic society.

confidence, were the means by which every thing might be accomplished in countries where the good character of the people affords a voluntary support to all that is excellent. Science, art, free trade, strict financial control, and the maintenance of the nationality and constitution of the provinces, he considered the surest guarantee of permanent tranquillity and progressive improvement. The experience of many years strengthened him in his principles; and although the measures of Kollowrat sufficiently announced his Josephism, yet he has always been a foe to violent proceedings on one hand, and to that vulgar liberalism on the other, which is apt to degenerate into Jacobinism in a country like Austria, where a powerful aristocracy stands in its way. Kollowrat has favoured the latter, not from private interest, but from state-policy, because he regarded the aristocracy as one of the most powerful supports of the Austrian empire; at the same time he did not forget the interests of the middle classes, or the general cause of civilization. Kollowrat's opinions are as far removed from aristocratic absolutism and *obscurantism*, as from the turbulent spirit of the *menders* of the world. His policy is to maintain the *forms* of the state,

—to consolidate the throne and aristocracy,—to exalt the condition of the peasantry,—to advance the prosperity of the country, and freedom of opinion. He represents, by his principles and his measures, *the wishes of the Austrian people, the state of civilization they have attained, and the moral condition of the young generation*, as contrasted with the *law of state necessity*.”

There is throughout this cautiously-delineated attempt to describe Count Kollowrat, much that is true and honourable in his character, joined to the idea of his being at the same time allied to the *anti-liberalism* of *state necessity*, and consequently to the entire policy of Prince Metternich.

The changes lately made in the council of *ministry* and *state conference*, which consisted, under Francis, of the emperor as president, of Prince Metternich, Count Kollowrat, Count Bellegarde, and Count Michael Nadasd. Ferdinand never having presided, Prince Metternich, as president, held eminently greater power than Kollowrat; but now they are exactly equal in this high council, as the emperor has appointed two of the archdukes, his uncle Charles and his brother Francis, either of whom presides

in the emperor's absence. It is also hoped that Prince Esterhazy, on his return from England, and Count Lobkowitz, will enter the council of state conference.

In the especial department of Count Kollowrat, he is ex-officio as minister of interior and finance, president of state council for the interior departments and privy reference, in which he is assisted by Count Nadasd, in the finance department, and two other state councillors.*

It would lead me too far at present, to point out to you the advantages and disadvantages likely to arise from the changes made since the accession of Ferdinand; but from Count Kollowrat much good is expected by those who give an opinion on state matters. His character, personally, exclusive of his position as a statesman, is excellent; and although his opinions of governing the nation differ on many points widely from those of Prince Metternich, there are others, especially a more liberal commercial system, on which they are perfectly agreed.

* See sketch of the government and administration hereafter.

LETTER III.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS AND BUREAUCRACY.

AMONG those who are entitled to well-merited public distinction in this empire, there are, perhaps, none more worthy of esteem than Prince Lobkowitz. He is the representative of one of the oldest Bohemian families, and not yet forty years old. He is chiefly known for his wisdom and humanity as administrator of Galicia, the government of which kingdom was intrusted to him twelve years ago, when the office became vacant, just at the time when the emperor wished to promote the young prince.

In that country he became, however, rather too popular for the ideas of Francis. Being a

Bohemian,* the Galicians regard him with an affection which their nationality has never yet extended to Germans. He, as well as the chamberlain, Prince Lubomirsky, having frequently appeared at fêtes in the Polish costume, Count Sedelnitsky, the minister of police, was directed to reprimand the governor, who was afterwards succeeded by the Archduke Ferdinand; the policy of which appointment can only be justified upon grounds of state policy, which appear not very consistent with the principles of patriarchal administration, inculcated as a general rule at Vienna.

Although the chancellorships, and other departments of government,† must be considered as under the supreme direction of the ministry of state and conference, yet not only those at the head of the several offices, but the subordinates generally, are men who understand well, and perform with the utmost exactitude, the duties intrusted to them. There is, it is true, a tedious *bureaucratic* formality (especially in

* He also felt pride in saying the Lobkowitz are descendants of Popul, and consequently have a right to wear the Polish costume.

† See details of them hereafter.

the council of war), in the details and execution of every thing; yet, as certain it is that the business of every branch of the government is invariably performed with fidelity, according to the long-established regulations, and agreeably to the instructions from the supreme authorities. Count Mitrowsky, as first court chancellor, under Kollowrat, in the united chancery, is one of the most efficient in the interior departments, unless it be the minister of high police and censorship, the Count Sedelnitzky.

The *chancery of court and state*, which includes also the department of foreign affairs, of which Prince Metternich is chancellor and minister, is managed in its several departments by men of appropriate abilities and experience.

Baron Von Ottenfels-Geschwind, state counsellor in this department, was formerly ambassador at Constantinople, where he collected valuable and numerous oriental manuscripts, books, ancient curiosities, &c., which, with his other effects were, on his return, shipped for Trieste, and all most unfortunately lost by shipwreck. To make up in some measure for this disaster, the late emperor presented the baron with a tract of land in a distant province.

Baron Lebzeltern, a highly efficient man of business, ranks next to Von Ottenfels in the bureau of Prince Metternich: but one of the most extraordinary men of his day, considering his subordinate situation (though I should find much difficulty in being persuaded that he was one of the most conscientious), was the late Baron Gentz, of that department.

This man was formerly an ultra-liberal in religion and in politics. He at that time addressed independent exhortations to Frederick William of Prussia, and wrote in the spirit of liberty to all Germany. He was then poor, and he at length discovered that the *cry* for liberty, in a country where all who were rich and in power looked upon innovations with, at least, distrust, was not only ineffectual in regard to the public, but unprofitable to himself. Gentz, like Frederick Schlegel, *changed*, or professed to have changed his religious ideas and his political opinions. He was undoubtedly a man of considerable abilities and great adroitness. He now advocated the cause of the Holy Alliance with as much dexterity and courage, as he formerly had written with fearless candour in the cause of independence.

He then entered the service of Austria in

the office of state chancery, where, it must be admitted, he was eminently useful, and where he remained until his death, when he was succeeded by Dr. Jarcke, also a man of ability, but with a head and heart not so pliantly moulded as that of his predecessor.

In the recent work of Dr. Gross-Hoffinger, the author, who is evidently writing with a view to be employed himself, and who, as evidently bears jealousy or hatred towards Jarcke, gives the following curious sketch of Gentz and his successor :

“ Prince Metternich suffered great and perhaps irreparable loss by the death of Baron Gentz. This able, thinking publicist, was the minister's true friend and indispensable adviser. His profound acquirements, and sagacious powers of observation, gave force to the voice of the cabinet. More justice would be done to his memory in Austria, if he had not been a stranger and a proselyte ; for his great talents entitled him to universal consideration. He has been misunderstood and misrepresented. I think I cannot better express the opinion of those who knew him well, than by saying that Gentz was a man of *necessity*, and that he recognised this principle as a mistress to whom

every thing must be sacrificed. As a man of strong mind and will, he overcame the prodigious difficulty of compressing, without entirely destroying, his own peculiar thoughts and feelings, within the iron mould of his public character. His strength was ever united to the strength of the machine, forwarding its work like the water of a mill, and perpetually labouring for his adopted system : yet, perhaps, he internally deplored the weaknesses and errors of men, and wept for those he struck. Even his adversaries produce many proofs of his generosity. Gentz showed, in this respect, a reflection of the beauty of the character of his *chief*—unhappily not otherwise complete. Gentz, with a thoroughly systematic mind, was totally ignorant of the nationality of Austrian character ; he misinterpreted its qualities ; and, high as he stood in European diplomacy, he did not possess the love of the Austrians, who always nourish their national prejudices.

“ I have been the more careful in trying my *objective glass* upon his character, as it furnishes me with a standard to judge of the qualities of Dr. Jarcke, who has been placed in the Staats Kanzley since the death of Gentz. * * *

“ Gentz was a child of his age, nourished at

her breasts, strong by her strength;—events were his teachers, and experience was his tutor; hence he worked with living organs, and found sympathy. Jarcke is a dogmatist of the middle ages, fed from infancy on old books and judicial dialectics;—a fanatical controversialist in religion;—in politics, the foundation of his creed is the principle, that *kingship is immediately given by God, and that a prince is an agent of the divinity*. Gentz would scarcely have thus expressed himself; he would not have asserted the *immediate* influence of this principle. To advance these maxims is to provoke contradiction; and whoever takes up this ground stands apart from his age. Gentz was practical, Jarcke is a theorician. Gentz defended a state, Jarcke an aphorism. Gentz was an astronomical clock, which showed the time with mathematical precision, while it also exhibited the hands of revolution overrunning the dial, and subverting the order of nature. The timepiece of Jarcke is more than a hundred years behind the age.”

Jarcke was, I believe, always a catholic, and formerly editor of the *Berliner Politische Wochen-blatt*, a politico-religious weekly paper.*

* The emperor of Russia, in June last, conferred the Polish order of St. Stanislaus on Dr. Jarcke, imperial

That men of talent should sell their principles to any government is to be deplored ;—that governments should avail themselves of the abilities of highly-gifted men, is far from being a subject of condemnation. The good or bad spirit and practice of governments, alone deserve our praise or our detestation. Wherever ability and talent are necessary for the service of the state, it is an error to believe that those gifts are not bought into practical service as readily by the government of Austria, as by those of Prussia and Russia. That the cabinets of those states should do so proves their judgment, and their determination to employ men capable of performing, with zeal and success, the duties allotted to them. In this way Russia, Austria, Prussia, and the United States of America, have been eminently served. No country can be well served by stupidity and inexperience.

It has been the misfortune of England to have had her affairs so inefficiently managed, that nothing but the industrious and adventurous energies, and moral and physical courage of the people could have hitherto saved us

Austrian counsellor ; and also on Herr Peliet, editor of the Austrian Beobachter (Observer). Such is one of the various means by which men are flattered by princes, either into silence or praise.

from ruin and degradation. The old system, however, must not continue to exist in regard to England. It certainly *will not*, unless the Tories return to power; for I have seen more than enough to convince me that the present ministry are alive to the circumstance of how ill the machinery of their predecessors, abroad as well as at home, has been framed to serve the true interests of the country. But it cannot be expected that any ministry, particularly an English ministry, hampered with a thousand conflicting interests, can either mend all the parts at once of an impotent system, or replace it immediately by a new one.

LETTER IV.

AUSTRIAN DIPLOMACY AT FOREIGN
COURTS.

THE foreign representation of Austria has always, in its individuality, had less than any other, except that of Prussia, the character of drawing-room diplomacy,—*diplomatie des salons*.

Instead of the usually insipid and useless garnishing of untaught secretaries, and exquisite attachés, the court of Vienna has, for a long time, taken care that each of her foreign embassies should form in itself a council, of which the ambassador may be considered the president, assisted by two men of business-experience, well acquainted, not only with the power, resources, policy, and interests of their own country, but with those of other nations.

Of the ministers representing Austria in foreign courts, there is none more honourable or more beloved than Prince Esterhazy. There is a frankness and warm-heartedness in his disposition which is remarkably agreeable. His return to Vienna from London is daily expected, as he may be considered now in England as on a visit of courtesy, to take leave of a country and people, to which and to whom he is ardently attached, rather than as on a diplomatic mission. On his return, it is believed that the emperor will bring him into the supreme council of state conference.

M. Hummelaur, the present first councillor of embassy in London, is a thinking man, of great experience, and extensive knowledge in all that regards the various interests of Europe. Prince Metternich has the utmost confidence in his sagacity and judgment; and M. Hummelaur fully deserves the trust.

The successor of Prince Esterhazy is supposed to be the Prince Alfred Schönburg-Hartenstein, now, and for some time past, minister at the court of Stuttgart. This prince is the second son of the late Otho, prince of Schönburg-Waldenbourg, and brother of the Prince Otho Victor, who, although mediatized

in his sovereignty, still holds extensive lordships in Waldenbourg and Lichtenstein, Glauhau, Penig, Remse, the abbatical lands of Lungwitz, the territories of Oelsnitz and Gauernitz, and the jurisdictions of Tirschheim, Muhlen, Ziegelheim, &c., all in Saxony,—Schwarzenbach and Furbau, in Bavaria, and Dobrischau and Tchernowitz, in Bohemia.

Prince Alfred, whom you will no doubt have as Austrian minister in England, possesses, by arrangement with his brother, the earldom and territory of Lower Hartenstein, the lordship of Stein, and the territory of Schocken, in Saxony, with the territories of Idolsburg and Hartenstein, in Austria. So that the new ambassador to England, though far less wealthy than Prince Esterhazy, is an opulent prince. He is about fifty years of age, and unmarried. In religion, a Lutheran; and considered an intelligent statesman.

At Paris, the Austrian cabinet is represented by the Count Apponyi, a Hungarian nobleman of great influence in his own country. He is also assisted by two councillors, although he is himself in every respect qualified to fill the high post intrusted to him. In Paris he lives in princely style; and the balls and soirées of the

Countess Apponyi, a lady of Verona by birth, have been long celebrated for their brilliancy.

Count Fiequelmont, a field officer, has, aided by able assistants, for the last eight years represented Austria at St. Petersburg.

Joseph, Earl of Trauttmansdorff-Weinburg, brother to the late prince of that house, is the Austrian minister at Berlin. He also has a council, the first member of which is Prince Felix Schwartzenberg.

In Turkey, Baron Von Stürmer, a man of well-practised ability, has succeeded Von Ottenfels; and in all the inferior diplomacies, the utmost care is taken by Prince Metternich that confidence is only placed in the hands of those upon whose fidelity and talent he can thoroughly depend.

The representation of Austria at the diet of the Germanic confederation, requiring the utmost vigilance, this post has been long confided to Baron, and for some time past, Count Münch-Bellinghausen. A quiet, but vigorous opposition to Austria and Prussia, having several years ago arisen in the diet, without its tendency being perceived either by the then Austrian minister, Count Buol Schauenstein, or by Count Von Goltz, the representative of

Prussia, the military commissioner-general, Langenau, the confidential friend of Prince Metternich, was the first to warn his master of the oppositional tendency.

The chief director of this opposition was the Wirtemberg minister, Baron Von Wagenheim, aided vigorously by Baron Von Borstett, of Baden.

Austria and Prussia determined, in consequence, to send more efficient representatives to the diet. Count Münch-Bellinghausen, who has remained in that post ever since, is a skilful man of business,—ready, laborious, sagacious, discreet, and especially adapted to preside over a deliberate assembly. Easy, and even elegant in his manners, he never irritates the feelings of those with whom he is associated; yet, when he pleases, no man can be more repulsive or haughty. From the time that Count Münch-Bellinghausen was councillor, and afterwards commandant of Prague, he has enjoyed the favour and confidence of the emperor, and of Prince Metternich. He deserves both. He represents the interests of his country with fidelity. Von Nagler, the then representative of Prussia, may be considered a still more remarkable man. He has been, in

every respect, the artificer of his own fortune: He is a native of Franconia (a country which has produced many gifted persons), with rather a prepossessing exterior, and obliging manner: he was much beloved when no higher in office than an assessor of revenue, at Baireuth. At that time the Prince Von Hardenberg visited Franconia, and took some notice of Nagler, chiefly in admiration of his systematic business habits. The latter followed Hardenberg to Berlin, and became the reporter to, and then the counsellor of the prince, in his office as minister for foreign affairs. The Queen of Prussia also noticed Nagler. On the death of Segebarth, he was advanced to his present important office of postmaster-general of the kingdom. He has always been a favourite with the royal family, and is now in the full confidence of the prince royal. Although his office of postmaster-general required his full attention at Berlin, he was considered the most fit person to represent Prussia at the diet. The trust reposed in him he has faithfully discharged. He is accused, and I believe with truth, of ingratitude to his benefactor, Hardenberg. He is undoubtedly, with some unamiable blemishes, a man of dexterous ability; but he

will never have as many personal friends as Count Münch-Bellinghausen.

The first representative of Prussia at the diet, General Von Schöler, assisted by the military commissioner, and the several efficient adjuncts, have certainly maintained, at least, an equality with Austria; and, considering the ascendancy acquired during the last five years, over the states of the confederation by Prussia, the latter must certainly be considered as having obtained advantages over the former. It has not, however, been in the diet that the court of Berlin has managed to extend her customs cordon over the states of the confederation, but by her diplomatic management and influence; first, in the small states of Hesse Cassel and Darmstadt,—then at Munich, Stuttgart, and Dresden,—then with the numerous small sovereignties of Thuringia,—and finally, with Frankfurt, Nassau, and Baden.

It is, therefore, a fallacy to say, that Austrian diplomacy has been less efficient than that of Prussia at the diet, although the former has certainly lost her former influence over north and central Germany.

In all the diplomatic affairs of the empire, whoever may be the men intrusted with its

representation, the principles and policy of Prince Metternich must be considered, generally and in detail, as governing the whole : and after examining, with at least industrious care, the foreign policy of Austria, I feel conscientiously bound to conclude, notwithstanding all Count Pozzo di Borgo may affirm to the contrary, that I have not been able to discover any measure discreditable to the extraordinary man who has, for so long a period, chiefly directed the councils of the imperial cabinet.

LETTER V.

FOREIGN DIPLOMACY AT VIENNA.

How efficiently or how feebly a foreign state is represented at any, and especially a great court, forms a subject of paramount consideration,—not however usually, nor very profoundly regarded by statesmen.

Considering the central position of Vienna, not only as the capital of a great empire, but as regards the relative interests of eastern and western Europe, either in their material, their moral, or their political aspects, it is evident that at no court, not even at that of St. Petersburg, is it more urgently necessary for a great nation to be ably represented.

In regard to England and Austria, a full and frank understanding between the governments

of each on all European, and even Asiatic subjects, must certainly be considered of the utmost importance. Although the forms of their respective governments differ so widely, the political and material interests of each are far more intimately connected than we are generally led to entertain. Not only on the part of the cabinet of Vienna, but in regard to the population, high and low, of the imperial states throughout, there exists a deeply-rooted impression of respect for England, and an especial desire to strengthen still further, by mutual interests, the bonds of friendly alliance.

However well or ill our country may be represented at other courts, there is no state in Europe who has at Vienna a minister of more sagacity, discretion and efficiency, than England has in her ambassador, Sir Frederick Lamb. Of all the diplomatic men with whom I have ever had the honour of being acquainted, Sir Frederick has the gift of more readily perceiving and comprehending the actual affairs of Europe, and every other subject submitted to his consideration. He is equally ready and sound in his discrimination of personal character and personal objects, as he is in observing and judging of the designs of governments. At

the same time, I believe no interest, no power on earth, would induce him to lend his countenance to crafty or dishonourable policy, whatever personal or national advantage might be gained from such ignoble (but hitherto, by many diplomatists, considered a fully justifiable), though jesuitical and Machiavelian, management.

Apart from his official character, Sir Frederick as a gentleman resembles, personally and in manners, his brother Lord Melbourne. In conversation and in society he is remarkably agreeable; and no minister or foreigner is more esteemed at Vienna.

I need not say that Russia is ably represented at this court. The embassy of that empire is indeed efficient. Count Tatischeff, the ambassador, is too well known to Europe as a diplomatist, for me to say any thing further of him, than that he is eminently qualified to fulfil, as far as they can be fulfilled, the instructions of Count Nesselrode, and to communicate to the cabinet of St. Petersburg all that transpires at Vienna, as well as every phase which the aspect of European affairs presents. Prince Gortschakof, the first councillor of the Russian embassy, has been for-

merely in England, and speaks our language, as well as German and French, fluently. Personally, he is a remarkably amiable man; and I must remark, that whatever be the designs of Russia, it is much to be lamented that in our public prints especially, as well as in the speeches of public men, invectives against Russia and her diplomacy should be indulged in so unscrupulously, and so often without foundation.

It is unworthy our dignity as a nation, to *brawl* against another great state. If Russia invades our territories, or attempts to interrupt our commerce in any part of the world, let us at once resist the one and prevent the other. That we have the power there is no doubt,—that we have the right to defend our territories, and to preserve the free accustomed channels of our trade cannot be disputed. These are the real principles of foreign policy, which England has to dispute the attempt at being infringed upon: these are the true interests which that powerful American nation has never unsuccessfully ceased to assert—sprung forth in infancy from the bosom of England, to acquire nourishment in a virgin soil, and now attained the vigour of manhood.

Austria has far more to apprehend from Russian aggression than England; and Prince Metternich assuredly watches all the movements of the cabinet and diplomacy of St. Petersburg with vigilance. He, however, maintains a most pacific understanding with that court, although he does not fail to observe that an alarming influence has been acquired over the Greek population of southern Europe by Russian agency; while M. Boutenieff has, at the same time, been to a great degree successful at Constantinople.

But when Prince Metternich looks again to England, and her power of securing an ascendancy in Greece, and then to the union of English and Austrian interests together, he is far too sagacious to apprehend serious danger to the imperial states from the power of Russia: that is, provided England and Austria understand each other properly, and stand by each other with fidelity, in affairs which concern their common interests.

Count de St. Aulaire, who looks far more like a German philosopher than a French diplomatist, is the ambassador of the Tuileries at this court. He is a grave old gentleman, with a snow-white head; intelligent and well bred,

but not very communicative. He may have found his position somewhat uneasy at this court while Charles X. and his family have been wandering over the Austrian territories; and while many of the chief Carlists of France have been visiting this capital; and, more than all, during the sudden changes in the ministry of Louis-Philippe. Count de St. Aulaire, however, has a temperament moulded for these circumstances. He never will reveal his feelings or his ideas, without calculation. His lady has much of what is termed the *spirituel*, and forms, certainly, a most agreeable accession to the diplomatic circle.

The Prussian minister, Ludwig Mortimer Graf, or Earl Maltzan, is as perfect a representative of Frederick William as he could have found to send to a court,—a vigorous rivalry to which that of Berlin has attained. The Prussian minister is as grave and discreet as his sovereign: he is also a man of business, and without any pretensions, well acquainted with the affairs of Europe. He is a married man, and his lady also graces the diplomatic parties. His chief assistant is Count Bernstorff, son of the late minister for foreign affairs.

Bavaria, Würtemberg, Saxony, Baden, Brunswick, Hesse-Ducal, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, and most of the smaller German states have ministers here to represent their interests. Some of the smaller states have only one representative in common. Holland has diligent agents, in the minister Baron Von Mollerus, and in his counsellor Suermondt-Persoons. The Italian states have each a minister at Vienna, but, unless it be the pope's nuncio, Prince Alteri, and Count de Sambuy, the Sardinian minister, they are not, in their diplomatic character, of any importance; for all Italy, from the Alps to Calabria, may be considered as under the supreme rule of Austria.

Belgium has a minister here, but his voice is seldom heard: and Greece is unrepresented; for Mavrocordato, nominally minister for Vienna and Munich jointly, always lives at the latter court.

Spain has still a diplomatic establishment at this court. Portugal and Brazil have no representatives here at present: nor have the states of South America sent envoys to represent them. The United States of America, have merely a consul-general.

Count Lowenhjelm is minister for Sweden,

jointly at Vienna and Munich, having, however, always a chargé at both courts: Baron Lowenstern has been some time at Vienna, as minister from Denmark. The Swiss confederacy have also a representative at Vienna. So has Cracow.

The present Turkish ambassador, Achmed-Feti-Pasha (*ferik*, or general of division), is a remarkably handsome man, although rather inclined to corpulency. He has taken a palace of Prince Esterhazy's, and livès in splendour. He is always attended by his first secretary, or aide-de-camp, Maurogini, and by his dragoman, a little clever German; and, I believe, never accepts invitations, unless accompanied by all the attachés to his embassy. He is treated with great deference by Prince Metternich, and regarded with much respect by the diplomatic corps. What his abilities may be I know not. He has a fine expressive countenance, and eyes that flash oriental fire. He delights in society, and is daily seen driving out in his carriage. I have met him at dinner. He sat on the right of Princess Metternich, while the pope's nuncio sat on the left; so that her highness occupied a position between the representatives of the pope and Mahomet.

He conforms in eating, drinking, and manners, easily and gracefully to our European customs ; and has lately given a splendid fête, which will afford materials for at least a week's gossip, and, no doubt, a subject to fill up the despatch of some correspondent of the London newspapers.

LETTER VI.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT CONGRESS.

THE congress in 1814, of which the Prince de Ligne said, "*Le congrès danse et ne marche pas*," is still drawn upon in Viennese society, as the most abundant source of anecdotic stock.

Among the recollections of the past, it will certainly long continue an epoch to which grandmothers and great-grandmothers will direct the attention of the young, and rely upon for materials, when ordinary subjects of conversation are not forthcoming.

It was the most important, and certainly the most brilliant assemblage that ever met in Europe; but how far its deliberations were marked with justice and wisdom, is a far different consideration, and the experience of

more than twenty years brings us to conclusions quite as much at variance with those entertained at that period.

The Abbé de Pradt, in his celebrated work on the proceedings of this meeting, says, "Enfin l'heure sonne, et des plaisirs, interprètes aussi sincères que gages éclatans des dispositions mutuelles les plus bienveillantes, introduisent gaiement les arbitres des destinées de l'Europe dans le sanctuaire où elles vont étre décidées.—Le congrès est ouvert."

Pleasures gaily introducing the arbitrators of European destiny to the sanctuary of political deliberation, was no fiction at the congress. But that gaiety, that brilliancy, and those pleasures, were contrived more for political ends, than for the apparent purpose of rendering Vienna, for the time, the most attractive and agreeable capital in Europe.

On this memorable occasion, neither the Emperor Francis, nor his minister, Metternich, allowed the splendour, which the assemblage of crowned heads, and of the most distinguished men in Europe, imparted to Vienna, to dazzle their sagacity, or to pervert their views. There were others, unfortunately for England, whose heads were more liable to giddiness.

The states of Europe were represented in the persons of their sovereigns and ministers, and in those of many of the most celebrated, with a multitude of the most stupid men of rank from all countries.

Balls, masquerades, plays, feasts, a grand tournament, military festivals, and hunting, would seem to have been the business which attracted this multitude to the capital of Austria; and to judge of many persons, among whom Lord Castlereagh was the most prominent, it might be said, "they made no good progress but in the dance." In the mazes of this dance, the representative of England not only handed over Java, as partner, to Holland, but forgot his other solemn duties amidst the gay fascinations and flattering attentions which made his head giddy.

Among the sovereigns, the Emperor Alexander was the prince of monarchs. His conversation was sorcery among the ladies, and his affability and manners were all-subduing with the men. His simplicity, and his dislike to parade, astonished, and held forth an example to all. He seldom rode in a carriage, and walked daily on the ramparts, usually with Prince Eugène Beauharnois, who, were it not

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for Alexander, and Max-Joseph of Bavaria, would have been excluded as a *parvenu*. Without holding official dignity, the acknowledged representative of chivalric heroism, was the gallant Sir Sydney Smith. His narratives and anecdotes absolutely turned the heads of ladies, old and young, many of whom still recur to the exploits narrated by the hero of *St. Jean d'Acre*.*

The King of Prussia seldom relaxed from the gravity natural to that prince; and his minister, Von Humboldt, proved, by the success of his diplomacy, how much more necessary it is for princes and governments to intrust their affairs to men to whom nature hath bequeathed the first order of perceptive and thinking intellects,

* Sir Sydney Smith was, in one point of view, also a delegate at the congress. He wished to engage the sovereigns in a sort of crusade against Algiers and Tunis, to crush for ever white slavery in those states; and it would have been but justice to have given the command, afterwards intrusted to Lord Exmouth, to the at least more chivalrous Sir Sydney Smith. Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, also commissioned the gallant admiral to present his declarations relative to his claims. This confidence was in consequence of Sir Sydney having, after the glorious victory of 1791, been invested with the grand cross of the order of the sword of Sweden, he being at that time an officer in the Swedish navy.

than to those who possess by accident, or the gift of kings, the highest orders of blazoned rank. Alexander's minister, Pozzo di Borgo, was another instance of a plebeian exalting himself to the most important confidence, and proved that time and experience have enabled us to judge of results. It is evident to all, that the powers which gained the advantage at this political *sanhedrim*, were those whose work was done by men who understood their business.

Russia gained an enormous addition to her previously monstrous dominions. *Prussia*, considering her position, may, however, be said to have gained more than any other power. Whether this, as many assert, was the design of Russia or not, the accession made by Prussia was the first gradation to the decline of Austrian influence in the affairs of Germany. The loss of the Flemish and Rhenish countries, without any regard to justice, was, however, more than made up to Austria by the more valuable Italian territories immediately adjoining her frontier.

France was now in a humiliated posture; Russia, Prussia, and Austria, were all combined to weaken her power. The Rhine, even after the battle of Leipzig, was offered to Napoleon

as the boundary of France. But, to weaken France, Holland was attempted to be made strong by the addition of Belgium, and Prussia extended to the old French frontiers by the possession of the ci-devant Austrian country west of the Rhine.

France gained nothing at this congress except from Great Britain, who ceded back the French West Indian and some other colonies. The greatest blunder of all was giving up to France the west coast of Newfoundland, to the exclusion of British (not American*) fishermen. Knowing, as we do, the bewildered state of Lord Castlereagh's judgment, and Lord Stew-

* When the American fishing-vessels appeared afterwards on the west coast of Newfoundland, the French commandant ordered them off, saying, "We have, from the British, received the exclusive right of fishing on the west, and extreme north coast of Newfoundland." "That may be, but we will not acknowledge the right of the British to deprive us of the privilege which they had previously secured to us." The United States' government immediately sent two ships of war to the west coast of Newfoundland, where they soon established their fishermen, whom the French have never since attempted to disturb. But the British are not allowed to approach that part (about 300 miles of the coast from Cape Ray west, to Cape John on the north-east), which, before 1815, they called the "fishing-garden of Newfoundland." So much for diplomacy.

art's utter inefficiency, it is almost a matter of surprise that they did not give back Quebec and Louisbourg to the French, who had fully as equitable a right to those possessions as the Dutch had to Java.

The sovereign who gained nothing, but who lost much, was the King of Denmark: He was the third in age, and the most witty of the six monarchs.* There was a general prejudice against him at first:—his lively and agreeable manners removed this personal dislike; but when, on his departure, after Norway was given to Sweden, and without having gained an additional subject, Alexander intending to compliment him, said, "Sire, you take all hearts away with you."—"Hearts, possibly," replied Frederick, "but certainly not one soul."

Of the monarchs present and absent, there were some whose positions were important in regard

* The six sovereigns at the congress were born as follows:—The King of Wirtemberg, born in 1754; Max Joseph of Bavaria, 1756; King of Denmark, in 1768; Emperor of Austria, 1768; King of Prussia, 1770; and Alexander of Russia, 1777. The Kings of Denmark and Prussia only are now living. The last twenty years has made destructive havoc among sovereign heads and statesmen,—three-fourths, at least, of a generation among them are dead!

to the questionable legitimacy of their rank and power. One of these, John Charles Bernadotte, was king by the grace of the people. Four, the sovereigns of Saxony, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and Naples, were kings by the grace of Bonaparte. In order to give the utmost power to Prussia, it was resolved by Alexander to annihilate the title of the Saxon king. Talleyrand protested against this injustice, and Metternich was resolutely opposed to it, from its injustice, and from its adding to a growing rival power. On this occasion, it is but justice to Castlereagh to say, that he was so far open to the reasoning of the Austrian and French statesmen, that the more flattering persuasion of Alexander, Pozzo di Borgo, and Nesselrode, was unsuccessful.*

The Kings of Bavaria and Wirtemberg were princes by descent; and their marriage connexions secured them sufficiently to be now declared kings by the grace of God. As for

* A secret treaty (afterwards discovered during the hundred days, and sent by Napoleon to Alexander) was entered into, to guarantee the sovereignty of Saxony as reduced. It was signed in February 1815, by England, Austria, and France.

Murat, although his ingratitude* to Napoleon and assistance to Austria gave him some claim, yet, as no sovereign blood danced through his veins, and as he had no marriage alliance, except with the family of the powerless King of Elba,† it was tacitly determined that he should give place to legitimate rights.

The nationality of Poland formed one, if not the most intricate, of the questions discussed at this congress. The cause of the Poles had been sympathized with by the world, as the cause of humanity. In the British parliament, the freedom of Poland was urged with force and feeling, especially by Wilberforce, Macintosh, and Whitbread; and Lord Castlereagh was made fully acquainted with public opinion in England. With that nobleman, however, the flattery of Alexander had, unfortunately for

* Early in 1814, he attempted to seduce Prince Eugene Beauharnois, and proposed that he should abandon France, and unite their forces to those of the Austrian general, Bellegarde. The high-minded Eugene, disgusted at the proposal, said, "never would he betray a benefactor." Murat, forgetting his origin and the gratitude due to Napoleon, signed without scruple an armistice with Austria.

† The Prince de Ligne used at the congress, whenever Napoleon was alluded to, to call him Robinson Crusoe.

the Poles, for England, and for Europe, far more influence than the desires of the country whom he *mis*-represented. That he bitterly repented of his folly afterwards I am perfectly convinced, and I only allude to his criminal blunders as a statesman; for, personally, there existed few more amiable men.

The adjustment of the Polish question formed a subject of extremely delicate management on the part of Russia and Austria. On the infamous portioning of that ancient kingdom, it is well known that the emperor of Austria had the section of Poland allotted to his share forced upon, rather than its having been sought by him. Had he not accepted Polish Galicia, Russia would have possessed it, and would have, with more extended territory, advanced much nearer Vienna. When Napoleon raised the archduchy of Warsaw to a state independent of Russia, it formed a separation between the latter and the Austrian dominions, while at the same time, the ancient spirit of Polish nationality, which was in no degree extinguished in Galicia, brightened up with the ardour of hope, in witnessing a partial restoration of Poland by Napoleon.

The heroism of the Poles, who filled the

ranks of the French armies, was fully appreciated by that conqueror; and the heart of the whole nation beat in unison with the temporary independence established at Warsaw. This independence, such as it was, fell with Napoleon; and soon after, Alexander led Europe to believe, that he would re-establish Poland on a far more free and magnificent basis.

When that monarch was in Paris, in April, 1814, he received a letter from the immortal Kosciusko, who had for a long time been living in obscurity at Berville.* Alexander's fair promises, and familiar manners, had fascinated all who approached him; and those who approached him at that time, actually believed the Czar

* The Cossacks, in their course of plunder, came upon the rustic habitation of Kosciusko. The horde brandished their spears over the veteran's head, and persisted in plundering his cottage, when he endeavoured to convince them of the injustice and barbarity of their unmilitary conduct. Finding his remonstrances ineffectual, he bared his bosom, showed his wounds, and exclaimed, "soldiers, respect the asylum of a soldier, or dishonour your profession!"—"Who art thou," demanded the Cossack leader, "who speak our tongue, and dare thus address us?"—"I am Kosciusko!" The leader and his followers fell at his feet, and craved forgiveness. Platoff, on hearing this, ordered a guard of honour to be stationed at the humble residence of the Polish patriot.

of all the Russias the most liberal man in Europe. It was much in this spirit that Kosciusko addressed him:—"Sire," wrote the Polish hero, "if from my obscure retreat I may dare to address my prayers to a great monarch, a great captain, and above all, a protector of humanity, it is because your generosity and magnanimity are well known to me. I demand, therefore, of your majesty three acts of grace; the first, to accord a general amnesty to all Poles without exception, and that the peasants dispersed in foreign lands shall be considered free when they return to their native hearths; the second, that your majesty will proclaim yourself king of Poland, with a liberal constitution, approaching that of England; that public schools for instructing the peasantry be established and maintained at the expense of the government,—that servitude be entirely abolished in ten years, at which period every peasant is to possess the land which they actually cultivate.

"If my prayers are granted, I will immediately repair, though in ill health, and present myself at the feet of your majesty, to be the first to render you homage as the sovereign of my country.

"My third prayer, Sire, although individual,

greatly interests my heart and my sensibility. I have, for fourteen years, inhabited the house of my respectable friend Zeltner,* a Swiss by nation, and formerly ambassador of his country in France. I owe him a thousand obligations; but we are both poor, and he has a numerous family. I claim for him an honourable place, either under the new French government, or in Poland. His capacity is great, and I will answer for his fidelity under every circumstance."

How excellent the heart,—how noble the patriot that could, in the integrity of both, dictate such a letter. Alexander did not reply to it until the 3d of May following, the anniversary of the day on which, in 1791, the Poles momentarily established the celebrated consti-

* Alexander does not appear to have done any thing for Zeltner; and when Kosciusko visited Vienna to meet Alexander, in order to advocate the cause of Poland, the latter had left. Kosciusko, however, met the emperor at Branaú, where the latter gave the most ample assurances to the former. Kosciusko went on to Vienna, but retired with his old friend Zeltner, to Soleure, where he died on the 15th of October, 1817. The last honours were paid to his remains on the 31st of the same month, in the church of St. Roch, Paris, all celebrated men of the French capital attending his funeral.

tution of that year. This was political coquetry, in replying to the veteran of Poland on that day. His object was to gain the heart of Kosciusko more effectually.—

“I experience great satisfaction, general,” said Alexander, “in replying to your letter. Your most ardent wishes will be accomplished. With the aid of the Almighty God, I hope to realize the regeneration of the brave and respectable nation to which you appertain. I have taken the solemn engagement to do so; and at all times her wellbeing has occupied my thoughts.

“Political circumstances alone have prevented the execution of my designs. Those obstacles no longer exist. Two years of terrible but glorious warfare have destroyed them. In a little time, with wise measures, the Poles will recover their country and their name; and I shall have the enjoyment to convince them, that, forgetting the past, he whom they believed their enemy, will realize their utmost wishes. How satisfactory will it be for me, general, to have you for my aid in these salutary labours! Your name, your character, your talents, shall be my best sup-

ports.—Receive, general, the assurance of my esteem.

“ALEXANDER.”

What a delightful letter, if he who wrote were sincere in his expressions! How was it possible to doubt Alexander? all considered him the most noble and liberal of monarchs. It was in this spirit that all, except, I believe, the sagacious Metternich, and the timorous Francis, viewed the Czar at the congress of Vienna.

The nationality of Poland, confined in its restitution to about four millions of inhabitants, must, as Prince Metternich well knew, animate the remaining millions of Poles in Galicia, and the partitions given to Prussia, and retained by Russia, with the general spirit of re-asserting their liberty. Yet that statesman saw, on the other hand, that it was much safer to raise up the Poles between Austria and Russia, than to allow the frontiers of the latter to join those of the former. Metternich would have also opposed the incorporation of Posen and Bromberg, as much as Alexander indirectly did, with Prussia, but the former did not consider it wise to contend the point. A consti-

tution was at length accorded by the treaty to a portion of Poland as a kingdom, and to the district of Cracow as a *national republic*.* It would have been far wiser, as events have since proved, to have added Cracow to the kingdom.

There is no doubt, from the facts that afterwards transpired, that the secret ambition of Alexander was to have put himself not only at the head of the whole Slavonic population of Russia, and all ancient Poland, including the partitions given to Prussia and Austria, but also of the Slavonian population of Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, and of the south-eastern territories of Austria, bordering upon Turkey. In fact, to have crushed the magnitude of Austria, in respect to territory and population, as a first-rate power in Europe; while Prussia, with the same design, as well as in compensation for Posen and Bromberg, was to be extended and elevated by having the whole of Saxony, and a much greater extent of the small German states than was finally given her by the treaty of Vienna.

The appearance of the Duke of Wellington,

* The alleged reason for creating this republic was that none of the three powers would consent to the other becoming possessed of Cracow.

however, at Vienna,—the firmness of Metternich,—the address of Talleyrand,—and the danger of advancing so ambitious a design, prevented its being openly declared by Alexander as he premeditated, soon after his departure from Vienna, where he left his faithful agents to attend to the interests of his empire, and to further his personal views. No man was served with more fidelity. As for himself, time, and the congress of Carlsbad, have proved that all his fascinating promises were merely temporary opiates, to assuage momentarily the anguish of a despotic malady. It is fully evident that he never intended nationality and constitutional liberty for Poland, independently of Russia, notwithstanding his promise to Kosciusko, and also to the numerous Polish families of distinction assembled at Vienna, and who at that time formed the most delightful accession to the congregated society.

The territorial *status quo* of Europe, as definitively arranged amidst all the dancing, carousals, fêtes, intrigues, ambitious designs, and jealousies, which formed the accompaniments of this festival of monarchs, politicians, courtiers, and pleasure and curiosity seekers, might certainly have been far more justly

defined, had the rights of individuals, and the national feelings of populations, instead of the power or weakness of princes, been the rule for distributing territories and human beings.

Sweden was greatly weakened to add European territory to Russia, but left stronger by the admitted annexation of Norway. Denmark was confined within her most narrow limits. All Belgium was forced into an unwilling junction with Holland. Had the provinces only, in which the inhabitants spoke Flemish, been added, the revolution of Brussels would not likely have occurred. It would perhaps also at the same time, have been politic to have added the portion of Belgium, in which the people spoke the French language, to France; and to have restored all the German territory between the Vosges and the Rhine to Germany. But the wishes of the people should have, in all cases, been consulted.

That Austria should have compensation for her western territories was but just; but whether that justice should be done by annexing to the empire nearly the whole of northern Italy, is a far different question.

The spirit of the treaty of Vienna, plainly indicates as a basis for the several states of

Europe, a representative constitutional form of government. How far the Holy Alliance, and the determinations entered into at the congress of Carlsbad, have contrived to evade this principle, is too well known to all who are in any way acquainted with the present state of Germany.

While Metternich, Talleyrand, the representatives of Alexander, Castlereagh, and other representatives of greater or smaller states, were contending, some feebly, some with vigorous address, for respective interests, gaiety and pleasure shed brilliant allurements over Vienna.

The Prince de Ligne said more than once during the carousals, "All varieties of entertainments have been given, to delight and honour our illustrious visitors;—to relieve the monotony of delight, it is only necessary to have the pomp of a field-marshal's funeral."* The

* Sir Sydney Smith, who was intimate with the prince, has since told me more than once, that the good-humoured manner in which the Prince de Ligne used to repeat the above saying before his death was so remarkable, that all considered him speaking in jest: but the prince himself had a presentiment that the hour of his departure was near at hand, and during his last few days, he said, "Nature has courteously ordered that we must, after a

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prince's own obsequies soon after supplied this pompous ceremony; but the ball and the carousal continued uninterrupted,—the winter and the carnival came on.

Among the most brilliant parties were those of the Princess Bragation. Here were to be found, besides the sovereigns, foreigners, and first Viennese families generally, the Emperor Alexander, and his numerous suite of princes, generals, statesmen, and chamberlains; the Czartoriskys, the Lubomirskis, Novosiloff's, the Nesselrodes, the Courlands, Scheremetoff's, Kinskys, the Wollonskys, Potockis, Sapieghis, Kasloffskys, Suwarroffs, Woinas, the Oldenbergs, and countless Poles.

At the residence of Princess Bragation, sovereigns were seen engaged in drawing lotteries for costly articles, as presents to ladies, or trifling in amusements such as entertained children in the days of Louis XIV. At the same time, Capo D'Istria and Prince Ipsilanti were animated in *tête-à-tête* conversations, to assert the independence of Greece. In this way also did Alexander continue to sow some of

time, give up the place we occupy in this scene, to make room for those who are about to enter. To part from those we love is, however, a painful and difficult struggle."

the seed, that afterwards grew up to trouble Turkey.

The evening parties of the Countess Fuchs collected generally those whose delight was chiefly the pleasure of animated conversation.

The Princess Helena's breakfasts were the most celebrated,—the Countess Zichy's parties the most piquant,—especially when it was determined to make Lord S—— the subject of delusions, which he had not the acuteness to perceive.

At the masked balls given at the *Apollo Saal*, the sovereigns enjoyed themselves supremely. Under the shade of *incognito*, they traversed from the ball-rooms to the groups engaged in the scrutiny of masks, and to the billiard-rooms; and although soon discovered, they preserved the glorious privilege of being freed from the annoyance of ceremony.

As a relief from the gaiety of the previous evening, those illustrious personages might, perhaps, be seen next day descending to the *mehl-grub* of the Capucins, to contemplate the tombs of the house of Hapsburg. Soon after, they might be found sauntering in the museums, or in Saxe-Teschen's picture-gallery, or as probably lounging at the shops.

Prince Talleyrand gave splendid dinners, and he hesitated not to say that he had long considered Napoleon as "*hors de l'humanité.*" His niece, the Princess de Perigord (Duchess de Dino), did the honours to admiration. Pozzo di Borgo and the Duke de Richelieu, usually dined at Talleyrand's, with whom was associated, as delegates to the congress, the Duke Dalberg, and Count de Noailles.

Talleyrand, however, so far opposed the views of Alexander, that the latter never forgave him; and it is well known, that so anxious was the Emperor of Russia to remove Talleyrand from the councils of Louis XVIII., that it was secretly proposed to forego four millions sterling of the indemnity claimed by Russia, if Talleyrand were supplanted by the appointment of Richelieu, Alexander's long-trying and faithful servant. Lord and Lady Castlereagh were not less munificent in their dinner and evening parties; and no man made himself personally more agreeable at Vienna. Her ladyship assumed a character of supreme costliness in her dress and entertainments; and her appearing at the grand tournament, wearing, by way of diadem in her head-dress, her husband's order of the garter, set in rich

brilliant, seemed a conceit to rival the splendid hussar uniform,* in which appeared at the same time the late Prince Nicholas Esterhazy.

The Duke of Wellington, while he remained, was one of the least ostentatious men at the congress. He associated with the grandees of all nations, and might be seen with emperors, princes, and ambassadors, as an unconcerned spectator.

At length the congress broke up; Napoleon again alarmed the peace of Europe, and all flew off as fast as postilions and horses could drive and drag them, from Vienna, where recollections of the *great congress* are as vividly fresh, as if all the sovereigns, politicians, and *élite* of Europe, had only a *few* months ago animated the capital of the Austrian empire.

* Valued at four millions of florins, or £400,000 sterling, and richly worked with pearls and precious stones.

LETTER VII.

THE LIECHTENSTEIN FAMILY.

YOU ask me for personal sketches, but the great families of this empire are too numerous to say much of them, further than to illustrate the state of manners and society. Except it be the family of Esterhazy,* of whom I have the honour of knowing far more, the Liechtensteins rank the first at Vienna. His palace in the city is also the most magnificent, but it has been for some years occupied by the Russian Ambassador M. Tatichoff. The prince, however, who is far advanced in age, being seventy-

* The sister of Prince Liechtenstein is the dowager Princess Esterhazy, and mother of the present Prince Esterhazy. The great families of the empire almost invariably marry in no rank the least beneath their own.

seven, and also the father of, I think, eleven children all living, is about to resume his residence in his principal palace; and M. Tatichoff, at present absent at St. Petersburg, is to occupy another palace of Prince Liechtenstein, in the Herren-gasse.

This family, the head of which, until very lately, possessed the sovereignty of Liechtenstein, purchased last year by Prussia, hold vast landed possessions, and have been long remarkable for the sumptuous style in which their establishment has been maintained. They do not at present seem to display that magnificence, but the great age of the prince may be the cause.

Dr. Moore observes, during his visit, "I returned very lately from Prince Liechtenstein's house at Felberg, in Austria. This prince, besides his lands in Austria, has considerable estates in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia. Like Prince Esterhazy, he has body guards of his own. Feldberg is a fine old mansion, forty miles from Vienna. The apartments are large, convenient, and furnished in the magnificent style which prevails in the noblemen's houses of this country. The company consisted of the prince and princess, the Count

Degenfeldt and his lady, a very accomplished woman; the Duke of Hamilton, M. Milnes, another English gentlemen, and myself. Our entertainment was in every respect splendid, particularly in the article of attendants. Some of the Austrian nobility carry this point of magnificence to a height which would scarcely be supported in England, where one footman is more expensive than four in this country.

The day after our arrival, breakfast was served up to the company separately in their own apartments, as is the custom here. We afterwards set out for another villa of the prince, at six miles distance, where he intended to give the duke the amusement of hunting. The princess, the countess, the duke and Mr. Milnes, were in one coach, the prince, the count, and I, in another; the two princes, with their governor, and the young English gentleman, in a third, with a great retinue on horseback.

As the day was well advanced when we arrived, I imagined the hunting would begin immediately: but every thing is done with method and good order in this country, and it was judged proper to dine first. This, in due time being concluded, I thought the men would have proceeded directly to the scene of

action, leaving the ladies till their return. But here I found myself again mistaken : the ladies were to assist in the whole of this expedition. But as there was a necessity to traverse a large wood into which coaches could not enter, vehicles of a commodious description were prepared. I forget what names are given to these carriages. They are of the form of benches, with stuffed seats, upon which six or eight people may place themselves, one behind the other. They are drawn by four horses, and slide over the ground like a sledge, passing along paths and trackless ways over which no wheel carriage could be driven.

After being conveyed in this manner across the wood and a considerable way beyond it, we came to a large, open field, in which there were several little circular enclosures of trees and underwood at wide intervals from each other. This hunting had hitherto been attended with very little fatigue ; for we had been carried the whole way in coaches, or in sledges, which are still easier than any coach. In short, we had been perfectly passive since breakfast, except during the time of dinner.

When we arrived at this large plain, I was informed that the hunting would commence

within a very short time. I then expected we should have some very violent exercise after so much inactivity, and began to fear that the ladies might be over-fatigued, when, lo! the prince's servants began to arrange some portable chairs at a small distance from one of the thickets above mentioned.

The princess, countess, and the rest of the company took their places; and when every body was seated, they assured me that the hunting was just going to begin.

I own my curiosity was now excited to a very considerable degree, and I was filled with impatience to see the issue of a hunting which had been conducted in a style so different from any idea I had of that diversion. While I sat lost in conjecture, I perceived at a great distance, a long line of people moving towards a little wood, near which the company were seated. As they walked along they gradually formed the segment of a circle, whose centre was this wood. I understood that these were peasants, with their wives and children, who, walking forward in this manner, rouse the game, which naturally take shelter in the thicket of trees and bushes. As soon as this happened, the peasants rushed in at the side

opposite to that where our company had taken post, beat out the game, and then the massacre began.

Each person was provided with a fusil, and many more were at hand loaded for immediate use. The servants were employed charging them as fast as the pieces were fired off; so that an uninterrupted shooting was kept up as long as the game continued flying or running out of the wood. The prince hardly ever missed, and killed above thirty partridges, a few pheasants, and three hares.

At the beginning of the scene, a servant handed a fusil to the princess, who with great coolness, and without rising from her seat, took aim at a partridge, which immediately fell to the ground. With the same ease she killed ten or twelve partridges and pheasants at about double the number of shot. The company afterwards walked to other enclosures of planting, where some game was driven out and killed as before.

The following day, the prince conducted us to another of his seats, where there is a very fine open wood full of deer of every kind; some of them the largest I ever saw. There is also a great number of wild boars, one of

which, by the prince's permission, the Duke of Hamilton killed.

Nothing could surpass the politeness and magnificence with which the company was entertained during the whole of their stay. The princess is a woman of an amiable character and a good understanding; educates her children and manages her affairs with the utmost prudence and propriety.

So slowly do national manners change, that immediately after the middle of September you may still witness hunting exactly in the same way at Feeberg and many other of the country seats of the chief nobility. Bolder hunting, in which ladies take but little part, is however not uncommon, although the unfatiguing sport described, which was no doubt planned by the hardy Germans in their practical respect for the ladies, is still prevalent. I have lately been very much amused with various descriptions of hunting and coursing, related by Prince Trauttmunsdorff, who is one of the principal amateurs of this country in field sports. If you ever visit the imperial dominions, a respectable introduction will always ensure you, during the season, hospitality and sport at the country seats of the nobility; and

in no part will you receive "highland welcome," in regard to your stay, more heartily than in Hungary.

In fact, the *chase* in the Austrian dominions, would form an excellent subject for a book; and it is almost a matter of regret that Charles the Tenth, who has spent half his life in shooting, not his enemies, but pheasants, partridges, woodcocks, hares, deer, and wild boars, should have left the world without writing his experience as a sportsman.

LETTER VIII.

EXCURSION FROM PESTH TO CROATIA, AND THROUGH HUNGARY TO OEDENBURG.

IN a former letter I have alluded to our having returned from Pesth to Vienna by land, in order to form some acquaintance with the interior of Hungary, not within the beaten route of travellers. Instead of hiring regular post horses, especially as we had left our carriage at Vienna, we engaged an honest Hungarian, who spoke a little German, and his two sleek black Hungarian horses, with a small strong calashe, at so much per day, while we should require him. He even agreed that if we chose, when his horses became so fatigued as not to proceed as rapidly as we thought proper, that we might hire *Bauer* post-horses; that is, post-horses

supplied from distance to distance by the peasants, and that he would follow us with his own horses as soon as they were refreshed to where we might put up at night, to proceed with us next day, or if he did not overtake us, to Vienna, in order to bring back his carriage, and receive the amount we agreed to allow him. This arrangement turned out very conveniently.

Notwithstanding the generally unimproved state of the country, and the bad roads, I do not know any part of continental Europe, unless it be occasionally in Italy, where the obstacles of mere travelling are got more rapidly over than in Hungary. For the first fifty, we travelled at the rate of eight English miles an hour, without halting except when I stopped to have some talk, through our driver as dragoman, with the shepherds, and once to bait the same horses at Stuhlweissenberg. As to accommodations on the roads, especially as to inns and beds, we found them in as rude a condition as if the people had never seen or expected travellers. In fact, except those of their own country, and I may say, that on the road we travelled, they very seldom do, we were, perhaps, the first British subjects they had ever beheld, and I believe we might have freely lived

on the hospitality of the people over the whole circuitous and extensive route from Pesth east of the *Bakonyer wald*, a wooded mountainous country, resembling the black forest, and of the Platten See, a magnificent lake, until we reached the Drau or Drave, where that romantic river divides Hungary from Croatia,—and until we reached Warasdin, the second town of the latter country, where we found tolerable accommodation, but where, however, the *make-shift* appeared to have been the only system ever known.

From Warasdin we engaged the *Bauer Post*, and travelled rapidly north, except when I wished to stop in order to examine some diversity in agriculture or in pasturage, until we arrived at Oedenburg, close to the New Siedlersee. The natural fertility and beauty,—the mountain and sylvan scenery,—the lakes,—the rivers, of the extensive region that we traversed, would render it one of the most valuable as well as the most delightful in Europe, were its vast resources only properly developed by the ingenuity and industry of man. Even now, under the most slovenly cultivation, corn, green vegetables, flax, hemp, tobacco, wine, honey, wax, madder, various fruits, are yielded in

tolerable abundance; so might also olive oil, for in the southern parts of the country the olive would thrive with very little care. The mulberry is particularly adapted to the soil and climate, and its cultivation and the rearing of silkworms are attended to with success in a few places, by some Saxon inhabitants. Then the mineral wealth,—the mines of Schemnitz and Kremnitz,—the salt mines and salt lakes,—the valuable forests of timber, and the eminent advantages of water navigation which the extensive distribution of rivers, spread in all directions over the interior, and which might be generally unlocked by very short cuts of canalization.

When we travelled over Hungary it was during a delightful season; although I have so long delayed sending you, as I now do, a bare sketch of one of the most interesting excursions that I have ever made. You, who are accustomed, when absent during summer or autumn from London, to all luxurious comforts and conveniences at your immediate command, would, however, not have considered our wanderings so agreeable. I am much mistaken, if you would not have been woefully out of patience while waiting an hour or two for a simple meal,

and as little satisfied in being obliged to sleep all night in your carriage, on arriving at places where you were by no possibility expected to be seen. The best in the village would certainly be at your service; at the same time you would rather decline beds, the cleanliness of which you were not convinced of. This happened to us more than once. But I was more entertained than otherwise, as it gave me an opportunity of knowing more of the country and of the people, and of exhibiting to me how little advantage all the rich benefits of nature are unless brought into use by the enterprise, intelligence, and labour of man. I could not help comparing the comfortless accommodations, the wretched state of the roads, the want of conveniences in this, perhaps the richest country in Europe, and the condition of Holland, in every province of which I have never failed to find excellent lodgings, and the luxuries of the table,—although all Holland was naturally composed of turf bogs and sandbanks, without a tree to build a ship, a stone to build a house, or a single mineral with which to make the most common implement.

It was our intention at first to have crossed the Rekau-Giberge ridge of the Car-

quadrants, at the foot of which we passed to Agram and Karlstadt, and thence through Illyria to Laybach, and by Grätz through Illyria to Vienna, but further interest in Hungary led me to prefer the route by Tschakathurm, Körnend, Stein-a-manger, and Oedenburg.

In this wild route we might it was told us, be stopped by some of the daring detached bands of Schubri, but as we carried little money, and nothing else of much value, we entertained no fear of being robbed.

I have, in a former letter, given you a sketch of the Hungarian serfs: there is one circumstance which alleviates many evils attached to their condition; that is, whatever be their means, I have not been able during this very lengthy journey, to discover them in actual want of such food as is necessary for them to subsist upon, or, however rude their clothing, I have not met with them, as I have so generally the Irish cotters, destitute of sufficient covering. They are ignorant and superstitiously religious; but, until their condition is changed, and until their minds are enlightened with sufficient knowledge to enable them to think more rationally, I should grieve to think

them destitute of the spirit of devotion, however delusive, which affords them the consolation of present confidence and the hope of future reward.

The Hungarians, both those of Magyar and Slavonian race are naturally formed for as much usefulness as any uncultivated people I have any where travelled among. The Slavonians of Croatia make excellent soldiers: as cavalry troops they are perhaps the best in the empire. It is insinuated, that being of the Greek church, they are influenced by their priests in favour of Russia, and to cherish a hatred to Austria. I doubt this much. I have found the priests, both Catholic and Greek, although both are ignorant, in every parish acting truly as pastors to their flocks; and I advise all who travel in Hungary, Croatia, and the military frontiers, to appeal in all cases of difficulty to the priests: indeed, where inns are not, go to the curate's house, and you will share the best accommodation and nourishment it contains, or that can be had.

Having travelled on routes very different from those, and extended my journeys much farther than I had intended on entering Hungary, I was unfortunately but slenderly provided

with letters of introduction, otherwise I might have said a great deal more than I have in my previous sketch of the Hungarians, of the baronial lords, who dwelt in several castles, near which we passed, on our excursion south to Croatia and north to Oedenburg.

On coming occasionally in contact with them, a desire to oblige, and a spirit of hospitality, was fully and at all times evinced, although we knew them not, and although we were strangers passing over a country that we might never see again. In many respects, the aristocracy of Hungary who are not rich enough to live either in Pesth, Presburg, or Vienna, reminded me of the open-hearted hospitality which prevailed in the houses of the highland gentry not later than twenty-five years ago, and which I have experienced within the last twelve years in the south and west of Ireland. With the same feelings of gratitude for kindness received at the hands of all the Hungarians with whom I have had any communication, must I preserve the pleasing recollections of their disinterested hospitality. In fact, hospitality, the chase, and horsemanship, are the chief characteristics of the country aristocracy of Hungary.

In Hungary we frequently met with gipsy families, wandering about, or squatted under low rude tents, which were sometimes covered with cloth, sometimes with skins, and sometimes with sods. They looked exactly like those we meet in England. In the Austrian dominions they are numerous, especially in Bohemia, Transylvania, and Hungary.

My friend, Colonel Harriot, of the Bengal service has, in my opinion, fully proven by the analogy of language, and by the evidence he translates from Eastern writers, the oriental origin of the Romnichal, or tribe miscalled Gipsy and Bohemian. See his memoir, in "Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland." In Hungary they are called Tzygani, and Pharaoh Nepek, or Pharaoh's people. The English name gipsy is from the vulgar error that they are of Egyptian race. They call themselves *Romnichal*; the translation of which from their own language, is equivalent to wanderers. They were first brought in great numbers, as Colonel Harriot clearly shows, by the statements made to him by the celebrated Fatch Ali-Khan, of Tehran, about the year A. D. 350, by the Emperor Bahram Gor. Colonel Harriot also translates

from the Persian of Firdousi, a remarkable passage, stating the reason which induced Bahram to bring the Luri, as they are called in Persia, from India. The reason given is, that the poor of Persia drank their wine without music; and that he consequently sent for four thousand Luri from India, to perform music for the poor while they drank wine. They afterwards wandered west, and spread over Europe. Joseph II. had planned their civilization within his empire.

If industry, thrift and intelligence, can therefore make the most barren country rich, and fill it with all varieties of comforts and luxuries, what ought the condition of so fertile and vast a country as Hungary to be? A generally improved system of husbandry,—an extensive sale for its products in other countries, would soon enrich all classes, and especially the proprietors of land in this kingdom, beyond all ordinary calculation.

As we travelled onwards we met frequently immense flocks of sheep. Those of the native breed have very coarse wool. It is chiefly used in the country for making the common undyed cloth worn by the peasantry; and I believe, also for the clothing of soldiery. The wool of

which, by the prince's permission, the Duke of Hamilton killed.

Nothing could surpass the politeness and magnificence with which the company was entertained during the whole of their stay. The princess is a woman of an amiable character and a good understanding; educates her children and manages her affairs with the utmost prudence and propriety.

So slowly do national manners change, that immediately after the middle of September you may still witness hunting exactly in the same way at Feeberg and many other of the country seats of the chief nobility. Bolder hunting, in which ladies take but little part, is however not uncommon, although the unfatiguing sport described, which was no doubt planned by the hardy Germans in their practical respect for the ladies, is still prevalent. I have lately been very much amused with various descriptions of hunting and coursing, related by Prince Trauttmunsdorff, who is one of the principal amateurs of this country in field sports. If you ever visit the imperial dominions, a respectable introduction will always ensure you, during the season, hospitality and sport at the country seats of the nobility; and

in no part will you receive "highland welcome," in regard to your stay, more heartily than in Hungary.

In fact, the *chase* in the Austrian dominions, would form an excellent subject for a book; and it is almost a matter of regret that Charles the Tenth, who has spent half his life in shooting, not his enemies, but pheasants, partridges, woodcocks, hares, deer, and wild boars, should have left the world without writing his experience as a sportsman.

On arriving late in the evening, and a good deal fatigued, at Stein-a-manger, where, it being the seat of a bishop and a clerical seminary, we expected to find tolerable accommodations for the night. Our driver stopped at what he termed the best inn, and where the *kellnerin*, a pretty blooming girl, told us we could have good beds. We were rejoiced at the news, and accordingly descended, and were shown into a large public room, where several persons were sitting on benches before tables eating or drinking. On asking to be shown the sleeping-rooms, the pretty *kellnerin* asked me to follow her up a narrow stair, and there unlocking a large room in which were not less than eight beds, she pointed out two for us to occupy. All the others were engaged by the people below; and with great *naïveté*, and I am sure with simple innocence, she could not comprehend my reason for saying that I should require three separate rooms in which no others slept, for myself and wife, and for our man and maid servants.

On returning to the sitting-room this was equally incomprehensible to the good people, but explained, I believe, to their astonishment, by a *jager* or huntsman, of some neighbouring

supplied from distance to distance by the peasants, and that he would follow us with his own horses as soon as they were refreshed to where we might put up at night, to proceed with us next day, or if he did not overtake us, to Vienna, in order to bring back his carriage, and receive the amount we agreed to allow him. This arrangement turned out very conveniently.

Notwithstanding the generally unimproved state of the country, and the bad roads, I do not know any part of continental Europe, unless it be occasionally in Italy, where the obstacles of mere travelling are got more rapidly over than in Hungary. For the first fifty, we travelled at the rate of eight English miles an hour, without halting except when I stopped to have some talk, through our driver as dragoman, with the shepherds, and once to bait the same horses at Stuhlweissenberg. As to accommodations on the roads, especially as to inns and beds, we found them in as rude a condition as if the people had never seen or expected travellers. In fact, except those of their own country, and I may say, that on the road we travelled, they very seldom do, we were, perhaps, the first British subjects they had ever beheld, and I believe we might have freely lived

are manufactured here. It is the greatest pork-market in the country; and from forty to fifty thousand horned cattle are also sold here at the fairs. The vineyards of the neighbouring hills are another valuable source of commerce, which sends thirty-two thousand eimers of wine annually into the trade of this town. Coal-mines in the vicinity, although yet worked but on a limited scale, may be brought into very extensive use, especially if a rail-road for their conveyance were extended to Vienna, or even to join the canal from that capital to Neustadt.

Nature has showered riches around Oedenburg, and the industry of the population, chiefly Germans, has turned the gifts of Heaven to an advantage, the example of which, if followed in all parts of the kingdom, would inevitably be attended with equal benefits.

LETTER IX.

HUNGARIAN WINES.

THE wines of Hungary have been far more celebrated than their general quality deserves; yet, as generally, the soil and sunny sides of the Hungarian hills and mountains are far more favourable to the growth of those grapes which afford more delicious wines than even the vine districts of France.

Hungary, at the same time, does certainly yield some of the richest and most pleasant wines in the world. The quantity of those fine wines is still too limited, and the prices consequently too high, for them to be usually produced at the tables even of the most wealthy, and are very seldom to be had at all in foreign countries.

Some of the moderately-priced Hungarian wines are, however, very good. Those which the vineyards on the hills of Buda or Ofen yield resemble wholesome Bordeaux, or what we should call a rich unadulterated claret. On the hills near Oedenburg, pleasantly-flavoured wines of second quality are also produced, and in the country east of the Danube the wines of the hills of the Banat, and of Lobosh and Komlosh, are considered of rich quality. The grapes in many parts are said to be admirably adapted for making wine similar to champagne; but I believe no such wine is made, although, some years ago, a French schoolmaster succeeded in manufacturing wine from Wallachian grapes, inferior to those of Hungary, which he sold at Bucharest as real champagne, at an enormous price; and from the mere profits of the wine sold to the buyer from whom he rented the vineyard, he, in three years, brought the proprietor so deeply in debt, that the latter, to rid himself of the claim, transferred the ground to the schoolmaster.

With less labour and skill than is practised in France and Rhenish Germany, the hills of Hungary with sunny aspects, might be made to yield vast quantities of the finest and richest

wines. The whole quantity now said to be produced annually is stated vaguely at about 18,000,000 eimers.*

One-tenth of this quantity may be considered superior, three-tenths tolerably good, and six-tenths thin, flat, acid, and, to those accustomed to the better kinds of wines, undrinkable.

The celebrated Tokay, like the Johannisberg of the Rhine, and the Clos-vogeat of Burgundy, is the produce of a few vineyards, of limited extent, on the south slope of one of the mountain-ridges in northern Hungary, near the town of Tokay (in latitude $48^{\circ} 10' N.$). From all I could observe, there are thousands of equally favoured slopes for vineyards, especially in those parts of south-western Hungary over which we lately travelled, and upon the estates of Prince Esterhazy. Industry, skill, and markets, the *desiderata* which are in every other respect wanting to enrich and to render Hungary great and powerful, are those alone which are necessary to make her yield, in the greatest quantity, the most delicious wines in Europe.

* This estimate is certainly over-rated, as it is nine and a half gallons the eimer, about fifteen English gallons for each inhabitant.

The wines called Tokay are but very partially produced on the hills of Hegy-Allia, or Tokay, for nearly all that is yielded on the neighbouring hills facing the south receives the same name. But the fine rich Tokay owes its celebrity to the process of making it. The best grapes are picked, and suspended in netted bags hung in the sun, over tubs into which the juice drips without pressing. The wine thus produced is called the Ausbruch, or first quality, and is entirely monopolized by the emperors of Austria and Russia, and a few of the first magnates. If a pint bottle can by any chance be had, the cost will be at least ten florins, or twenty shillings. Ausbruch has been sold as high as one hundred florins, or ten pounds the bottle. The second quality, Matzchlap, is either produced by slightly pressing the grapes hung in the sun, or mixing the juice for the Ausbruch with a certain quantity of other good wine. The other qualities of Tokay, and that which may be considered as alone to be purchased, is made of picked grapes, subjected to the usual process of vinous fermentation.

The wines of Ofen and Oedenburg, of

Menes, Erlau, Rust, and St. George, are ranked next in quality after Tokay, and they certainly, if not adulterated, as is alleged, after they get into the Vienna dealers' hands, are excellent wines.

LETTER X.

THE FAMILY OF ESTERHAZY.

INSTEAD of proceeding by the high road from Oedenburg to Vienna, we drove round over the heights west of the Neu-Seidler-See to Eisenstadt, the magnificent seat of Prince Esterhazy. The usual former residence of the family, and called Esterhaz, is distinct and distant from the seat at which the family now chiefly reside when not at Vienna.

Esterhaz has a vast schloss, or castle, a large library, rich collections, and extensive gardens. At the castle of Frakno, or Forchtenstein, a fortress not far distant belonging to Esterhazy, the family treasures, jewels, massive silver, &c., are usually secured.

Eisenstadt,* however, being the favourite residence, and, I must say, deservedly so, has caused the others to be neglected and almost forgotten. The splendid situation, the water, hills, forests, the gardens, especially the botanic gardens of Eisenstadt, render it, with its vast palaces, the most princely seat in Austria. I consider it far preferable in all respects to Versailles; although a Frenchman would say now, as a Frenchman formerly said to Dr. Moore; "Ah, par bleu! Versailles était fait exprès pour n'être comparé à rien."

The prince being absent in England, I did not think it proper, although I now know I might have done so without its being considered a presumption, to intrude upon the members of the family then at Eisenstadt. A servant showed us, with honest pride in regarding its splendour, round the palace and over the grounds; and although neither our names nor country were made known, refreshments were laid out for us, of which we merely stopped to partake of an ice and glass of wine each, as we had ordered dinner at the hotel of

* The palace of Eisenstadt was built about 1680, but often embellished, and many buildings attached to it since.

the adjoining little town. I have since been rebuked by an amiable member of the family, for not making ourselves known; hospitality being at all times the characteristic of the Esterhazys, and of the joyous halls of their celebrated house.

In looking over Dr. Moore's* "View of Society and Manners on the Continent of Europe," his account of Eisenstadt (which he calls Esterhasie) is so vividly descriptive, that, with little alteration, although written about sixty years ago, it gives a picture of what may yet be seen at this magnificent residence.

"Prince Esterhazy is the first in rank of the Hungarian nobility, and one of the most magnificent subjects in Europe. He has body-guards of his own, all genteel-looking men, richly dressed in the Hungarian manner.

"The palace is a noble building, lately finished,† and situated near a fine lake; the apartments are equally grand and commodious; the furniture more splendid than almost any

* Celebrated by many only as the father of General Sir John Moore; but more justly so as the author of "Zeluco," and personally as an excellent man.

† Scarcely then finished; for it has been greatly ornamented and enriched since that period.

thing I have seen in royal palaces. In the prince's own apartments there are some musical clocks; and one in the shape of a bird, which whistles a tune every hour.

"Just by the palace there is a theatre for operas and other dramatic entertainments; and in the gardens a large room, with commodious apartments for masquerades and balls.

"At no great distance, there is another theatre, expressly built for puppet-shows. This is much larger than most provincial play-houses; and I am bold to assert, is the most splendid that has yet been reared for that species of actors. We regretted that we could not have the pleasure of seeing them perform; for they have the reputation of being the best comedians in Hungary.

"We had the curiosity to peep behind the curtain, and saw kings, emperors, Turks, and Christians, all ranged very sociably together. King Solomon was observed in a corner, in a very suspicious *tête-à-tête* with the Queen of Sheba.

"Among other curiosities, there is in the garden a wooden house, built upon wheels. It contains a room, with a table, chairs, a looking-glass, chimney, and fire-place. There

are also closets, with many necessary accommodations. The prince sometimes entertains twelve people in this vehicle, all of whom may easily sit round the table; and the whole company may thus take an airing together along the walks of the garden, and many parts of the park, which are as level as a bowling-green. The machine, thus loaded, is easily drawn by six or eight horses.

“ Prince Esterhazy having heard of our being in the garden, sent us an invitation to the opera which was to be performed in the evening; but as we had brought with us no dress proper for the occasion,* we were forced to decline this obliging invitation.

“ The prince afterwards sent a carriage, in which we drove round the gardens and parks. These are of vast extent, and beautiful beyond description. Arbours, woods, hills, and valleys, being thrown together in charming confusion. If you look over Ariosto’s description of the gardens in Alcina’s enchanted island, you will have an idea of the romantic fields of Esterhazy, which are also inhabited by the same kind of animals.

* A plain dress-suit would now, as in Paris or London, be quite sufficient.

' Trà le purpurei rose e i bianchi gigli,
 Che tepid' aura freschi ognora serba,
 Sicuri ai vedean leprè e conigli;
 E cervi con la fronte alta e superba,
 Senza temer che alcun li uccida pigli,
 Pascono, e stansi ruminando l'erba :
 E saltan dam e capri snelli e destri,
 Che sono in copia in quei luoghi campestri.*

" Having wandered here for many hours, we returned to the inn, where a servant waited with Prince Esterhazy's compliments, and a basket containing two bottles of Tokay, and the same quantity of champagne and old hock. We lamented very sincerely that we could not have the honour† of waiting on this very magnificent prince, and thanking him personally for so much politeness.

" A company of Italian singers and actors were then at the inn, and preparing for the

* While midst the roses red and lilies fair
 For ever nursed by kindly zephyr's care,
 The nimble hares in wanton mazes played,
 And stately stags, with branching antlers, strayed;
 Without the fear of hostile hand they stood
 To crop or ruminate their grassy food.
 And wild goats frolic—leap the nimble deer,
 That in this rural place in troops appear.

† This arose at that time from the etiquette of dress,
 —a folly which then prevailed all over Europe.

opera; great preparations were making for the entertainment of the empress and all the court, who are soon to make a visit here for several days. Though the imperial family and many of the nobility are to live in the palace, yet every corner of this large and commodious inn is bespoke for the company which are invited upon that occasion."

Eisenstadt still continues as sumptuous and hospitable a residence. Its neighbouring grounds afford some of the best and most extensive field-sporting in Hungary. A kind of *interregnum* has occurred in consequence of the prince's absence in England; but as he is expected here in spring, festivities will then be undoubtedly resumed on a splendid scale.

Princess Esterhazy* is a charming woman, daughter of the Prince Tour and Taxis, one of the most wealthy noblemen in Germany. The eldest daughter, Maria Theresa, by this marriage, was married four years ago to Count Frederick Chorinsky; and the second daughter, Princess Theresa, is soon to be married. The

* Prince Esterhazy's mother, the dowager princess, is still living in good health. He has no brothers, and only one sister, widow of Prince Maurice of Liechtenstein.

only son, Prince Nicholas, now in England, is not yet twenty years of age.*

I was very sincerely gratified on finding the excellent character which Prince Esterhazy bears in his own country: not as a personage of almost more than sovereign power, but what is much more, as a landlord and a proprietor of human beings, who are treated with great consideration under him, and who, I believe, feels ardently desirous of changing the system of feudal services into that of mere rent. In fact, if he were a prince intent on accumulating enormous wealth, he might even now increase it fourfold by severity in exacting all that he could claim from those who live on his territories. But he has, I am convinced, in view other ends that will (without money being his chief object) increase his own revenue, and at the same time extend invaluable happiness to those who inhabit his vast domains.

* Since this letter was written, Prince Esterhazy has, agreeably to the emperor's request, consented to remain three years longer as ambassador at the court of London.

LETTER XI.

SCHUBRI, THE BANDIT OF BANKORE.

HUNGARY and Transylvania have, at various periods, been as famed for bandits as Spain or Italy; although their exploits have been but little known to western Europe.

About twenty-five years ago, a formidable band spread terror over eastern Hungary, Transylvania, and the Banat. For a long time every attempt to subdue them, and every plan to surprise them, failed. At length suspicion fell upon a shepherd, who came regularly from the mountains to Lobosh, to purchase wine, in quantities too great, and of a quality too good, for the ordinary consumption of that part of the country. The shepherd was seized; and threats and promises extorted from

him the confession that he purchased the wine for the robbers,—that their number was about one hundred,—that their retreat was of difficult access, in one of the largest caverns in Transylvania, and so strongly fortified at the entrance, that they would be able to destroy all who approached it.

The shepherd was both frightened and bribed to betray them. If the stratagem failed, and the shepherd did not return, his wife and children, who were retained by the governor of Lobosh as hostages, were to be executed. If it succeeded, the shepherd was to have a free pardon and a pension of one hundred florins for life. He was then ordered to proceed with the wine as usual, into which opium was infused. The robbers got drunk, and slept upon it,—the cavern was surprised and taken, —and the whole of the bandits were hung in chains on the mountain above the cavern.

The chief of the bandits who are now so formidable in Hungary, is called Schubri, or Sobri. Various accounts of his birth and character have been given from time to time. It was first believed that he was of noble birth; and the heroism of his character, and his daring boldness, was the general theme of

conversation at all the inns and little towns of Hungary. It was then given out that he was one of the class of wandering shepherds, who have certainly produced more brigands than honest men.

Schubri's audacious appearance where he is least expected, exhibits him frequently in a most daring position. He enters towns by himself; dines at *table-d'hôtes*; and on leaving, says to the guests, "I am off; and you will boast of having dined with Schubri!"

Not long since, several noblemen dined at a *table-d'hôte* in Szarvaz, a stranger entered, sat down as a traveller at the table, amused the guests by his anecdotes and conversation, and after dinner, bowed to the company, and said on leaving the room, "Gentlemen, it is Schubri whose company you have had. Adieu! till we meet again."

His band was at hand; and not long after, he entered the schloss of one of the nobles he had dined with, saying, "I have occasion for two hundred ducats, and must have them at once, or I will instantly make your heir lord of this castle."

Not long since it was announced that the greater part of his daring band, harassed by

detachments of Hungarian troops, were dispersed. This soon turned out a false report: a few of his band were surprised, and three or four taken, among whom were, Nagy Janesi, said to be the most bold and dexterous, and Milfait, who has been beheaded, and who has given a curious account of the chief, Schubri.

It now appears that this daring brigand is only about twenty-seven years of age, and was born at Funf-kirchen, in which town his father was an extensive tanner, and his uncle a saffron manufacturer, who had in that business realized a fortune.

Schubri, when a boy, was so daring, and so often engaged in plots among his fellows, that he gave perpetual uneasiness to his parents. He involved himself in bloody squabbles with the children of the nobles, and he was consequently sent from home, and placed in a school at Gotha. He is said to have made extraordinary progress in his studies, first at school, and afterwards in the gymnasium of that town, while he became at the same time in the highest degree despotic over the students, who usually submitted to him. At Gotha he wrote ballads and composed music, and he made his companions sing them, or join

him in the chorus. If they sung out of tune he beat them, yet they obeyed him; and he at last excited them to an insurrection, to storm at night, by torch-light, the Numismatic Cabinet.

Pursued by the soldiers and police, he escaped by swimming the river and burrowing under the stables of the schloss of Friededstein, and then wandered through Hanover and Holstein to Lubeck, from which he passed over to Upsala, in Sweden, by concealing himself in a vessel of that country, and not appearing until they had nearly crossed the Baltic.

He was reduced to extreme distress; and from his father, who had previously sent him sufficient means, he had not heard since the beginning of 1836. He was, in consequence, obliged to leave Upsala, where he had previously determined to reform his life, and apply himself closely to study. Before his departure, however, he commenced his career as a robber. It was winter, and he sallied out of town after dark, dug in the road, then deeply covered with snow, a kind of pit, covered it over with branches and then with snow. The road in winter being confined to little more than a track, the first traveller fell into the pit, and

was attacked and robbed by Schubri. This he repeated for four or five nights; but being attacked in the market by the dog of a farmer whom he had robbed, he disappeared immediately from Sweden, and after landing in Germany travelled on to Hungary, robbing as often as opportunity enabled him.

On reaching Joseph-stadt, in his native country, he wrote his father, boldly avowing his robberies, which he laid entirely to the principle of *necessity*, and to which, he asserted, the first noble families in Europe owed their origin.

He then set to work, with extraordinary management and patience, to organize a band of brigands, to whom he wished to impart a romantic, military, and even chivalrous character. Numerous young men of high or desperate spirit, and overwhelmed with debt, amidst society, soon joined Schubri. His band was also augmented by discharged non-commissioned officers, and romantic students, to an organized body of one hundred well armed and trained men.

In less than seven months, either as a body or in detachments, they have committed the most daring robberies. Schubri, in all attacks,

is at their head. In June he had a most desperate engagement with a troop of hussars. He was wounded, but he fought his way with great bravery, and escaped with his men.

He was lately, with three of his men, surrounded at night in a farm-yard near the Platten-See, by forty horsemen. His presence of mind and audacity saved him. He directed his companions to throw aside their arms and part of their clothes. He then, followed by them, ran with lighted lanterns to the outer entrance, and addressed the soldiers, as if he belonged to the farm-house, saying, they had better station themselves immediately at the inner gate, to prevent the robbers escaping, as they were desperate, and should be at once surprised in the house, where they were then regaling themselves. The stratagem succeeded, and Schubri and his men were off before the soldiers even approached the house, in which all the inmates were surprised asleep, quite unconscious of what had passed.

A few days after, he robbed an estate belonging to the Archduke Charles, of every valuable article he could carry away.

He is now said to have a completely organized troop of five hundred men, being reinforced

by Bosnians, Pandours, and others. A comedian of Ratisbon, named Kapfen, has lately joined him; and his band, altogether, consists not of starving peasants or serfs, but of men degraded by vices, that have rendered them desperate.

He has established among them strict discipline,—employs a treasurer,—pays his men regularly,—has a surgeon to dress their wounds, and gives prizes to those who excel in carbine shooting and in gymnastic feats. He has subordinate officers, and is now said to be forming a troop of cavalry. He probably dreams of becoming a mighty conqueror.

Robbing the rich, and never injuring, but when possible, to assist the poor, is the principle he promulgates. It is said, that not a single murder can be traced to him; and that he once ordered one of his gang to be shot for robbing a peasant.

A few days ago, a positive account of his capture reached Vienna. His appearance terrifying the country near Hermanstadt, in Transylvania, was given in another account. In fact, he is a second Rob Roy.

LETTER XII.

WINTER AT VIENNA.

Now that the carnival is over, and that the abstinence of lent leaves me more at leisure than I have been for some time past, I will endeavour to give you, as you request, some account of the winter in this capital.

We have had snow and severe frost; and the narrow streets of Vienna, when glazed over with ice, are the most dangerous in the world, and the most difficult to maintain a footing upon. Your skating amateurs might actually figure upon them, were it not for the eternal movement of all descriptions of carriages, which alone form an interruption.

But there are other grounds for skating. The branches of the Danube,—the great river

itself,—the waters at the lower end of the Prater, are covered with ice; and what a field for *curling*! Then the sledging amateurs, with their fanciful vehicles, driving over the glassy surface of *solid* water or frozen snow, and often to the chase. For all these sports and diversions the vicinity of Vienna is, during the *frost*, admirable; while every luxury that the heart can yearn for, may be found at the same time within the imperial city.

The season opened early, with dinners and balls. Our own Ambassador gave a dinner party in honour of the Turkish minister: fifty of the most distinguished personages sat down to an entertainment displaying great taste and elegance, but, like every thing in which Sir Frederick is concerned, without ostentation.

The representative of Turkey afterwards opened the splendid palace which he has hired from Prince Esterhazy, in the Faubourg, to all the fashionable and distinguished world. Oriental and European magnificence were at the same time exhibited with dignified splendour.

The marriage by proxy of the beautiful Archduchess Maria Theresa to the King of Naples, attracted attention for some weeks; and the

rich elegance of her *trousseau* was for a fortnight all that the ladies talked of. She herself seemed to think little of the matter, further than that she might be seen almost every day in some shop buying such articles as she fancied.

After the marriage, a court entertainment was given to the members of the order of the Golden Fleece, to which all the diplomatic corps were invited; and two or three days after there was a grand concert, in honour of the Archduchess Maria Theresa, when she appeared for the first time as the affianced bride of the King of Naples. A brilliant fête was afterwards given by the Neapolitan minister, the Marquis di Gagliati; at which were present, besides the imperial family, the Duke of Nassau, the Prince of Salerno, uncle to the King of Naples; and many persons of the first distinction. It was at this fête that the emperor, empress, and the other members of the imperial family, took leave of the Queen of Naples and of the Archduke Charles. That morning she left, accompanied by her father, and the Countess d'Ertz, for Trent, where she met her consort, and from thence they proceeded to Venice, from which they embarked for Naples. The Prince and Princess of Salerno followed.

them; and the Archduke Charles has since returned, after delivering up his beloved daughter to the arms of a sovereign.*

The death of Charles X., which occasioned the court to *assume* mourning; and the temporary closing of the two court theatres, caused a few days' dulness, in which there was no sincerity. The ex-king's body was interred at Grätz, in presence of an imperial commission, to whom, immediately before the coffin was put into the vault, the body was shown, and then locked up with three distinct keys, after the manner observed at the funeral of any one of the house of Hapsburg, in the vaults of the Capucins. Pompous funeral masses were previously celebrated at the palace church, and at the cathedral of Vienna. Even the Count de St. Aulaire, the minister of Louis-Philippe, put on mourning; but this was in accordance to the etiquette of the court, and not out of respect to the memory of the ex-monarch. The whole of this mummery, in which I am persuaded there was not one grain of honesty, was very inconvenient at the time to the imperial family,

* It is said that Leopold, second brother of the King of Naples, has asked the hand of the sister of Maria Theresa.

and personally disrelished by all Vienna. The formality was, however, considered due to a deceased ex-crowned head.

The carnival opened with more than ordinary brilliancy. The fantastic processions, in every possibly fancied costume, of the citizens, and the fêtes and balls of the latter, with the liberties which the customs of the carnival allow, presented Vienna in a very different aspect to that into which it would almost appear impossible to transform it. There was, however, no licentiousness that could annoy any one. The pope has thought proper to prohibit the carnival this year at Rome:—he would find it beyond his power to do so at Vienna.

The empress and emperor have both been unwell, and one of the court balls was postponed in consequence. Several receptions took place; and at the grand court-ball given before Christmas, the members of the *corps diplomatique*, and all foreigners of distinction, with several officers of the Burger guard, were presented. If the emperor were in better health, I am convinced, from all I have seen and learn of him, that he would do much good in Austria; and there is an amiability and excellency of heart in the disposition of the

empress, that would render her beloved in any station.

The Countess de St. Aulaire's entertainment was quite in the highest *cast* of Parisian style: and the good ladies have not yet ceased talking of it, and of that given by the Ottoman ambassador.

The Princess Metternich entertains at her weekly *soirées*, and a fortnight ago she also gave a grand ball. All foreigners who were introduced into the fashionable circles were invited. The Duke of Nassau and sons were there;—also Prince Vasa;—also the Vladika of Montenegro.* Marshal Marmont, who formerly, under Napoleon, made war on the Montenegrins, made up to the Vladika, and had a long conversation with him.

The intercourse between families, and the reception of strangers at Vienna, seems to be gradually acquiring a more easy position. The

* This country, bordering on Turkey, is considered under its government; but it is said, that when the Vladika was asked a few days ago, if he intended to present himself to the Turkish ambassador, replied, "Neither I, nor yet my people, have any thing to acknowledge to Turkey; we have nothing to do with that country, unless it be with our arms."

expected return of Prince Esterhazy, and the increased resort of foreigners to Vienna, will, it is supposed, be attended with much that will ameliorate the formality which has certainly prevailed here for a long time; but of which visiters, who have not been well introduced, and who have not remained long in this capital, have given very erroneous accounts.

Joseph II., and even his brother, had in view to render the society and manners of their court and capital, at the same time, the most agreeable and virtuous in Europe. From Dr. Moore's account, written at that time, it appears that there then existed much that was highly attractive at Vienna.

Speaking of society, Dr. Moore observes, "The manners of this court are greatly altered since Lady Mary Wortley Montague was here, particularly since the accession of the present empress (Maria Theresa), whose understanding and affability have abridged many of the irksome ceremonials formerly in use. Her son's (Joseph II.) philosophical turn of mind, and the amiable and conciliating turn of the whole family, have, no doubt, tended to put society in general upon a more easy and agreeable footing.

“ People of different ranks now do business together with ease, and meet at public places without any of those ridiculous notions about precedence of which the ingenious English lady has given such lively descriptions. Yet trifling punctilios are not so completely banished, as, I imagine, the emperor could wish, he himself being the least punctilious man in his dominions : for there is certainly a greater separation than good sense would direct between the various classes of his subjects. And, what is of more importance in a political sense, there are certain places of high trust in the government which cannot be occupied by any but the higher order of nobility.

“ The ideas relative to dress seem to have entirely changed since Lady Mary’s time ; and if not so absurd, at least not so singular ; for they have, like the rest of Europe, adopted the Parisian modes.

“ The present race of Austrian ladies can differ in nothing more than in their looks from their grandmothers, who, if any of them be still alive, may be as beautiful as when she wrote ; for time itself could not improve that ugliness, which, according to her, was in full bloom sixty years ago. I have not yet inquired what method

the parents have devised to remedy this inconvenience, but nothing is more certain than that it is remedied effectually: for at present there is no scarcity of female beauty at the court of Vienna.

"This being the case, it is natural to imagine that gallantry must now be more prevalent than when her ladyship was here. But nothing is more heinous in the eyes of her imperial apostolical majesty, who seems to think that the ladies of her court, like the wife of Cæsar, should not only be free from guilt, but from suspicion.

"With regard to what Lady Mary calls sub-marriages, they are not common in the latitude of her curious description. But it is not uncommon for married ladies here to avow the greatest degree of friendship and attachment to men who are not their husbands, and to live with them in great intimacy, without hurting their reputation, or being suspected, even by their own sex, of having deviated from the laws of modesty."

"I never passed my time," observes Dr. Moore, in another letter, "more agreeably than since I came to Vienna; we dine abroad two or three times a week—we sometimes see a little play, but never any deep gaming. At

the Countess Thun's, where I generally pass the evening, there is no play of any kind. The society there literally form a *conversazione*. The countess has the art of entertaining company, and of making them entertain one another, more than any person I ever knew.

“To her politeness, and the recommendation of Baron Swieten, I am indebted for the agreeable footing I am on with Prince Kaunitz,* who at present lives at Laxenburg, a pleasant village, ten miles from Vienna, where there is a small palace, and very extensive park, belonging to the imperial family. Prince Kaunitz has lately built a house there, and lives in a style equally hospitable and magnificent. He is not to be seen before dinner by any but people on business; but he always has a pretty large company at dinner, and still greater numbers from Vienna pass their evenings at Laxenburg; not unfrequently the emperor himself makes one of the company.

“The emperor is of middle size, well made, and of fair complexion. He has considerable resemblance to his sister, the Queen of France,†

* Father of the present prince, and president of the cabinet of Maria Theresa, Leopold, and Francis: also father to the first wife of Prince Metternich.

† Marie-Antoinette.

which, in my opinion, is saying a great deal in favour of his looks. His manner is affable, obliging, and perfectly free from the reserve and lofty deportment assumed by some on account of high birth.

“Whoever has the honour of being in company with him, so far from being checked by such despicable pride, has need to be on his guard not to adopt such a degree of familiarity as, whatever the condescension of the one might permit, would be highly improper in the other.

“He is regular in his way of life, moderate in his pleasures, steady in his plans, and diligent in his business. He is fond of his army, and inclines that his soldiers should have every comfort and necessary consistent with their situation. He is certainly an economist, and lavishes very little money on useless pomp, mistresses, or favourites; and it is on no better foundation that his enemies accuse him of avarice.

“His usual dress (indeed the only one in which I ever saw him, except at the feast of the knights of St. Stephen) is a plain uniform of white faced with red. When he goes to Laxenburg, Schönbrun, or other places near

Vienna, he drives two horses in a plain chaise, with a servant behind, and no other attendant. He very seldom allows the guard to turn out as he passes through the gate. He is fond of conversing with ingenious people. Nobody ever had a stronger disposition to judicious inquiry. When he hears of any person, of whatever rank or country, being distinguished for any particular talent, he is eager to converse with him, and turns the conversation to the subject on which that person is thought to excel, drawing from him all the useful information he can.

“He is convinced, that unless a sovereign can contrive to live in some societies on a footing of equality, and can *weigh his own merit without throwing his rank, guards, and pomp into the scale*, it would be difficult for him to know either the world or himself.

“One evening, at the Countess Wallenstein’s, the emperor enumerated some remarkably ludicrous instances of the inconveniences of *etiquette* which had occurred at a certain court. One person present hinted at the effectual means his majesty had used to banish every inconvenience of that kind from the court of

Vienna. To which he replied, 'It would be hard indeed, if, because I have the ill fortune to be emperor, I should be deprived of the pleasures of social life, which are so much to my taste. All the grimace and parade to which people in my situation are accustomed from their cradle, have not made me so vain, as to imagine that I am in any essential quality superior to other men.'

"A few days after this, there was an exhibition of fireworks on the Prater, when the emperor, observing an unwieldy English gentleman, who had been at the Countess Wallenstein's, anxious, but too large to get through the railings, while small men crept under, said, 'Ah! sir, you have heard me say how inconvenient it was to be too great!'"

From the account I have given you of the late emperor, you will perceive that, although Francis had neither the philosophic mind nor the reforming principles of Joseph II., that he practised the same affability and simplicity as a man. The present emperor's ideas have certainly a greater affinity to those of Joseph than to the political principles and contracted religious views of Francis, and his manners, as

I have observed, are equally unaffected and simple. His health alone prevents him from being equally active; but he supplies the parts, which he himself would otherwise perform, by taking his uncle, the Archduke Charles, and his brother, the Archduke Francis, into the council of state conference.

The style of living during the time of Joseph II. and the present appear really to differ very little, unless it be that several of the younger nobility, who have succeeded to the inheritance of their ancestors, are charged with being far less magnificent than their fathers. Country balls, city balls, receptions, are much on the same footing. The chase is equally a favourite pursuit; the grounds of the nobility in Austria, Hungary and Bohemia, afford the most abundant sport.

Anniversaries, commemorating great events, and observances long venerated, are religiously remembered, and still celebrated in Austria, and in the several states of the empire. Whether in the spirit of former days, or of a period in the recollection of old people, now living, may be questioned.

The calamities to which the empire was subjected during the greater part of the life

of Francis, rendered that monarch insensible, or disinclined him to the enjoyment of those festivities, which had, in the time of Joseph II. and his predecessors, been celebrated with imposing splendour.

The feast of St. Stephen has always, as the patron saint and king of Hungary, been regarded with uncommon pomp. The emperors on the occasion have dined in public, with the knights of the Golden Fleece, dressed in their robes, and surrounded by Hungarian guards with drawn sabres.

The honour of serving the emperor was limited to Hungarian noblemen. The public have always been admitted to behold this feast, which was given in a vast hall, in the balcony of which were seated the empress, archduchesses, and ladies of the court.

The anniversary of the defeat of the Turks by Sobieski, is another feast still commemorated. The imperial family, and the principal nobility of both sexes, walk in solemn procession to hear mass performed in the cathedral of St. Stephen. The streets at the same time are lined with guards, and the windows and tops of the houses crowded with spectators, while a vast train of bishops, priests, deacons,

and monks, with bands of music, bring up the procession. All Vienna appear on this occasion in their richest dresses and most splendid equipages.

On the following day, it has been the custom of the imperial family to dine in public, and on the same evening, a grand ball, usually a masquerade, for which from four to five thousand tickets have at times been issued, has generally been given at the palace of Schönbrunn.

Now that we are in the midst of Lent, public pleasures are nearly all suspended; yet I assure you that very few *fast*. After Easter, the Prater becomes again, as I have already described, the scene of attraction and display.

The coronation, as was given out for next summer, of the emperor at Milan, as sovereign of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, was one of the topics about which you heard the Viennese talk most. All the ornaments and insignia are preparing at Milan: those used at the coronation of Napoleon in that city, although costly and superbly splendid, are not considered proper in their emblems, and are consequently not to be used.

It is, lately, understood that the pompous ceremony will be postponed for another year; and it is decided that Prince Esterhazy will continue as ambassador at the court of London.

I hope that you will now admit that I have at least endeavoured to give you, in my several letters, a tolerable view of society and manners in the capital of Austria.

LETTER XIII.

JOSEPH THE SECOND AND HIS REFORMS.

I HAVE, in a former letter, said that Francis I. of Austria (second of Germany) was so far behind his age, that he ought to have died at the period his grandmother, Maria Theresa, was born! It may be also observed, that Joseph II. was so far in advance of the age in which he lived, that he would have been a monarch far better adapted to rule, if the period of his reign did not commence until a century after his birth.*

Although he was elected King of the Romans in 1764, and soon after Emperor of

* Joseph was born in March, 1741.

Germany, his mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, retained the power nearly until the day of her death in her own hands. She always attached the first importance to hereditary birth. Her son did not partake of these ideas; and his philosophic mind early led him to consider merit as the real distinction, and he beheld in *man, only man*.

The character and talents of Frederick of Prussia, he who did more than any prince or warrior to humble Austria, seems to have animated Joseph to great deeds, while he himself had already resolved on great reforms. The latter were stimulated by the philosophical works that he had read, and by the breaking out of the troubles in America; for he considered that England had most unjustly oppressed her colonies; and it is certain that he at the time felt no sympathy for the former during that period of Britain's disgrace.

When the seven years' war broke out, it was intended that he should command the army; but the empress suddenly changed this resolution. He married young, the Princess Elizabeth of Parma, whom he adored; but she died in childbirth, and his mother compelled him to espouse the Princess Josephine of Bavaria, for

whom he had no regard; she died two years after.

His first object of reform was the army; the state of which, although often veraciously opposed by his mother, he, with the assistance of the celebrated general Lascy, greatly improved: but he was perpetually thwarted in regard to the efficiency of the officers, by the aristocracy of the country, who considered that the army was created for them alone. He at length put himself completely at the head of his forces, and determined that none but men of merit should be appointed as officers.

Among some curious well-authenticated letters of this prince, which I have found here, but which I believe are quite unknown in England, I found the following (which I translate for you), to a lady who claimed a post for her son.

“MADAM,

“I do not believe that among the obligations of monarchs, they are bound to give places to one of their subjects for the sole reason that he is a nobleman; but I am to conclude by your letter that I am. Your late husband was a distinguished general, you say,

and a nobleman of ancient family; therefore you consider that I cannot do less than give a company of infantry to your son. Madam, one may be the *son of a general without any talents for commanding*;—one may be a *nobleman of good family, and possess no other merit than that which he possesses by accident*—the title of *nobleman*.

“I know your son—and I know also that which is necessary to make a soldier. This double knowledge convinces me that your son has nothing of the character of a warrior, and that he is too much occupied with his birth, to leave a hope that the country can ever receive benefit from his services.

“It is you, therefore, madam, who are to blame, *as his mother, for your son being neither fit for an officer, nor a statesman, nor a priest. In one word, for his having no other qualification but his birth, in every acceptance of the word.* You may therefore render thanks to that Providence, which, in denying talents to your son, has put him in possession of those vast estates, which he may waste at pleasure, and which renders him, at the same time, independent of my favours. Adieu, madam.”

Joseph, who was no author himself, although

he read much, pretended to ridicule the idea of royal authors, and remarks, in a letter to his friend Von Swieten, "I cannot conceive how sovereigns solicit grandeur in making verses, or in arranging the plan of theatricals: not that I would exclude from the education of a sovereign that which appertains to the fine arts.

"The Margrave of Brandenburg (Frederick of Prussia) has made himself the chief of an association of kings, who amuse themselves in making memoirs, poems, and treatises.

"The Empress of Russia (Catherine) imitates him, reads Voltaire, and writes comedies and verses, addressed to her favourites. Stanislaus Lesczinski (of Poland) writes pacific letters. The King of Sweden follows their example, and spends his time in writing, while he leaves his ministers to govern."

Joseph, however, visited Frederick soon after, and admired him exceedingly; and the King of Prussia afterwards returned the visit at the Austrian camp of *Mahrisch Neustadt*, in Moravia, where they, for the time, arrested the partition of Poland, which, however, a short time afterwards was effected, and by which Austria acquired, without conquest or money,

Galicia and Lodomeria, with three millions of subjects.

In 1777 he visited Paris, where he remained some time, but returned shortly before the death of the Elector of Bavaria, which occasioned the war of succession, and which was terminated by Maria Theresa, contrary to the will of Joseph. In 1779, the year before his mother's death, he assumed the undivided exercise of imperial power, but did not fully begin his reforms until after her demise.

He was then forty years of age, in good health, and animated with the determination and ambition of effecting those reforms which he sincerely believed were calculated for the happiness of his people. Sovereign of twenty-two millions of subjects, and at the head of a large well organized army, the regard of all Europe was fixed upon him. His people adored him, but the nobility and the clergy, who could not bear his love of justice, and who dreaded his projects of reform, leagued against him, and, by their infamy, corruption and intrigue, at length created general discontent throughout the empire.

When we consider with what extraordinary

difficult reforms have been carried into effect in England, in opposition to the Tories and the Church, we need not be surprised at the lamentable termination which the efforts of Joseph II. have had in the states of his empire—in which the nobility and clergy, at that time, possessed all the landed property, and in which the people, ignorant and superstitious, were either tenants or *serfs*; the exceptions being little other than the merchants and manufacturers of the Netherlands.

The hatred of the nobles and clergy was soon kindled by his introducing efficient men into the service of the state—by an extension of liberty to the press—by his suppressing the subordination of the clergy to the pope of Rome—by his regulating pensions according to services—by his tolerance to the Jews—by his plans for abolishing servitude, and suppressing numerous convents and a multitude of monks, but chiefly those who neither taught schools, attended the sick, nor preached.

Notwithstanding these reforms, the pope, in the spring of 1782, came, at the emperor's request, to Vienna, and exercised his sacerdotal functions, although, during the very time that the holy father was showering his benedictions

On all, the emperor was employed in abolishing religious houses;—the inmates of which he reduced, in eight years, from 63,000 to 27,000.

By a new code, he abolished the punishment of death, and greatly reformed the administration of justice. He then determined to organize the government of the imperial states throughout, on one general system, nearly similar to that of the other states of Germany. This innovation, and especially the attempt to force upon the people the German language, was found impracticable. A revolt broke out in Wallachia in consequence, the leaders of which, Gloska and Hora, were executed. It was also planned at that time to exchange the Austrian Netherlands for Bavaria, but the other states of Germany prevented this design from being executed.

In 1788 he visited the Empress Catherine in the Crimea, where, at Kherson, the most superb *fêtes* were given by the Russian sovereign in honour of the emperor. While there he received intelligence of an insurrection in the Low Countries. On his return to Vienna, through the general discontents brought about by the nobility and clergy, he was induced, always intent upon the welfare of his people,

to revoke some of the innovations which he considered before so necessary, merely because he judged the change requisite to restore tranquillity. The war with Turkey broke out at the same time, in which he joined Russia; and, notwithstanding Belgrade had surrendered to General Laudon, the summer heat and malady were disastrous to his troops. A new law, in 1784, relative to duties, again spread discontent, and the anti-commercial feeling of the emperor, which he honestly, under erroneous impressions, intended to protect industry, has formed the greatest curse to, and the cause of some of the heaviest calamities which have befallen, the empire.*

Joseph's health had been attacked in the Crimea—he returned sick to Vienna. Fatigue—the chagrin of disappointment in all his plans—disorder in all parts of the empire—the success of the people of the Low Countries in driving the Austrian troops out of all parts of that territory, except Luxemburg—and who, declaring themselves independent, rejected all the concessions offered them by the emperor:—

* See financial and commercial systems of Austria hereafter.

"Now I have overcome the shock, and will receive my uncle's blessing."

He spoke affectingly to her—exhorted her to patience and tranquillity for the sake of the child to which she was to give birth, and which might, should it live, succeed to the empire. "I am resigned," said the emperor, "perfectly resigned and tranquil. My brother Leopold, your husband's father, will in a few hours succeed me in the cares of government. Your husband, if God spares him, will succeed my brother, and also the child whom you now bear if a son, and if he lives, follow in his turn." Joseph then blessed her, and said, "Farewell; my beloved niece, we will hereafter meet on a more pleasant journey."*

This was on the 17th of February, and he then prepared to receive the last consolations of his faith. All the court attended the *viaticum* to the chamber immediately before that in which he lay. On this day, he wrote with his own hand, to his sisters, Marie-Antoinette and Christine of Sax-Teschen, and on the following day to Potemkin, minister of Catherine, re-

* She was a Lutheran princess of Wirtemberg, and the first wife of Francis, the late emperor. See volume first. The child did not live to grow up.

commending peace with Turkey, and asking the friendship of Russia for his successor.

His physician begging him to be tranquil, and to leave matters of business to others,—"My dear doctor," said Joseph, "you yourself have announced to me that I have at most but a few days to live, and that even a moment may terminate my existence. My brother has not had the opportunities that I have of knowing the character of men who deserve to be rewarded and appreciated. The moments I have to live are therefore important, and are due, in justice, to others." He accordingly advanced various meritorious officers and civil servants. On the evening of his death he called his domestics around him; and besides leaving something to them in his will, handed each a hundred ducats, desiring them to bear the same regard to his brother they had done to him.

The news just received from France,—the delicate and dangerous position of his beloved sister, Marie-Antoinette, now weighed heavily on his mind,—and before his dissolution, a still more poignant anguish awaited him, as if to consummate the bitterness of his departure.

The Archduchess Elizabeth was seized suddenly with the pains of childbirth ; and after enduring the most excruciating sufferings, gave birth to a daughter, and expired.

It appeared necessary to communicate the appalling intelligence to the emperor. Her youthful husband was overwhelmed, and had become frantic by the effect of the unexpected and sudden catastrophe; and the emperor's confessor revealed to him the terrible intelligence. Joseph, unprepared for this climax of sorrow, turned his face to the wall; tears, the last he was doomed to shed, flowed down his hollow cheeks; and a deep sigh followed, with the words, "Lord, thy will be done!" He then recovered his self-possession, as it were suddenly. He made a sign to Count Rosenberg to approach, and then said, in a voice that seemed to come forth from the tombs, "Alas! what I have endured is incredible. I believed myself prepared to support every anguish to which it might please Heaven to subject me; but this terrible calamity surpasses all that I have ever suffered!"

After this he became composed, gave directions for the funeral of the archduchess, and of his own, directed the vaults to be opened

sometime previous, that at their interment, which he directed to be close beside his mother's coffin, no one should be exposed to foul atmosphere. He then directed an *estafette* to be sent to Bucharest for the Prince of Hohenlohe, to replace, in case of need, the Prince of Coburg, then dangerously ill. He also ordered double pay to be given to his army for fourteen days after his death; and that a million of florins should be immediately drawn from the treasury, for the benefit of the military institute which he had founded.

"I die," said he to General Laudon, "in the full confidence that you will be the protector of my army. Give me your hand: in a very little time I cannot enjoy the pleasure of pressing it in mine."

He now directed the new-born princess to be brought to him; and kissing and blessing it, said, "Dear infant, innocent portrait of thy pure, dear, departed mother, brought to me when the hour of my own departure has also arrived!"

After the infant was carried away, he called his confessor, and began to pray with him, but was unable to proceed. Marshal Lascy, Prince Dietricht, Baron Von Storch, Count Rosen-

berg, and his confessor, remained all night in his chamber. The emperor slept until four in the morning, and then turning round, said,—“You are still here!” Baron Von Storch gave him a little broth, which he swallowed, and then asked his confessor to pray, beginning, “We repose on the faith, the hope, and the love,” &c., the emperor repeating until the word love, and then abruptly said, “Stop on the love,”—this book will serve me no longer, keep it in regard to me.” Then, after a silence of a few seconds, with suppressed breathing, he exclaimed, “As a man and a sovereign, I believe I have fulfilled my duty;”—and then, turning on his side, breathed more deeply a few respirations, yielded up that spirit which had been so active in life, and so far in advance of the intolerance and illiberality of the age.

LETTER XIV.

SPIRIT AND PRACTICE OF RELIGION.

IF irreligion or scepticism exist in Vienna, it is certainly difficult to detect them. The imperial family have always been piously disposed. Maria Theresa was especially so. She scarcely ever omitted attending mass daily at her chapel in the church of the Capucins, for the last thirty years of her life. There is certainly no other city in Europe in which there appears throughout, among the population, so much satisfaction to themselves, in their warm attachment to, and regular observance of, religious duties. Be their creed right or wrong, I should lament their being deprived of the certain consolation which they derive from those devo-

tional observances, however superstitious I or others may think them.

Although I may consider, as I firmly do, all the relics shown in old churches and cathedrals as materials of imposition, employed by priests to dupe the people into credulity—although I do not believe there is one word of truth in the angels having, on the appearance of the Saracens or other infidels, flown away from Palestine, carrying off with them the hut in which the Virgin Mary was born, to the eastern shores of the Adriatic, where they are sworn to have deposited it (with the actual image of the Virgin sculptured by St. Luke) in a castle of Dalmatia, to which they were guided by a blaze of celestial light and concerts of divine music; nor yet that, when the fatigued angels rested with the image and hut in a little wood, all the trees of the forest bowed in adoration; nor, that in consequence of the insufficient respect paid to the hut and image at the Dalmatian castle, the indefatigable angels carried both over the broad bosom of the Adriatic, and finally lodged it safely in the country of the pope himself, at Loretto, where a magnificent temple was built over it, and to which so many thousands of pilgrims have flocked.

Further, although I know that the liquefaction, when brought near the saint's head, of the blood of St. Januarius, so piously gathered by a young virgin when he was beheaded at Naples,—that the phial with the sweat of Jesus—that the chemise of the Virgin, and other relics at Aix-la-Chapelle—that the bodies of the three kings of the east, and the skulls of the eleven thousand virgins of St. Ursula at Cologne—that the rotten body of St. Antonia at Padua emits an agreeable and refreshing flavour—that the actual bodies of St. Matthew and St. Luke are preserved in the same city—that the tongue of Holy John of Nepomuk, now enclosed in a silver case at Prague, as fresh as when it was cut out of that martyr's head, although it lay three hundred years undiscovered under the bridge in the middle of the river, and gave out blood when found—that although all these, with a thousand other assertions, are abominable and disgusting falsehoods, which no man of education and ordinary plain sense believes; yet until the people, who derive tranquillity of mind and consolation from the Catholic or other creeds, however superstitious, are properly educated and enabled to think rationally, I am one of those who would grieve to see

them regardless of that sincere spirit of devotion, or of that practice of religious observance which prevail in the Austrian dominions.

Of the whole population of the imperial states, about thirty-five millions, more than twenty-seven millions, according to Cannabich, are Catholics. The government of this church has, however, been long secured and jealously guarded by the emperors, and over which the pope has not even nominal authority.

Sometime ago, in an article of withering severity on, and great injustice to, the Austrian government, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* observed, in respect to religion—"And first, with regard to the great element of *religion*, in which the characteristic selfishness of its policy has always been conspicuous. The court of Rome has ever been a dangerous friend, and a still more formidable enemy to the Catholic monarchies. The emperors of Germany, when at war with the popes, lost the obedience of their subjects, their power, and their crown. Without any impulse of zeal or bigotry, she was intolerant till the middle of last century. She established the Jesuits at an early period, frequently abandoned to their

guidance the affairs of the state, and intrusted them with the education of her princes, but she never would consent to share her power with the popes. The emperors style themselves apostolic, and pay a voluntary homage to Rome, but they acknowledge no compulsory authority. Maximilian, the son of Ferdinand, in his public address to the head of the church, on his election as king of the Romans, substituted the word *obsequium* for *obedientiam*. Even Charlemagne and Napoleon were vain enough to be crowned by popes ; but the emperors of Austria, on the contrary, have endeavoured from the first to discredit the practice of receiving the crown from the hands of the pontiff. Nature indeed seems to have endowed them with some peculiar power of resisting the thunders of the Vatican. When the Archduke Rudolph was threatened with excommunication by the pope, he used to say that, within his own dominions, he was himself pope, archbishop, bishop, archdeacon, and priest, and his successors have religiously adhered to the maxim of exercising within their own states all the powers of the church. The Emperor Maximilian endeavoured to organize a general council in Germany, to control the pretensions of the church of Rome.

Joseph II. ventured when he pleased on the boldest reforms in religion within his dominions. He encouraged the publication of the *Monocologia*, a satire against the monks, somewhat similar to the *Guerre des Dieux*, which appeared at the revolution. Instead of walking with the penitential haircloth to Rome, he brought Pius VI., in 1786, a suppliant to his capital; and the reigning monarch, although he inculcates religion in public and private, though he has paid a visit to the pope in Rome, and restored to him eighteen pictures which belonged to the Pinacotheca of Milan, allows no papal bull to be published within his dominions without his previous sanction, and certainly has never dreamed of restoring to the monks the property they possessed before the revolution; and if, in former times, Austria used to consign her heretical subjects to Rome, as to a common centre, for trial and punishment, Italy now repays the obligation by placing in the hands of Austria her political delinquents.

“The treachery and cruelty with which she proceeded against the Hussites in Bohemia are well known. The thirty years war, while it exhausted both herself and her opponents, had

convinced her that the risk of the contagion of the reformed doctrines, or at least of their political tendencies, had in a great measure ceased; that the furious zeal which had at first been roused by the rapid spread of Protestantism was on the decline, and that, in order to preserve the supremacy of Germany, it was necessary that the toleration which she accorded should be sincere.

“In order, therefore, to calm the fears of the Protestant states, and regain their confidence, she began by granting protection and toleration to her own Protestant subjects. If this government is revengeful, it is more from calculation than passion; and accordingly, it never allows its resentment to get the better of its reason, or pushes its vengeance so far as to injure itself. The instant that Austria ceased to persecute, she regained the supremacy of the German empire, which she continued exclusively to exercise down to the reign of Frederick II. From that period Protestant Germany having a natural protector in Prussia, has possessed a surer guarantee for the sincerity of Austrian toleration; and accordingly, that government now allows an equal protection to the Calvinist and

Lutheran doctrines, with all their modifications, and to three millions of Greeks, schismatics, Jews, Moravians, &c.

“Thus Austria, guided solely by an unbending principle of self-interest, emancipated herself early from the papal authority—protected the Jesuits, and availed herself of their services while they were necessary to her—banished them when their services were no longer required—and finally became tolerant, not from feeling but from necessity, when she saw that bigotry was generally on the decline.”

That the present Austrian government, which in point of religious toleration, even to the Jews, is the most liberal in Germany, should be chargeable with the crimes and errors of its predecessors, may be brought forward by party writers with about the same justice, as to make Lord Melbourne's ministry accountable for all the oppression and injustice to which Oliver Cromwell, William III., and the church of England, subjected Ireland; or for the dragooning of the Scotch Presbyterians, in order to force upon them that establishment so much extolled by Sir Robert Peel, when he was, as I have lately observed in the newspapers, feasted

and flattered by the degenerated Scots, whose forefathers had so valiantly defended their civil and religious rights.

The prime minister of Austria and his colleagues are far too jealous of their master's omnipotence in the empire, and their own authority in the government, to give irresponsible power to the bishops and priests. They make use of those enemies to salutary change and liberality, and must continue to do so, as long as the form of the government remains absolute; but at the same time, neither the present emperor, the Archduke Charles, Prince Metternich, nor Count Kollowrat, will ever consent to give any power to the clergy, further than that which will patriarchally maintain among the people a religious devotion, and passive obedience to the imperial government.*

The Catholic or state church of the Austrian

* The following are extracts from the pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Bohemia, promulgated and read by every priest on and after the coronation of the present emperor, and exactly similar to that promulgated on occasion of the same ceremony when the emperor was crowned in Hungary, and to that which will be issued and read in all parishes after the intended coronation at Milan.

dominions is under the imperial government and control, confided to the metropolitan and diocesan care of thirteen archbishops, and fifty-

" We, Andreas Aloys, by the grace of God, Prince Archbishop of Prague, Count Starbeck Ankwicz von Poslawic, Primate of Bohemia, &c. &c. &c.

" Greet all pious believers of our arch-diocese of Prague, who shall see, read, or hear read this our letter, with our holy salutation and fatherly blessing.

" DEAR LAMBS IN CHRIST JESU !

" We cannot conceal the inexpressible pleasure which our heart felt when, on the 7th of this month, in our holy and ancient metropolitan church, we enjoyed the supreme happiness of anointing one of the greatest and mightiest of monarchs with the holy oil, and of crowning his illustrious head with the holy diadem of the kingdom of Bohemia.

" It was incontestably, and will for ever remain, one of the most happy and most blessed days of our life, for which the inscrutable providence of God hath appointed us, and which leaves us nothing more (except the eternal welfare of our soul) to wish for in this world.

" Thanks be to the All Good ! we have happily performed, by God's aid, the triumphant and august solemnity of the coronation of his majesty our most illustrious and beloved Lord Ferdinand, by the grace of God, king of Bohemia. In the splendour of that great and holy ceremony, we have seen and honoured the reflection of the divine glory in the rank of kings, being an institution im-

nine bishops. Most of these dignitaries are princes of the empire, or nobles of the first families. The primate of Hungary has an

mediately derived from God, as it is only through God that kings reign : and the voice of the Most High penetrated to our heart, as he spake to the anointed King David ;—‘ I have found David my servant : with my holy oil have I anointed him ; with whom my hand shall be established, mine arm also shall strengthen him ; the enemy shall not exact upon him, nor the son of wickedness afflict him.’—(Ps. lxxxix.)

“ It was, in truth, a day of the greatest jubilee and the sweetest delight, which, to speak with holy writ, ‘ the Lord hath made’ (Ps. cxviii.) ; and which will ever remain a never-to-be-forgotten memorial to yourselves, beloved in Christ, to your dependents, and especially to your dear children. The fathers of coming generations will tell the glory of the Lord to their sons—that in the midst of acclamations, of triumph, and of tears of joy, Ferdinand the Just, Bohemia’s anointed of God, showed himself to his faithful people, in his royal robes of high state, having the crown of Charles IV. upon his head, and how he was received with the most cordial homage of his good subjects.

“ Praised and blessed be the Lord of Hosts !

“ ‘ Honour the king,’ says the Apostle Peter to all believers, honour the king,—he bears the sword intrusted to him by God, for the protection of the upright, and the punishment of evil doers : as you owe to God from religious duty the most profound devotion, even so do you owe all honour to his majesty, the rightful lord of the realm ; who is the image and vicegerent of God, by whom ‘ princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth.’

enormous revenue, and all have large incomes. I am sure that Paul, a preacher, when he ordered Timothy, a bishop, to bring him his

“Lastly, religion makes it incumbent upon you to yield a Christian obedience to the king (1 Peter ii. 13). Not from compulsion or hypocrisy, but for the Lord's sake (Rom. xiii. 1, 2); He so ordered it, and it is well-pleasing to His infinite Majesty, for He gave us Himself as a worthy example of obedience to the authorities, in the person of His own Son.

“We now constantly demand and confidently expect from your well-known piety and fear of God, that you also shall conscientiously and under all circumstances perform those duties which the religion of Jesus imposes upon you towards your lord and king. The sincere and profound love, which doubtless moves you towards his majesty, puissantly demands that you should fervently pray to God for him, for his long preservation, and for a happy reign. This duty of praying for the monarch is the more urgent, as by its fulfilment our own welfare will be promoted and ensured; and holy writ teaches us that ‘the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord; as the rivers of water, he turneth it whithersoever he will.’ —(Prov. xxi.)

“This is, my beloved, true Christian obedience to the ruler appointed by God. Lay then to your hearts the words of Tertullian, spoken by him in the name of the first Christians: ‘Honour the emperor,’ said he, ‘as a person who comes directly after God, and who is subordinate in relation to God alone.’

“We think that we do not err in the tranquillizing belief; that not one of you, as we trust in the grace of God,

cloak and books, and especially the parchments, had no idea of the right reverend and princely dignity of a bishop!

The Catholics of the Greek church are stated at 3,040,000 ; of which, in Hungary 2,070,000, the remainder in Illyria, Slavonia, Croatia, and Transylvania. They have a metropolitan at Carlowitz in Slavonia, and ten bishops.

The Protestants of the Lutheran confession of Augsburg amount to 1,200,000, in the German states and Galicia,—and 750,000 in Hungary. They are under the consistory of Vienna, and of five superintendencies.

The reformed Protestants, as they style them-

will ever harbour the evil intentions of certain men of whom the Apostle Peter has so bitterly complained, as of those who 'despise government,' and 'are themselves the servants of corruption.'—(2 Pet. ii. 10, 14, 19.)

"May the immortal King of kings, who portions out crowns and sceptres, and wonderfully protects them, bless his majesty, our most gracious, good, and religious king, and her majesty, his illustrious consort, our gracious lady and queen! may He bless the most illustrious and august imperial house of Austria, our dear country Bohemia, and may he suffer us all in peace and tranquillity to work out the salvation of our souls.

"Given in our residence at Prague, the 8th Sept. 1836.

"ANDREAS ALOYS,

"Prince-Archbishop."

selves, amount to about 1,600,000, chiefly in Hungary and Transylvania. They have also a consistory at Vienna, and four superintendencies.

The great body of Unitarians are in Transylvania, and are stated by some at 150,000; by others at not more than 50,000. There are about 500,000 Jews, who seem to thrive well in the imperial states, in which there exists nothing at present to disturb the harmony of religion as far as interference on the part of government is concerned: and I must add that the catholic and protestant clergy are on the most charitable understanding the one with the other!

LETTER XV.

MONACHISM AND JESUITISM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the suppression of a multitude of religious houses by Joseph II., monasteries and nunneries are still upon a far more extensive and more richly-provided foundation in the states of the Austrian empire, than in any other country in Europe—not even excepting Italy.

That those hives of consuming and non-productive drones are drawbacks on the national wealth, there can be no denying: although it is contended that the lands belonging to the monasteries and abbeys, when given by princes and other pious persons to religious communities, were at that time in a wilderness state, covered with woods, or occupied by rocks,

which were cleared off, and the soil brought under profitable cultivation by the pious monks and other meek children of the church:—that the religious communities themselves, though idle and non-productive, encouraged agricultural science, and promulgated religious instruction—that their tenants were protected from the oppression of feudal barons*—and that fertile and extensive valleys, and hilly pastures, were thus rendered beautiful and fruitful by those very lazy monks.

True that, originally, monks were instrumental in bringing those lands under cultivation:—that is, they did so by means of the labour and money of others; but as monks leave no children, at least not children that are usually provided for out of those territories, such lands on the death of the monks, to whom the credit of improving them is attributed, should naturally fall into the general property of the state, for public purposes, instead of being *con-served* in perpetuity to maintain successive swarms of drones,—and therefore most unjustly appropriating the property of the state: for,

* *Man lebt gut unter dem Krummstab*, i. e., “one lives well as tenant under the crosier,” is a well-known German proverb.

those religious congregations not only contribute nothing towards the public burdens, but they themselves draw the amount of their consumption from the general stock of national commodities, while they occupy upon the earth's surface the room which would be otherwise taken up by the industrious. More than this, they provide nothing for their children : for let it not be believed that congregations of robust healthy monks have no progeny. They have, *clandestinely*, and with *impunity*. This is too well known ; but the foundling hospitals which were invented by them, shelter, when not otherwise screened, the fruits of their iniquity.

On this subject, I must confess, I was very long incredulous ; but the statements made to me at Prague, Vienna, and towns in which foundling hospitals flourished, were too clearly evident of facts not to remove my doubts. The *Gebärhaus*, or lying-in hospital at Prague, is the resort of about one thousand mothers of clandestine children annually. Women need not even give their names, if they pay a certain sum ; otherwise than inserting it, with their address, in a sealed letter, to be opened if the woman should die within the walls. They are

even, by paying somewhat more, admitted in masks. They leave their children afterwards to be brought up at the expense, with some exceptional allowance, of the institution. Others than priests and friars are no doubt the fathers of these children. But the statistical evidence I have alluded to goes sufficiently far to prove the great increase of bastardy, wherever religious communities exist.

Of the evils of monachism, Joseph II. was thoroughly convinced. Of all religious societies he considered the Jesuits the most dangerous, and the most objectionable. After their expulsion from France, the Duke of Choiseul, then secretary of state, wrote Joseph, on the subject of expelling them from the Austrian dominions; but his mother then exercised the whole power, and Joseph could only give his opinions as expressed in the following letter to Choiseul:

"SIR,

"I thank you for the confidence you give me. If I were sovereign, you might count on my ready co-operation. As to the Jesuits, and the plan to abolish their congregation, I am entirely of your opinion.

“ Do not depend much upon my mother, for an attachment to this order has become hereditary in the house of Hapsburg. Clement XIV. himself has had proof of this.

“ Meantime Kaunitz is your friend. He can do much with the empress, and he is perfectly of your opinion in regard to expelling the Jesuits.

“ Choiseul, I know these gentry as well as any man. I know all their projects—all their efforts to spread darkness over the earth—to rule over Europe from Cape Finisterre to the Frozen Ocean.

“ They are mandarins in China—academicians, courtiers, and confessors in France—grandeets of the nation in Portugal and Spain—and kings in Paraguay.

“ If my grand-uncle, Joseph I., had not ascended the throne, perhaps we should have them as *Malagridas*, *Aveiros*, and advocates of regicide in Germany. But my uncle understood them. When one day the *sankedrim* of the order suspected his confessor of fidelity, and when the latter manifested more attachment for the emperor than for the Vatican, he was cited to Rome. Anticipating the cruel judgment to which he would be doomed, he

implored the emperor to prevent his journey; but all the monarch's efforts were vain. The pope's nuncio himself insisted upon the confessor's departure.

"Irritated at length by this papal despotism, the emperor declared, 'If it is absolutely necessary for this priest to go to Rome, he will not go alone, for all the Jesuits within the Austrian states shall accompany him, never to reappear in any part of this monarchy.'

"This unexpected and almost too hardy reply for the age, made the Jesuits abandon their demand. Such, Choiseul, was their spirit formerly,—such it continues. I know we must change their position. Adieu! Heaven preserve you long to France, to me, and to your numerous friends.

"JOSEPH."

Three years afterwards, in 1773, he wrote an extraordinary letter on the same subject to Count d'Aranda, ambassador from the court of Spain to the court of France. The following extracts show the ideas he entertained of the disciples of Loyola.

"Clement XIV. has acquired immortal glory in banishing the Jesuits from the earth.

Before those *seides* of apostacy were known in Germany, religion was to the people a source of real felicity. The Jesuits have made it the instrument of their own ambition, and the mantle of their shameful projects.

“The intolerance of the Jesuits has drawn on Germany the calamity of a thirty years’ war: their principles deprived Henry IV. of France, of his throne and his life,—and they were the authors of the atrocious revocation of the edict of Nantes.

“Their influence over the house of Hapsburg is but too well known. Ferdinand II. and Leopold I. protected them until their last breath. The education of youth, literature, recompences, nominations to the highest places in the state, the ears of the kings and hearts of the queens,—all, in short, was confided to their perfidious direction.

“*If I can hate, I execrate this race of men, who persecuted Fenelon,—who gave birth to the bull, ‘In Cænâ Domini,’—and who have rendered Rome so despicable. Adieu!*

“JOSEPH.”

Afterwards, on his accession to the imperial diadem, he writes Choiseul, in December, 1780:

"The influence which the priests have exercised until now in my mother's government, shall also be the special object of my reforms. *I do not like those men who, intrusted exclusively with the cares of our salvation, move so actively in the mediation of our worldly affairs.*"

Two months after, the emperor writes to the Archbishop of Salzburg:

"MY PRINCE,

"The interior administration of my states exact from me a prompt reform. An empire over which I reign, must be governed according to my principles. *Prejudices, fanaticism, despotism, and the slavery of mind must disappear; and each of my subjects must resume the exercise of his natural rights.*

"Monachism has attained an intolerable excess in Austria. These monks endeavour to escape from the civil authority, and address themselves, *à tout propos*, to the PONTIFEX MAXIMUS of ROME.

"I have appointed a commission, charged with the duties relative to the suppression of superfluous convents. When I tear off the mask of monachism, and transform the *useless monk* into a *productive citizen*, I then hope

that more than one of those *factionous slaves* will speak otherwise, than they now do of my reforms.

“My task is difficult. It is no inconsiderable affair to reduce this army of monks, and to make men of these *fakirs*; before the shorn heads of whom the vulgar prostrate themselves with respect, and who, taking the advantage of fear and superstition, know how to hold empire over the people, at a time when no other object can make an impression on the human mind.”

In October, 1781, Joseph writes to Cardinal Herzan, imperial envoy at the court of Rome :

“Since the time I have succeeded to the first diadem in the world, philosophy has regulated my actions. Austria must assume another than her present form. It is indispensable that I should separate from the church certain things that never should have made a part of religion. As I detest *superstition and her Pharisees*, I will give freedom to my people. For this purpose I will drive out the monks, I will suppress their convents. They will denounce me at Rome, that I am sure of. They will say I have attained divine right. They will cry out, ‘*the glory of Israel is fallen!*’ They will be still more irritated

that I have undertaken to reform without the preliminary authority of the *servant* of the *servants* of God—the Pope.

“The principle of monachism, from the time of Father Pacôme down to our days, has been in direct opposition to common sense. Like all the sons of *Levi*, the priests arrogate a monopoly of the human mind. Their false principles are spread among the vulgar, who no longer know God, and hope for every thing from the saints.” The emperor then goes on to state, that his new system will provide seminaries of education, which shall “be nurseries for rearing wise ecclesiastics,—the curates that will come forth from them will carry into the world enlarged minds, and will communicate solid instruction, instead of superstition, to the people.”

Rome was highly shocked at all this outrage against her infallibility and power. She could not, however, take upon her to cite Joseph, as she had done Henry IV., to the pope's threshold,—but the intrigues of priestcraft were secretly at work in causing that general discontent which rendered the last days of the emperor wretched. He, however, had gone a great length. In 1784, he writes Pius VI.:

“The funds of the clergy of my states are not destined, as is presumed to be said at Rome, to be extinguished with my reign. No; they are destined to be usefully appropriated for the benefit of my people; and as this measure, as well as the displeasure consequent to it, will appertain to the domain of history, posterity will judge of it without our co-operation. It will therefore become a monument, and I trust not the only one, of my age. I have suppressed the superfluous convents, and congregations, still more superfluous. Their revenues are appropriated to maintain useful curates and primary schools. But the funds of the schools shall have nothing in common with those of the church. But I also find that at Rome the *logic* is not the same as within my states. Hence the want of harmony between Italy and the empire.”

These admirable extracts will, I hope, justify my saying that Joseph was so far in advance of his age, that to reign with success he should have ascended the throne a century after his *birth*. Joseph was indeed a great man; but the bigotry and selfishness of the world would not appreciate him when he lived, and it is probable that his unfortunate reverses may

have influenced the whole life of Francis, who succeeded so soon after to the diadem.

The Prince de Ligne, who lived, as I have already mentioned, until the congress of Vienna, said, sighing, "Alas! I died with Joseph II." "Europe," observed a nobleman present, "proclaims him immortal; say, therefore, rather, like him."—"His," replied the prince, "was the immortality of genius; but mine, if I be doomed to have any, will be like that of the sibyl, merely the endurance of age."

That the late emperor should have not only meditated, but resolved in his will, on restoring the Jesuits, is a deplorable instance of superstitious weakness in the character of an amiable monarch. I am bound so to name it, for Francis was too good a man at heart, and too much attached to his people, to do any one act that he did not consider calculated for their preservation and for their benefit.

The members of all religious orders, and the priests of all state religions, will ever be found the dangerous enemies of human liberty. What they dare not do openly, they will persevere in carrying into effect by secret and deeply planned intrigue and treachery. History, in all ages, proves this truth.

Under the restoration, and especially during the reign of Charles X., the Jesuits in France had wormed themselves into power; and into the direction of that besotted king's conscience. In Galicia they are now in the ascendant, having been tolerated in that country even after their expulsion from the empire by Joseph; and lately they have been formally restored. On the 21st of last August, "a solemn service was performed at Lemberg, the capital, by the archbishop and primate of Galicia, in honour of the restoration of the brothers of the order of Jesus to their ancient church."

I can hardly imagine a greater calamity to the Austrian dominions than the re-establishment of the Jesuits; and I can only console myself in my anxiety for the happiness of mankind, in believing that there is too much intelligence in the emperor's council, ever to admit a society so contrary to the spirit of the age, and so dangerous to the safety of the empire; and especially, to commit to their care, as directed in the late emperor's will, the education of youth.

After the general peace in 1815, an extraordinary reaction favourable to Jesuits, monks, and priests, began in several states of Europe,

especially in Spain, France, Sardinia, and Austria. In Spain, Monachism and Jesuitism may, thanks to the influence of intelligence, and intercourse with England, be said to have expired with Ferdinand.

The Jesuits of *Mont-Rouge* precipitated Charles X. from the throne. Rome had resolved to regain her ascendancy in France, through the *reorganization of the Jesuits* in Paris, under the auspices of a fanatic king. An anonymous writer of the day describes, and certainly, without exaggeration, the re-establishment of the congregation of Jesus in France, of which *Mont-Rouge* was the centre.

“The party which is rapidly pushing France towards the abyss into which Spain has fallen, recruits and extends itself with the greatest activity. The Bishop of Hermopolis declared the existence of but seven seminaries of a religious congregation, and of but one political congregation. Without doubt it was all that then existed: he counted wisely; he knew so well the associations of which he revealed the existence, that he refused to take part in them, in order not to contract engagements contrary to his duties as a prelate and a minister. But since that period, there have been established new

little seminaries, and new great seminaries for the higher class of jesuitical studies, and *mystical associations*, similar to those which in the sixteenth century were organized in France by Jesuits and foreigners, and which *preluded* the MASSACRE of ST. BARTHOLOMEW by the MASSACRE of VASSY.

“ As in the 16th century, Paris is divided into sixteen quarters, in each of which *Mont-Rouge* supports a legate. A committee of direction names its chiefs, in whom great caution and discretion are expected to form an essential characteristic. Their functions consist in the inspection of the district in which they are lodged at the expense of the order; and in distributing supplies to the indigent of the fraternity. Besides this, they fulfil a part attached to the different clubs which the congregation may have in the district, equivalent to that of attorney-general to the order.

“ As in 1586, a part of the Parisian population is seduced, and individuals enrolled in the congregation without their having any knowledge of it. This association in Paris counts nine clubs of different professions.

“ The order of proceeding is nearly the same in all the lodges. The sitting is opened by a

hymn to St. Ignatius; the legate afterwards pronounces a discourse on jesuitical questions, and on the progress of the league: to the legate succeeds the treasurer, who renders an account of the employment of the funds, of which the division is ordered by the committee of direction, either for religious foundations, or for relief to the members of the societies in a state of need, or for the expenses incurred with a view of increasing the number of proselytes. The profane (*les profanes*) who have been sufficiently prepared by fasts, prayers, and mortifications, or by some great undertaking commanded by the superior council, are afterwards presented and received.—A hymn of thanks to the Virgin terminates the sitting.

“The president—who is elected, as well as the members of the committee, by a plurality of voices—is furnished with a hammer instead of a bell, which he strikes on the table to re-establish order.

“An embroidered stole, of different designs, according to rank, is the only distinction of the members of the club. Entrance into each club or meeting is rigorously prohibited to any one who has not a card of admission from the congregation.

“The pupils of *Mont-Rouge* are instructed

to handle arms. Lessons in military tactics mix themselves with the exercises of the classes. Already '*des militaires de robe courte*' come out of this singular school, and serve the APOSTOLIC PARTY. The Jesuits of Paraguay organized an army, which braved for a long time the troops of Spain. The good fathers fought with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other. Perhaps we are destined, in the *nineteenth century* to see a like spectacle. This time, revolutionary blood will not be attributed to Voltaire or Rousseau. At Madrid, the reverend fathers (associates of those who now fill France with trouble and disorder) teach the military exercise to the initiated and their pupils; and in constitutional France we have secret armies, enlisted and numbered.

"*Politic Rome has in the midst of us one hundred thousand congregationists, who meet on fixed days; who have chiefs, watchwords, numbers, and new confederates; who seem waiting for another Guy to spring the mine which they have secretly dug under the edifice of our institutions.*"

General Sebastiani, in an admirable speech, detailed from facts still more fully, the extraordinary ascendancy which the Jesuits had then

acquired in France, and their indefatigable perseverance in seducing the people, while they pretended not to exist as a congregation, until the Bishop of Hermopolis, the conscience-keeper of Charles X., made his forced avowal. Monachism went hand in hand with Jesuitism. "The *Freres Ignorantins*," as he termed the congregation, "propagated their influence by the instruction of both sexes, rendering themselves masters of infancy, by exacting from it oaths, of which parental authority cannot pierce the mystery."

The revolution of 1830 drove the Jesuits again from France. They established themselves in a vast college in Freiburg, Switzerland. Many followed the Bishop of Hermopolis and Charles X. to the Austrian dominions, where the great hope of their permanent and powerful re-establishment now centres.

I cannot as yet believe that those arch evil-doers will succeed. The Chancellor of the Empire is far too sagacious not to perceive the mischief they would disseminate throughout the land. Let them once get but a firm footing, and they will in reality prove the dangerous Secret Society. Prince Metternich may then well say "*after me the Deluge!*"

the image on the bridge, offered up his devotions among tens of thousands of his subjects. This was politic, if not pious.

During the festival of Holy John, Prague is crowded by pilgrims from all parts of Bohemia. The great open square is transformed into one immense refectory for feeding them. The people crawl on their knees, and kiss the earth before the image—the bridge is adorned with wreaths and garlands of flowers—there are processions, masses, and offerings. The Virgin, and all other saints are entirely forgotten, in their adoration of Holy John, who would certainly be melted into compassion for them, if his heart were not, as that on the bridge certainly is, made of stone.

The procession of the Virgin, the image of which, dressed in gaudy tinsel trappings, with a gold crown on the head, is another of those parades which engage the superstitious enthusiasm of all Bohemia. This image is made to traverse the country from Heiligenberg (Holy Mountain), Brandeis, Friedek, and all spots of miraculous reputation. Vast multitudes accompany it. The priests carry the image from their own church to that of the next parish, where they are relieved by another relay of

ecclesiastics, until all the holy places are visited and reconsecrated by this deplorable exhibition of a great lewd-like representation of a woman's figure in tawdry finery.

In the archduchy of Austria, the pilgrimage which enjoys the greatest celebrity, since its revival, is that annually to Mariazell. As I have not witnessed this spectacle of devotion myself, and as I am made to understand that Mr. Russell's picture of it, although somewhat too dramatic, is perfectly just in its general features, I extract it for you.

“The superstition of the people is even fostered by the government encouraging pompous pilgrimages, for the purpose of obtaining the blessing of heaven by walking fifty miles in hot weather. The favoured spot is Mariazell, in Styria, and the pageant is commonly played off in July or August. The imperial authority is interposed by a proclamation affixed to the great gate of St. Stephen's, authorizing all pious subjects to perform this mischievous act of holy vagabondizing, that they may implore from the Virgin such personal and domestic boons as they feel themselves most inclined to, and, at all events, that they may supplicate continued prosperity to the house of Hapsburg. On the

appointed day, the intended pilgrims assemble in St. Stephen's, at four o'clock in the morning; most of them have been anxiously accumulating many a day's savings, to collect a few florins for the journey, for they generally do not return before the fourth day. Mass is performed, and the long motley line, consisting of both sexes and all ages, separated into divisions by religious standards and gaudy crucifixes, alternately cheered and sanctified by the trumpets and kettle-drums which head each division, and the hymns chanted by the pilgrims who compose it, wends its long, toilsome, and hilly way into the mountains of Styria. The procession which I saw leave Vienna consisted of nearly three thousand persons, and they were all of the lower classes. The upper ranks do not choose to go to heaven in vulgar company; and, if they visit Mariazell at all, they make it a pleasure-jault (for the place of pilgrimage lies in a most romantic country), like an excursion to the lakes of Scotland or Cumberland, and pray to the Virgin *en passant*. Females predominated; there were many children, and some of them so young, that it seemed preposterous to produce them in such a fatiguing exhibition. The young women were numerous, and naturally were the

most interesting objects. Many of them were pretty, but they were almost all barefooted, both from economy, and for the sake of ease in travelling. Observant of the pilgrim's costume, they carried long staffs, headed with nosegays, and wore coarse straw-bonnets, with enormous brims, intended to protect their beauties against the scorching sun—unaware, perhaps, of the more fatally destructive enemy, who, ere this perilous journey is terminated, cuts down, in too many instances, the foundation of that pleasing modesty with which they pace forth to the performance of what they reckon a holy duty. Joseph II. saw and knew all the mischief of the ceremony, and abolished the pilgrimage; Francis I. restored and fostered it.

“ At the flourishing monastery of Lilienfeld, the whole train of pilgrims are refreshed with a great benediction, and a little plate of soup.

“ The whole road, as far as Mariazell, the first Styrian town, and the holy abode of an ugly picture of the Virgin, is much more thickly strewed with emblems of believing piety, and conveniences for devout worshippers, than with the marks of civic industry and comfort—for it is the line of the great pilgrimage from Vienna. Every valley which the pilgrims have to tra-

verse is crowded with saints and virgins, and every hill across which they toil is surmounted with a chapel or a saviour. But even pilgrims cannot dispense with temporal restoratives, and brandy-booths refresh the votaries of the Madonna as frequently as her own image. The Annaberg, or mountain of St. Anne, is at once the steepest ascent which they have to climb, and the most romantic spot in this part of Styria. The rocks press together so closely, and the wood entangles itself so thickly round the mountain path, that, at every turn, it seems impossible to emerge from the dell in which you have been caught; but, on reaching the apparently extreme point of your progress, the road turns sharply round some angle of the mountain, and leads you, amid sparkling streams and overhanging rocks, into another dell of the same sort, till the summit of the hill itself appears, crowned with its ancient cloister. The pilgrims always ascend this eminence chanting hymns; the young women allow their hair to hang down loose over their shoulders, dropping, not with myrrh, but with perspiration; and the more laboriously pious add to the sum of their good works by dragging after them a cumbersome cross. At the foot of

the hill there is a chapel in which they may pray, and, opposite to it, a brandy-shop to quicken the body. Their devotions are renewed in another chapel on the summit, but the spring which it contains supplies only water. It is the most profanely grotesque of all fountains. It is formed by a rude image of the dying Messiah lying on the lap of his mother; an iron pipe is inserted into the wound in his side, and the pure stream issues from it.

“The nearer you approach to the holy city itself, the greater is the number of drinking-booths and beggars; for the pilgrimage is often made a pretext for mendicity, and people who would not stoop to ask alms on other occasions, reckon it no disgrace to seek the aid of charity in observing the rites of their superstition. The first object that met the eye on passing the boundary from Austria into Styria, was a board, announcing an express prohibition against begging, and right under it sat an old woman begging.

“If there be any member of the Catholic church who will really maintain that it is better for the community that the hard-earned gains of these poor people should be consumed in a distant pilgrimage, which, moreover, is often

accompanied with much immorality, than that they should be expended in adding to their domestic comforts, he is as far beyond the reach of argument, as the observances of his church are, in this instance, beyond the reach of respect.

“Mariazell would not be worth visiting, were it not for the celebrity which it has acquired as a place of pilgrimage, and the residence of a holy influence, which, till this day, is working more frequent, and astonishing, and undeniable miracles, than even Prince Hohenlohe. The town is small and mean-looking; it consists, in fact, principally of inns and ale-houses, to accommodate the perpetual influx of visitors, which never ceases all the year round, except when snow has rendered the mountains impassable. The immense size of the beds in these hostleries, show at once to how many inconveniences the pious are willing to submit. The pilgrims, however, who can pretend to the luxury of a bed, are few in number; above all, during the time that the annual procession from Vienna is on the spot, it is not possible that the greater part of the crowd can be able to find lodgings, and, though there were accommodations, no small portion of them are too poor to pay for

it. These, from necessity, and many others from less justifiable motives, spend the night in the neighbouring woods; both sexes are intermingled, and, till morning dawns, they continue drinking and singing songs, which are any thing but hymns of devotion. Fighting used to be the order of the night, so long as the procession from Grätz (which, likewise, is always a numerous one) performed the pilgrimage at the same time with that from Vienna. The women of Grätz are celebrated for their beauty all over the empire, and the young females of Vienna have their full share of personal attractions. When the two companies met at Mariazell, the men were uniformly engaged, at last, in determining by blows the charms of their respective fair ones, or deciding who was best entitled to enjoy their smiles. It was found necessary to put a stop to this public scandal, by ordering the pilgrimages to take place at different times.

“The church, which is the centre of all this devotion and irregularity, has nothing to recommend its antiquity, and the picture to which it owes its fame. The latter, is just one of those modern Greek paintings which are so common in Italy, and which are there ascribed, by the believing multitude, to the pencil of the apostle

Luke. The maiden-mother holds the holy infant in her arms, but both are so covered with silver, that only the heads are allowed to be seen. An irruption of the Tartars had driven a Styrian priest to save himself by flight, and he carried along with him this Madonna, the only ornament of his rude church. As he wandered for safety through this mountainous region, a light suddenly burst from heaven, and the Madonna herself, descending on the clouds with her infant son, in the very same attitude in which she was represented in the picture, ordered him to hang it up on a tree which she pointed out, and sent him forth to proclaim to the world that, through it, her ear would ever be open. On the spot where the tree stood, the church was afterwards built. As the fame of the miracles soon spread over all Germany, and as they were frequently performed in behalf of princes, the altars of Mariazell have been crowded for more than eight hundred years, and its treasury continued to overflow with gold and silver, and precious stones, till Joseph removed part of its riches into the imperial exchequer. Maria Theresa had hung up, as a votive offering, figures in silver of herself and all her family—the unnatural son melted down

his mother, and brothers, and sisters, and carried his profanity so far as to subject to a similar process the four angels, of the same costly metal, who guarded the high altar. The treasury of Mariazell used to be reckoned the richest in Europe, after that of Loretto ; and, as in the latter, the renewed devotion of the faithful is again restoring its lost splendour.

“ In the centre of the gloomy church stands a small and dark chapel, dimly lighted up by a single lamp, whose ray is eclipsed by the glare of precious stones and metals that are profusely scattered within. A silver railing guards the entrance, and around this costly fence knelt the crowded worshippers, supplicating their various boons from the holy picture within, which they can scarcely see. Behind the chapel rises an insulated pillar, surmounted by a stone image of the Virgin. It was surmounted by a double circle of pilgrims. The inner circle consisted of females ; they were all on their knees, in silent adoration. The outer circle contained only men ; they had no such devotion either in their looks or attitude, and stood by, carelessly leaning on their staffs.”

I do not allude to these superstitions as being especially peculiar to the Austrian dominions,

for superstition is common among every nation on earth wherever ignorance dwells. Not long since, on occasion of erecting a crucifix in a country church in France, the bishop and priests fell down on their knees in adoration, exclaiming that they beheld the true cross in the heavens. The multitude fell down immediately after, and all, but a few unbelievers, declared that they also saw the holy phenomenon.

The few incredulous persons who did not see with the eyes of faith, declared that they could only behold a cloud; but the bishop, and hundreds of the multitude, signed a certificate of having witnessed the appearance of an immense wooden cross floating in the sky; and this attestation was forwarded by a sacred deputation, appointed by the jesuit Bishop of Hermopolis to Rome. The pope received the deputation, and the proofs of this modern miracle, with holy honours. The miracle of the chapel and the tree, was next announced by all the priests in France. A venerable tree, which stood before a chapel, was purchased and paid for by a carpenter, who sent some of his journeymen to fell it; but they had no sooner

attacked it with their hatchets, than birds and nondescripts of hideous forms appeared on the branches, and assailed them with screeching cries, and, descending, pecked at the workmen, until they ran off in terror to their master's dwelling. The carpenter, who was none of the faithful, laughed at his men, and swore he would certainly have the tree, as he had paid for it. But mark the consequence—he sallied forth a sinner, and returned a saint! On reaching the chapel, he commenced without his workmen, to cut down the tree; when, lo! on the first stroke being given, the birds and other winged monsters appeared, and flew, screaming, at the carpenter and his men. He however, enraged, ordered his workmen to cut away; when, on the second stroke, to the terror of the infidel carpenter, the tree opened, exhibiting the blessed Saviour, in flesh and blood, nailed to the cross.

The unbeliever fell down in adoration—the tree closed—and he returned to his house repenting of his iniquity, and firmly established in the faith. An account of this miracle was also sent to Rome by the same bishop.

But this monstrosity is scarcely behind the

age in which a man of the genius of Chateaubriand, I do not say his education, for that unfortunately for him was jesuitical, carried water from the river Jordan, which he presented to be used, as it was, for the coronation of Charles X.

Let us not, however, accuse Catholics alone of superstition. What are the *revivals* of Massachusetts,—the extravagances of camp meetings,—the Southcottonian belief in England,—the intemperance of the *holy fairs* of Scotland formerly,—the fanatocisms of the parliamentary sabbath-bill framer, but superstitions, which make us exclaim as we hear of, or witness them, Alas, poor weak human nature!

The fanatic of Erlangen, in Germany, who lately, in order to imitate Abraham, sacrificed his son, and the perpetrator of another sacrifice soon after in Würtemberg, were Protestants; so were the young women who crucified themselves a few years ago in Switzerland. These gloomy mental aberrations are now infatuating many of the protestant districts of North Germany. The sacrifice at Dunningen, in Würtemberg, was committed by a man on a wife whom he tenderly loved. She declared, that by her death her family were destined to expiate the

sins of mankind ; and she accordingly persuaded her husband, who was equally infatuated, to strangle her. He did so, and next morning presented himself, attended by his two children, to the curate of the parish, and declared his crime.

LETTER XVII.

EDUCATION.

I BELIEVE there is no subject relative to the Austrian dominions of which we have a more erroneous idea than the actual state of education. Wise and intelligent as we may consider ourselves as a nation, in England, I fear that as far as the mere diffusion of elementary instruction is in question, that we are in a more destitute condition than any country in Europe, except Spain, Portugal, the western and some central departments of France, and, perhaps, the serfs and peasantry of a portion of Hungary and Russia.

I am not about to advocate the plan of public instruction in the Austrian states, far from it: neither do I exactly admire the ad-

ministrative system of education in Prussia and the other German states, which has been so highly extolled by M. Cousin and others, and so furiously abused in the very extraordinary, and in most parts admirable speech of that very sleepless spirit Lord Brougham.

In Prussia and all North Germany, Bavaria, Würtemberg and Baden, every child above seven years of age is not only instructed, but very usefully and extensively instructed, although the course of education is entirely calculated, rather to render the pupils and students tranquil subjects than high-minded citizens.

In a word, great benefits will inevitably result from the diffusion of knowledge through the medium of the established system of education in Prussia; but we must not forget, that the *course* of instruction, the books to be read, and the administration of the colleges and schools are under the absolute direction and control of the supreme government, through its organ the minister of public instruction at Berlin. The same principle pervades all the states of the Germanic confederation; and the same spirit as fully, and with perhaps greater scrutiny, and with more limitation as to the

course of instruction, pervades the whole system of education throughout the Austrian dominions, with the exception of Hungary.

The late absolute resolutions of the German Diet apply, in fact, to North and South Germany, Bohemia, and Lombardo-Venetia.*.

The foundation of elementary instruction in Austria was first laid in the early part of the last century; and soon after, about one in twenty-five of the inhabitants were taught to read. Joseph II. directed his energies to the instruction of youth; but the clergy, high and low, opposed him, and, after his death, succeeded in establishing generally their own plan of educating children.

The government has, however, taken special care that the priests should not have the control over public instruction; and the law of 1821, consequent to that of 1819, in Prussia, directs that no village in the hereditary dominions shall be without an elementary school—that no male can enter the marriage state who is not able to read, write, and understand cast-

* These resolutions state the obligations under which pupils and students may enter the schools and universities of Germany.

ing up accounts—that no master of any trade can, without paying a heavy penalty, employ workmen who are not able to read and write—and that small books of moral tendency shall be published and distributed at the lowest possible price to all the emperor's subjects.

The provisions of this law appear to me to have been very generally put in force: for I have nowhere in Austria met with any one under thirty years of age who was not able to read and write, and I have found cheap publications, chiefly religious and moral tracts,—almanacks, very much like “Poor Richard's,” containing, with tables of the months, moon's age, sun's rising and setting, the fasts, feasts, holidays, markets and fairs in the empire—and opposite to the page of each month, appropriate advice relative to husbandry and rural economy, with moral sayings and suitable maxims.

Besides these, and several small elementary books and periodicals, the *Penny Magazine* is now very generally circulated in Austria. M. Fleischer, the intelligent and spirited bookseller

* Austria seems resolved not to be behind Prussia in diffusing instruction, and lately has shown, especially in religious matters, much greater liberality; especially as respects the Jews.

of Leipzig, having managed to procure stereotypes of the wooden cuts of the London edition, republishes the work in German, and strikes off about 38,000 copies for Austria alone. A *Heller* magazine, published also at Leipzig, is likewise very generally circulated. The spirit of elementary instruction, if not the most enlightened, inculcates in every step morality—the advantage and happiness of a virtuous life—the evils of vice, and the misery consequent on crime.

I have found no difficulty in procuring statistical returns of the colleges and schools of the empire: from these it appears that, in the eight universities established in the archduchy of Austria, Bohemia, Galicia, Moravia, Tyrol, Styria, and the Italian provinces, viz., Vienna—Prague, in Bohemia—Lemberg, in Galicia—Olmütz, in Moravia—Innsbruck, in the Tyrol—Grätz, in Styria—and Pavia and Padua in the Italian states, there exists 54 philosophical foundations, with 334 professors, and attended by 7680 students; 55 theological (Catholic), 326 professors, 6120 students; 16 medicine, 150 professors, 4679 students; 1 (Vienna) veterinary, 6 professors, with assistants; and 8 jurisprudence, 57 professors, 3228 pupils.

Taking the population of the Austrian domi-

nions, exclusive of Hungary and Transylvania (of which I will speak separately), at 22,500,000, I find that there are 25,121 national elementary schools, divided into first and second classes of primary schools, with 10,280 ecclesiastical, and 22,082 lay teachers. In these schools 2,313,420 children are instructed in reading, writing, and accounts; that is, rather more than one in ten of the whole population. Besides these, there are numerous private schools and institutions. Cannabich gives, for 1835, the following statement:

“ Exclusive of nine universities (including Pesth), there are 23 Catholic lyceums and academies; 1 Illyrian lyceum, 4 Lutheran lyceums and colleges, 7 reformed colleges, 1 Unitarian college, 20 Catholic theological, 1 Protestant theological, and 15 high philosophical foundations; 230 preparatory (*vorbereitenden*) gymnasias (of which 6 are high gymnasias in Hungary,) besides special common schools (*volkschulen*) in the classes of primary, secondary, and practical schools: also burgher schools, and the military, and *forest* institutes—veterinary schools—blind and deaf and dumb institutes at Vienna, Prague, Linz, Waitzen, &c.—schools of hydrography and trades—the polytechnic institutes at Vienna

and Prague—the medical and chirurgical academy at Vienna; to which has been added the optical museum of M. Reichenbach—14 normal high schools—57* special institutions for female education—and 4 communities of instruction; besides numerous scientific societies at Vienna, Pesth, Prague, Milan," &c.

The inhabitants of Lombardo-Venetia and Lower-Austria are the most generally educated, among whom I think that *one in eight* must be receiving instruction.*

The universities of Vienna and Padua rank

* In Prussia, the population, in 1833, was 13,038,960. The primary schools 21,889, the number of boys instructed 987,475, girls 950,459—total 1,937,934, or rather more than *one in seven* of the whole number of inhabitants. The whole of these training schools were then directed by 22,211 schoolmasters, 2014 ushers, and 604 school-mistresses.

The normal schools, or schools to prepare masters, were 42; professors, 219; students, 1992.

In the seven universities of the Prussian monarchy there were belonging to the several faculties 332 professors, and 5423 students; of the latter 792 were foreigners.

In the 140 *Hoheren Bürger-Schulen* and *Gymnasia*, there were 1534 professors, 27,461 students; and in 481 *Mittel-Schulen* (or secondary schools for boys), and 372 for girls, there were 1172 masters, and 360 assistants, who taught altogether 56,879 boys, and 46,598 girls. Besides all these institutions for instruction, there is an academy for cadets at Berlin, and numerous military seminaries.

first among those of the empire. The salaries of the professors are, at the former, and I believe at all the universities, paid by government, and the professors are not allowed to take fees on their own account, nor to deliver lectures, except in their respective colleges. The theological, surgical, and veterinary courses, are free to the students; but a fee is exacted for attending lectures on philosophy, medicine, and jurisprudence. These fees are appropriated towards the maintenance of indigent students. The whole course of lectures are read in the German language, excepting some deviations in respect to theology and physic. The philosophic course is contemptible as to its being so termed, and false and obscure in the premises, reasoning, and limits. Divinity, consisting of the dogmas of the church and the writings of the fathers, is as laudable in the way of inculcating its principles and doctrines as that of the church of England is at Oxford, or that of Calvin at Geneva or Edinburgh. For medicine, surgery, mathematics—especially algebra and geometry, and the positive sciences generally—Vienna and the Austrian colleges and gymnasia generally, are certainly excellent schools. The study of history—that is, Austrian history—is obliga-

tory on all preparatory to taking degrees in law or philosophy, and ancient history, on those who are to become teachers.

Of the 230 gymnasia, 201 are Catholic, 25 Lutheran, two Greek, and one Unitarian. Jews and Protestants are admitted, without regard to opinion, into the Catholic gymnasium and other schools. The grammatical and philological classes in the gymnasia are said to be fully deserving of approbation.

The Polytechnic institute at Vienna, which I have visited with great satisfaction, and to which a (*real-schule*) school of practical knowledge is attached, fully justifies the celebrity it has acquired and the great cost expended in its establishment. It has 33 professors and 750 pupils. It contains all necessary mechanical and astronomical instruments and publications, maps, and two extensive chemical laboratories, with preparations. Indigent scholars are also assisted with allowances of from 40 to 200 florins per annum. Mechanical science and chemistry, mathematics, arts, trade, and manufactures are admirably directed under the assiduous superintendence of counsellor Prechtl.

There is a new academy of sciences, in contemplation at least, to be established, and I

must certainly say, that if any one, however poor, does not receive instruction and gather knowledge, in Vienna, it must be entirely attributed to his own indolence. I must at the same time observe, that there are very few towns in Europe in which a man is less disposed to study profoundly. Nor is there the same causes to excite to emulation, nor the same necessity to compel a man to labour and study as in England, or northern Germany.

Vienna is filled with institutions and libraries. It is ridiculous to say, that the materials of knowledge and the means of instruction are wanting; for you may get any work published in Leipzig, London, or Paris, here, a few days after they appear originally, and also reprints of the leading English and French works.*

The accusation, repeated without due inquiry, of the study of civil history being disallowed in Germany and Austria is equally unjust, as the ungrateful opinion given by the Duke of

* There are forty-five public and private libraries, to which there is free access; fifteen mineralogical museums, twenty of zoology and anatomy, twenty-three of antiquities, heraldry, and scientific apparatus and instruments, and twenty of medals, &c., besides numerous galleries of paintings, public and private.

Wellington of the Prussian army. It was probably more than fortunate for his grace's reputation that the soldiers of Prussia falsified at Waterloo what he afterwards said of the best disciplined troops in the world. But there are some men who are always successful when they act, but who seldom open their mouths without uttering foolish expressions.

Nations have their sensibilities and their points of honour as well as individuals. I was in North Germany at the time when the Duke of Wellington gave his ill-natured and inhuman opinion of the Prussians, and when Lord Brougham made his remarks on the system of public instruction. I had also the honour and happiness of numbering among my friends learned professors and distinguished military officers, and certainly they were indignant at being so ungenerously calumniated by a distinguished warrior, and also by so transcendent and useful, although eccentric, man of learning and genius.

"I have inquired," said Lord Brougham, "of well informed foreigners, not certainly in France, if, in addition to a little natural history and mineralogy, the children were not allowed to learn civil history also? The answer was,

'No, that is forbidden;' and in certain countries, seats of legitimacy, it may not without risk be taught. So that the pupils learn the history of a stone, of a moss, of a rush, of a weed; but the history of their own country, the deeds of their forefathers, the annals of neighbouring nations they must not read. They are not to gain the knowledge most valuable to the community. History, the school of princes, must present closed doors to their subjects; the great book of civil wisdom must, to them, be sealed. For why? There are some of its chapters, and near the latter end of the volume, which it is convenient they should not peruse. Civil history, indeed! the history of rulers! why that would tell of rights usurped—of privileges outraged—of faith plighted and broken—of promises made under the pressure of foreign invasion, and for giving the people's aid to drive back the invading usurper and tyrant; but made to be broken when, by the arm of that deluded people, that conqueror had been repelled, the old dynasty restored, and when it only remembered the invader and the tyrant to change places with him, and far outdo his worst deeds in oppressing their subjects and plundering their neighbours! History, indeed!

That would tell of scenes enacted at their own doors — an ancient, independent, inoffensive people overcome, pillaged, massacred, and enslaved, by the conspiracy of those governments which are now teaching their subjects the history of the grasses, and the mosses, and the weeds ; tell them that the bible and the liturgy were profaned which they are now commanded to read, and the Christian temples where they are weekly led to worship, were desecrated by blasphemous thanksgivings for the success of massacre and pillage ! It would tell them of monarchs, who live but to tyrannize at home and usurp abroad, who hold themselves unsafe as long as a free man is suffered to exist ; who count the years of their reign by just rights outraged and solemn pledges forfeited. Monarchs who, if ever, by strange accident, the sun goes not down upon their wrath, exclaim that they have lost a day ; monarchs who wear a human form and think nothing inhuman alien to their nature. No wonder, indeed, that civil history is forbidden in the schools of those countries ! The tyrant cannot tear from the book, the page which records his own crimes and the world's sufferings, and he seals it up from the people."

Now it would be easy to show that, as far as annals of civil history are in question, this *ad captandum* rhapsody is quite as applicable to England, as to the countries against which its wrath is discharged—Austria and Prussia. Nor will it be contended that Francis of Austria, or Frederick William III., have, during their lives, been more characterized by acts of public or private tyranny than the prince, in opposition to whom Lord Brougham owes so great a share of his popular celebrity; a prince whose personal reputation, and whose usefulness, as the first magistrate of an empire containing 24,000,000 of people at home, and countless millions in his possessions, would be indeed deserving a praiseworthy place in history, if his life had been distinguished by the public and household economy, and still more so by the domestic virtues and morality of Francis and Frederick.

So far from the study of history being prohibited in Austria, it is insisted upon in various courses of instruction as a qualification: and as to the reading of history, you find the libraries and book-shops crammed with historical and biographical works, many of them reflecting fearlessly on the government and

emperors of Austria.* Von Hormayer's *Taschenbuch für das Vaterland Greschichte*, lately published and distributed all over Austria and Prussia, is an elementary history of Germany, very similar to Goldsmith's England.

The number of historical works published at Leipzig, are countless; and they all find their way to Vienna, with or without the pleasure of the minister of police and censorship, M. Sedelnitzky.

Having said so much to show the fallacy of the opinion entertained in England, that civil history is prohibited in the states of Austria and North Germany, I will now prove to your satisfaction how much more than the "history of the stones, the grasses, the mosses, and the weeds," is taught.

In the Protestant theological college (*studium*) Vienna, there are imperial allowances of from 50 to 100 florins a year given to indigent students. In this college, in three gymnasia, —in two public high schools with four classes,

* Among these are Schneller's History of Bohemia,—Müller's History of Switzerland,—and even Palacky's History (the first volume of which has appeared) although published at the expense of the government;—also Ledderhose's Life of Martin Luther,—the History of the Council of Constance,—the Life of Wallenstein, &c.

—and in the eleven public high schools, with three classes, civil history occupies a full share of the course of studies. In 59 elementary schools (*trivial schulen*), the elements of history are read, with moral lessons, by the pupils. Besides these, to whom all are admitted, there are several private elementary schools, some of which are for girls of the Catholic faith,—others for girls of the Jewish profession,—and some for Protestant pupils. Then there is the institute for educating and maintaining the daughters of *decayed* civilians; and another for the daughters of military officers. Also two institutions (*convictes*) for more liberal and accomplished instruction; first, the Royal Imperial; and the other, called by its founder's name, "*Gräfin Loweberg'scher Convict*."

The medical-chirurgical academy, named, "*Die medicinisch-chirurgische Joseph's Akademie*," founded by the Emperor Joseph in 1785, chiefly with a view of providing the army with skilful physicians and surgeons, is one of the best schools for medicine and surgery in Europe. The collections of natural history,—the preparations illustrative of chemistry and *materia-medica*, dry and wet,—and especially

the anatomical preparations in wax, occupying seven large rooms, the finest in regard to execution, and the most extensive in variety and number in the world. The library, instruments, &c., render this one of the most convenient and interesting schools for the medical or surgical student.

The engineer academy, at the head of which is the Archduke John, is justly celebrated for its instruction in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, mechanics, and all that relates to the profession of the civil and military engineer.

The *Ritter Akademie*, founded by Maria Theresa, was intended by her for a scientific and equestrian school for all young catholic noblemen. Joseph and Francis extended it on a far more liberal plan. The humanities, history, philosophy, and sciences generally, are taught here. There is attached to it a large botanical garden, and also an admirable riding-school. It has 65 imperial and 83 private foundations for maintaining students. Ludwig Graf Von Taafer, is curator of this academy.

The imperial academy for oriental languages, "*Akademie der Morgenländischen Sprachen*," was also founded by Maria Theresa, but extended and greatly improved since her time.

The course of studies are for five years; and one of its objects, among others, is to prepare men for eastern diplomacy and consular service in Turkey, the Levant, and other parts of the East; the languages, the history, and the commerce of which, form chiefly the course of studies. It has an extensive collection of oriental manuscripts.

Exclusive of these schools, the libraries, museums, and collections, especially those of the university, of the emperor, of Egyptian and other antiquities, of the imperial gallery of paintings, of medals and moneys, of the Brazilian museum (the result of a scientific expedition sent to South America in 1817), of raw materials and manufactures, all afford free opportunities to all classes to learn much from instructive subjects in nature and art.

Besides numerous institutions, as hospitals and charitable foundations to relieve distressed humanity, for which Vienna may very honestly be proud,* there are several societies for promoting usefulness, as well as the embellishment

* The institutes for the deaf and dumb, for the blind, for orphans, for orphans and widows, the pension institute, and the sustenance house, are some of about forty-five institutions which provide for the unfortunate.

of society. Among these are the *k. k. Landwirtschafts-Gesellschaft*, or Imperial and Royal Agricultural Society, of which Peter Graf von Göess is president.

The Society of the Lovers of Music for the Austrian states, of which Augustus Prince Lobkowitz is president, is famous for its concerts, and the encouragement it holds out to musical aspirants. In connexion with this society, 20 professors are provided for, and 300 pupils, boys and girls, taught gratis, vocal and instrumental music. This society has an excellent library, in the splendid edifice at which its meetings assemble.

The Society of Noble Ladies, for the furtherance of industry and usefulness, was formed to encourage industrious persons, by purchasing the articles they make for the use, gratis, of the blind, deaf, and dumb orphans, and the hospital for the sick at Baden, &c.

The Society of Arts, for the encouragement of natural artists (*Kunstverein zur Aufmunterung Vaterlandischer Künstler*) was founded, like that of Munich, by a capital of shares, five florins each, and afterwards maintained by subscription. The paintings exhibited, approved

of, and purchased, are sold afterwards by auction to the subscribers, or divided by lot.

There is a society or jockey club for regulating the horse-races at Simmeringer (*Gesellschaft der Simmeringer Pferdrennen*), but it has also in view encouraging improvement in the breeding of horses.

Having now given you, what you will very likely consider a tedious, but what in reality is a very slight sketch of the seminaries of education, and of a few of the useful institutions in Vienna, I must conclude the letter by adverting briefly to some of the universities and schools in the other states of the empire.

The university of Pesth was removed from Ofen in 1784, by Joseph. The large and accumulating revenues of the abbey of Foeldevar having been added to its foundation, it has for some time been by far the most richly endowed university on the continent of Europe. Its revenue is stated at about 600,000 florins, or 60,000*l.* per annum, and it maintains a great number of indigent scholars, and 1020 candidates for the priesthood, as well as 306 students. It has 10 professors of theology, 74 of physic, 14 of philosophy, seven of law, and one each of the German, Hungarian, Italian,

and French languages. English is to be, I hear, added. The number of pupils have more than doubled during the last twenty years. There is no distinction as to creed observed in regard to admission. In 1835, the pupils were 1172 Catholics; 253 Protestants, 261 Jews, 84 Greeks—in all 1770. Besides maintaining a preparatory ecclesiastical seminary, an *archi-gymnasium*, of six classes, and about 3600 district grammar and elementary schoolmasters, are aided or supported from the funds of this university.

At Prague, Grätz, Maria-Brun, seminaries are also maintained on a very respectable foundation. The *Johanneum*, or Technical seminary of Grätz, the institute of Prague, the imperial institute of Maria-Brun (chiefly for science, connected with the management of forests), are all highly spoken of.

In the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, we find that the course of instruction at the university of Pavia, the talents and learning of the professors, and the provision made in aid of instruction, renders that seat of instruction among the very first in Europe, especially for classical studies, medical science, universal history, Austrian history. Rural economy, archæology, he-

raldry, numismatics, German language, Greek philology, history of philosophy, architecture, hydrometry, &c., are added to the usual courses. There is no theological faculty at Pavia; at Padua there is.

There are twelve Lycea for secondary instruction distributed in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; besides two classes, first and second, of primary schools. There are thirty-five female seminaries or colleges, several of which are under the special direction of the Ursuline and Salisiane sisters. Besides all these, infant and Sunday schools are very general in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; and even in the Tyrol, I was astonished to find elementary instruction in a far more advanced state than I was prepared to expect.

Considering the great importance which I attribute to the influence of useful education, in rendering mankind more virtuous, more industrious, and more happy—better neighbours, and more agreeable and orderly members of all communities, you will forgive the length to which that great object has extended this letter.

LETTER XVIII.

LITERATURE AND MEN OF GENIUS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all I have advanced in my last letter relative to the diffusion of public instruction, and the facilities of acquiring knowledge, I am unable, as far as literature and men of genius are in question, to say much that will rescue Austria from the designation long given her of the "German Boetia." Not but that men of natural genius are born in Austria; for undoubtedly there are many individuals of great practical talent. Musical genius, Vienna at least claims: but, from whatever cause, *genius* in literature, poetry, philosophy, and the higher casts of intellectual conception and creation, does not certainly shine forth resplendently in Austria.

The celebrated names of Germany, — Lessing, Bach, Kant, Fichte, Kepler, Jacobi, Schleiermacher, Michaelis, Mendelssohn, Schelling, Werner, Klopstock, Göethe, Schiller, the two Schlegels, Fieck, Herder, Gessner, Gellert, Bodmer, Breitenger, Jean Paul Richter, Voss, Prüsger, Matthisohn, Körner, Müller the historian, Schulz, Tiedge, Klinger, Stolberg, Görres, Gentz, Jarke, Heine, Börne, Hardenberg or Novalis, W. Müller, Rükerst, Schwab, Klüst, Immerman, Raupach, Hoffman, Zchokke, Uhland, Iffland, and the Humboldts, were not one of them born or educated in the Austrian dominions. North and central Germany gave birth to them all except Bodmer, Breitenger, and Müller, who were born in German Switzerland.

Yet, as far as the government is in question, there is nothing to *discourage* genius, if political writings affecting that government, be kept out of question. Frederick Schlegel, Iffland, Körner, and others, have been led to Vienna, and patronised to a certain extent by the government. Gentz was ennobled, and Jarcke placed in an office of confidential dignity.

There is, however, no enthusiasm in regard to genius and literature, as there is in North

Germany. To the abundant means of living,—to the greater ease, and to the consequent greater indolence, must, I fear, be attributed the state, certainly below mediocrity, of literature, and, as far as known to the public, of genius, in Austria.

In the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, poetry, belles lettres, and history, are very generally cultivated by writers of genius and learning. They do so, because they, like most educated Italians, find pleasure and even repose in those charming and enlightening studies. Bohemia may also boast of some men, who, although little known, are entitled to fair, but not voluminous, literary reputation. In Hungary there appears to me a still greater promise of rising genius among the people: there they may write and speak with a freedom not exactly tolerated in other parts of the empire.

In the Austrian dominions, generally, with the exception of Lombardo-Venetia, those who read either for information or amusement, rely upon the intellectual produce of other lands, of which there is a great abundance supplied by Leipzig, Stuttgart, and Paris.

I am not positive whether I am perfectly just in my opinion, but as far as I have been

able to discover and read, I have seen nothing original from the Vienna press, except the novels of Caroline Pichler, and some scientific books, worthy of any pretensions to genius or talent.

There are a few dramatic writers who may claim more favourable consideration; but their writings are ephemeral, and pass away almost as soon as represented.

M. Balbi, of Venice, the author of several excellent geographical and statistical works, published chiefly, with little profit to him, in Paris, was invited by the Austrian government to settle in Vienna. A pension, to enable him to prosecute his labours unembarrassed, has been settled upon him; and he tells me that he is left perfectly free to write and publish such works as he may labour to produce. Those on which that indefatigable author is now engaged are purely statistical.

The Encyclopædia of the Austrian Empire, appearing in parts of about 200 closely-printed octavo pages, 24 parts of which are published, contains statistical, scientific, historical, and biographical information, very satisfactorily compiled, relative to all the imperial dominions.

Theological works, written in a barbarous

style—elementary books of instruction—works on mathematical science, medicine, surgery, chemistry, military science, and plays, are those which now appear as original or as reprinted publications from the Vienna press.

Scientific men, especially physicians, complain that the Austrian government holds out no encouragement as the Russian and Prussian governments do, to talent and genius. This may be true, for the cabinet of St. Petersburg dignifies priests, bishops, and physicians with high military rank, and adorns those peace-preaching servants of the meek Saviour with the first orders of chivalrous knighthood.

In France, Dupuytren and Cuvier, Thiers, Guizot, Dupin, and, I believe, most of the members of the institute, have been proud, and those living continue to be so, of wearing some cross or ribbon indicating alliance with the human butchers of the legion of honour (?). What absurd folly! Four years ago, when lodging in the Hotel Sinet, at Paris, I had a valet who never appeared brushing my clothes, or bringing me my boots, or otherwise attending to what I asked, without being decorated with two red ribbon orders. He was inflated with the vanity of wearing them—talked of

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equality and Napoleon — and the evils of feudality in England. Yet, whenever I ordered him, he flew to execute what I desired quite as subserviently as any military sashed or starred, priest, doctor, professor, or knight, would to execute the orders of the autocrat himself. He did so from no reason in the world but that I employed him at as high wages, I suppose, as he could get from any other person.

In Austria a man of genius and talent, provided he agrees to exercise that talent in the service of the government, will certainly be employed, as Schlegel, Gentz, and others have been. Considerable ability is absolutely necessary in the secondary home and foreign departments of the state service; first, to execute the business of the state efficiently—secondly, to relieve those holding the primary appointments of state, of the labours of bureaucracy.

There is not, however, as in England, France, and especially in Prussia, a prospect of talented men of plebeian birth ever directing the supreme administration of an empire. In England we have had Walpole—Pitt—Whitbread, a brewer—Perceval—Jenkinson, all commoners; Canning, the son of an actress—Wellington—Peel, the son of a wealthy manufacturer—and

lastly, the present honest head of the administration; all men belonging to the people, and all ennobled with or without title, by themselves.

In Prussia, the present minister for foreign affairs, Ancillon, is son of a simple burgher, descended from the French who fell from the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He began the world for a livelihood in a profession which he did not like to follow, that of a humble preacher or tutor, and from which his literary and philosophical genius rescued him. Naglor, the postmaster-general, and many highly-gifted but low-born men are in the official service of Prussia. Another, minister of state, Mühler, the son of a baker; and another, Kempz, of much the same origin, owe their positions entirely to themselves.

In the smaller states there is greater difficulty for genius and talent to surmount: yet my friend Dr. von Wirchinger, minister of finance in Bavaria, has attained his position solely by the exertion of his own abilities.

It is not the government of any country, however, that draws forth the energies of literary genius, or of philosophic minds. The encouragement which the *people* hold out forms the true natural excitement—the solid trust of

men who are eminently gifted by nature. This public encouragement does not, as yet, exist in Austria. But when the instruction of the people expands their mental faculties, as it assuredly must, in the present irresistible progress of intelligence, Austria will, as certainly, be no longer known as the *German Bæotia*.

LETTER XIX.

MUSICAL GENIUS.

THEY say, in North Germany, if you allow the Viennese the reputation of pre-eminent musical genius, they will not be angry if you deny them every other spiritual gift. This, like all general remarks, is no doubt fallacious. Musical genius certainly pervades, and finds great estimation among the people, high and low, of this capital, and throughout Austria. Of all the fine arts, music alone seems to be highly appreciated.

Painting owes its most masterly excellences to the encouragement given to it by Catholicism. Yet in Vienna, where the great body of the population profess that religion, and where they are quite as devoted in their adora-

tion of all that gives splendour to churches, the latter are by no means celebrated for their pictures, nor has the capital ever been, for painters of great merit; although, as the numerous shop sign-boards testify, eminently so for artists of ordinary talent.

Sculpture is still less prized in a city and country where there exists but little pride on the part of the government, in regard to elevating monuments, either to honour the memories of great men, or to perpetuate the recollections of great national events. There are, indeed, very few monuments to the memory of distinguished persons. The last erected in St. Stephen's Cathedral was that of Prince Eugene of Savoy, where, as Madame de Staël observes, rather pointedly, "he waits for other heroes." As far as monumental fame speaks forth, none have since appeared in that temple.

The equestrian bronze statue of Joseph II. in Joseph's platz, admirably executed, is the only one which appears to honour royalty in the open air; and the few monuments which are elsewhere to be discovered, erected for the last century and a half, have been raised by private affection. The museums and galleries of Vienna abound with the works of sculptors and

painters, but they are nearly all by foreign artists, and it is astonishing how little interest the inhabitants take in those collections. At Munich and at Dresden the people are again impassioned with an admiration of painting and sculpture, while they in my opinion possess quite as high feelings of delight in music as the Viennese.

The latter, however, have more abundant leisure to enjoy music, and far more ample material qualifications for its accompaniments. At Vienna, (with the exception of what the operas and melo-dramas afford), instrumental music, certainly in the most perfect style of execution, is that which ravishes the ears. The Prater, the *Volks-Garten*, the *Au-Garten*, and a hundred other resorts, are filled with bands, the meanest of which surpasses those of most theatrical orchestras.

Zelter, the composer, in his letters to Göethe, describes admirably the happy material positions of the Viennese for enjoying music, and how indifferent the *Kapel Meister* was in adapting their music to words, as to the beauty or appropriation of the latter, provided the music was effective; and then, talking of the faubourg

theatres, where the melo-dramas are characterized by broad-humoured coarseness, he observes :

“ There were the three pieces, *Die Merber*, *Die Damenhiite im Theater*, and a pantomime, *Schulmuster Beeystrich, oder das Donnenswetter*. These are all of a somewhat vulgar character. My sides are still aching with laughter. The people, as well as the actors, share in the performances ; for the least success is followed by applause, and the bad parts are hurried over. The players are in perpetual motion. They enjoy as much, if not more, than their audience. It is a gipsy scene, and cannot be described. The children screech, and then clap—the whole audience then screech, and clap too. When the piece is finished, all the actors, who are able to stand after the exhaustion, are called for : they make their bows and deliver thanks, and go on with their parts in their individual persons.

“ It is thus that these people are not political. They only want to live, and to enjoy every minute of existence. They do so. Politics would *ennui* them at the beginning, and *ennui* them at the end. They go from the theatre to

supper—rise in the morning to go to mass—then to work—then from one play to another. Wiser they never were, and never will be.

“ At the Prater you see several hundred carriages ; some of them the most splendid—some *fiacres* ; all moving in the centre avenue. In the others, groups, couples, solitary walkers, in beautiful confusion, which it is delightful to behold. Pretty, well-dressed women, and handsome men, with great diversity of countenance and character, flit past you like brilliant shadows. You sit down at the sides on seats, before the coffee-houses, shadowed by clumps of the most beautiful trees. All is charmingly neat and clean. From the thicket behind comes forth the sounds of delicious music : now you have an opera—now a ball—now a parade. Coffee and cakes before you—a child brings you flowers—a girl crystal water—an old woman tooth-picks. You send them away happy with a few copper kreutzers, which were previously as heavy in your pocket as the possession of a bad conscience.

This is Vienna. In the midst of sitting and serving, drinking and smoking, dancing and fiddling, do the living stream move comfortably and gladly onwards. They come, they stay,

they go, they speak, or do as they please, in quiet,—in uninterrupted motion. No impediment—no inclosures. The coffee-houses and dancing-rooms belong to proprietors; the ground is the emperor's; no one dare inclose it. What makes the scene real sunshine, is the multitude of happy beings, who, reconciled in the morning (Sunday) to their Creator, enjoy the world in the evening as they like it best."

Madame de Staël remarks, that instrumental music is cultivated in Germany as much as that of vocal in Italy; and gives as a reason, that the former requires labour, while the soft climates of the south are favourable to fine voices. I attribute the prevalence of either vocal or instrumental music every where to circumstances, and its perfection to musical genius. Melody and strong expression form the characteristics of German music: and its vocal performance is, I think, far more general in central and North Germany, and in the Tyrol, than in Austria.

How often must those who have rambled along the banks of the Rhine, or among the valleys and hills behind, have been delighted, as I have, on listening to bands of rustics, young men and women, on going or returning

from their field labour, singing melodiously their national airs and songs, and also selections from Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. On the Rhine, we may frequently observe a boat filled with passengers singing in full chorus, to which the mountain-echoes join in, as if performing the accompaniments.

The burschen of the northern universities sing their songs louder, and with greater glee than those of the south: they have also their instrumental music. Three years ago we were in a steam-boat ascending the Rhine; the day was as lovely, as imagination could exult in, amidst such delicious scenes. On passing Bonn, between Godsberg and the Drachenfels, three boats, which seemed idling on the Rhine, came alongside, with fifty young men clad in black velvet coats, cut like English shooting-jackets,—military-looking caps, fancy waistcoats, and as fanciful trousers,—hair *à la* Rubens,—each with a long *meerschaum*, and a gaily-wrought pouch; and some fifteen, bearing musical {wind instruments, while the remainder carried fowling-pieces.

They boarded us, as if they were vassals of the feudal baron of Rolandsec, sent forth as *Räuber Ritter*, to capture, or to exact the

Rhine toll. They quickly arranged themselves over various parts of the deck, struck fire and lighted their pipes; and immediately the curling smoke from their three-score of *meerschaums* rose in clouds, competing with that of the steam-flue, as to which would more effectually obscure the clear bright heavens.

These free-spirited lads were the burschen of Bonn, a seat of learning which justly boasts of giving birth to Beethoven, and which is also still distinguished for the musical taste of its people. It was Sunday; the burschen were in their holiday academics, and looked light-hearted, generous, daring spirits, fit and ready for study, song, generosity, mischief, or revolt.

On approaching the isles of Nonnenwerth, the *ci-devant* convent of which is now a favourite Sunday tavern and smoking-house, all the *meerschaums* were simultaneously extinguished, —the burschen descended into their boats,—fired a salute of about thirty shots,—rowed towards Nonnenwerth,—struck up on their instruments, to our surprise and delight, “God save the King,” all the joyous youths joining in full chorus. A selection from Beethoven followed. The effect, amidst that most romantic part of the Rhine was enchanting.

The singing of the schoolboys on Sunday mornings, in North Germany, is noticed by Madame de Staël, particularly on a remarkably cold morning, when she witnessed those juvenile choristers in the town of Eisenach. The same custom still prevails. We happened to be at Gotha early last year. The day was Sunday, and it blew a most piercing cold northeasterly wind. Gotha, on the face of a hill, with a northerly aspect, is one of the most bleakly cold places in its situation that I know. As we were at breakfast in the Reisen hotel, a long file of boys, in their dark clothes and white shirt collars, came slowly down rather a steep street leading from the palace, singing a psalm : they alone appeared in the street ; they stopped at each house where any of them had a parent or relation ; they sung the solemn melody with an earnest feeling, and in a voice and taste astonishingly sweet and impressive. Their parents, sisters, and friends, appearing at the windows, and hearing the sacred song with heartfelt joy.

Some time after the scholars had passed, the municipal band appeared, with wind instruments, on the towers of the town house, where the cold must have been extreme. They played

three or four sacred airs, and then disappeared. We witnessed this often in other towns, on Sundays and on week days, particularly at Weimar.

In Austria and the southern parts of Germany, although the passion for music is general, its cultivation is directed more to that of instrumental, than in the north. The very gipsies of the south wander about with their rude harps; and the shepherds often beguile time by performing on some simple musical instrument. In the Tyrol, song and pipe are both indigenous, and often have both, animated the people to redeem their liberty.

To those who can comprehend and feel the force, beauty, and feeling which the German language is capable of conveying, and who have some acquaintance with the associations, legends, and history of the country, the national songs of Germany will be heard with exquisite delight.

Das Knaben Wunderhorn, compiled by Von Arnim and Bretano, two poets of the romantic school, is the best collection of popular German national songs. They charm and animate old and young. Heine says of this collection :

“ I cannot sufficiently praise these sweetest

blossoms of German genius. Let he, who desires to know the bright side of the German people, read their popular songs. In these we feel the heart-throbs of the nation. In these German wrath beats the drum — German mockery whistles — and German love kisses. In these the pure German wine and pure German tears distil in pearly drops: the latter often far more precious refined than the former."

When the iron tyranny of Napoleon threatened the extirpation of national spirit in Germany, and what was termed the holy war of independence was proclaimed by the German people, the poets and men of letters were not the least efficient in rousing the country to arms. The German muses, although they were for some time constrained to silence, were ever too proud and patriotic to praise the despot.

For a time all jealousies—all discord vanished in that country. Emperors and kings, princes, politicians, poets, and philosophers, joined in the holy strife for liberty. The sword and song were wielded together. Theodore Körner, Ludwig Uhland, Frederick de la Motte Fouqué, Moritz Arnott, Schenkendorf and many more, were amongst the foremost in urging the public on by their songs, to death or liberty.

The strife ended gloriously; but the people, who gained the advantages of peace, were not satisfied. The despotism of aristocracy again, especially in the small states, reared its head. A multitude of young poets and students, who were engaged in the fight, returned to their studies with all the vigour of patriotic life. The war of ideas succeeded the conflict of swords, and the attempts made to stifle the publicity of those ideas in Germany have produced secret societies—the *Burschenschaft*, *Jung Deutschland*, *Jung Schweiz*, and the *demagogischen Umtriebe*.

LETTER XX.

YOUNG GERMANY—THE PRESS—CENSORSHIP—POLICE—AND PUBLIC OPINION.

NOTHING astonished me more during my first travels in Germany than the execration which every one, connected with either the great or little governments, spoke of secret societies, and the licentiousness of the press, whenever those subjects were alluded to.

The most apprehended of these associations is that called *Jung Deutschland*, or young Germany. If this society be composed of such members as it is said to be, and if their principles are universal revolution and universal pillage,* no one can say that it should be too

* It is also averred that the members swear to slay any of their number who is guilty of betraying them, or who fails in any measure he may plan.

generally detested. But I doubt, from all I have been able to learn, if its existence be otherwise than on too despicable a scale to cause the German governments to have adopted the measures they have resolved and acted upon; which in reality only serve to give secret societies more importance, and to render the power of the state less respected, by exhibiting to the world, that those governments are under the influence of fear.

Governments, like great rulers, to be strong ought to be magnanimous: for tyranny and oppression are, universally, proofs of fear and weakness. The cruel enormities of Augustus are among the most atrocious on record. These were committed, when he lived, for twelve years, in daily fear. Afterwards, when he was above fear, he was the most lenient of emperors.

If the German governments have actually the courage to despise such societies as *Young Germany*, *Young Switzerland*, and *Young Italy*, let them but show that they disregard them, and the influence of these associations, and of all secret *propaganda*, will cease to be of any consequence whatever either in disturbing the public peace, or in overturning thrones. A small body of men cannot secretly do great mischief.

A multitude can never be a secret body; and if the whole, or a majority of the people, become determined by the force of moral conviction to change the established state of things, no existing government can prevent them.

Prosecutions for alleged political offences, have, in all countries, tended a thousand times more to weaken the moral, and finally though silently, the political power of governments, than all that secret societies and propaganda, ever could, or ever can accomplish.

France, which before, and particularly since the revolution of July, has been the most atrocious in her arrests, prosecutions of the press, seizures, imprisonments, and penalties, is at this moment in the most insecure state of any government in Europe.

In Austria, as I have already said, no one has the *privilege* of writing or speaking against the measures of government; and the prosecutions and imprisonments consequent upon the attempts made in her Italian possessions, can never be defended upon sound political, any more than on humane principles. The arrest and condemnation of Confalonieri, even his respite from death, for a long imprisonment, and latterly for banishment: the sad story of

Silvio Pellico, and the other arrests and imprisonments made in Italy, have done a thousand times more to estrange Italian feeling from Austria, than those severities for securing obedience.

The rigour exercised in Galicia, towards those suspected of secret correspondence, and of conspiring with foreigners, cannot but have caused a feeling, however silent, of hatred towards Austria, in a country so infamously partitioned from Poland only half a century ago.

Austria however is, with the exceptions I have made, not so rigorous in her prosecutions as most of the other states of Germany. Prussia, has for some time evinced a most unaccountable dread of secret societies, and *propaganda*. The counsellor of state, Schumman, has lately, on frivolous charges, been found guilty at Berlin, of high treason, and condemned to be imprisoned for fifteen years in a fortress; and many others have been prosecuted for political offences, or arrested and detained in prison for two or three years on suspicion. It is impossible for the press to be more in the harness of censorship than at Berlin. An academy also, is about to be established in that

capital, with the design of counteracting the influence of *literary Germans*, residing in other countries, such as Heine, Börne, Gutzkoff, Laube, Mundl, Veenburg;* whose works, although prohibited by a late resolution of the diet, and seized wherever found by the police, are yet generally disseminated over all the German states.

By the influence of Prussia, and the especial fears of the small governments, the diet at Frankfort has lately resolved, that political offenders shall be subjected to extradition, for trial, from one state to another, and there is not one of those which have not many alleged political offenders now in their prisons.

It is remarkable, that there is even more severity exercised in most of those states, who have the semblance of representative constitutions, than in Austria. A few weeks ago, one

* Count Bernstorff, when minister, recommended, (and his advice has certainly been followed), "The press as eminently qualified to consolidate and preserve the attachment of the German public to order and legality; and to *win over* talented writers, whose safe opinions might be tried by the wariness with which they would now lend their pens to assist the governments; yet no alterations are to be made in the existing censorship, which even in time of war cannot be dispensed with."

of the deputies at Hesse Cassel was arrested, without being even charged with his offence, while sitting among the other deputies in the chamber, and sent to prison.

During the sitting of the last session three years ago, of the legislature of Bavaria, the question of the civil list, on an augmented scale, being submitted to the consideration of the chambers, to be voted, not for the king's life, but "in perpetuity, and never to be subjected to any change otherwise than if necessary, still further to enlarge the amount," there were a sufficient number of refractory members to oppose its passing.

This was, however, got over by the king and his minister, Prince Wallenstein. The refractory members were arrested, on pretence of secretly conspiring against the government, and confined in prison until the chambers were prorogued, when they were sent to their respective country residences under a military escort.

An act of degradation only paralleled by that of Gessler commanding all who passed the hat he placed on a pole, in the public place of Altorf, to do homage to the hat as if it were the emperor, occurred last summer at Munich.

The Aulic counsellor Behr,' formerly burgo-master of Wurzburg, had taken upon him to speak more freely on matters of right and government than was agreeable to King Ludwig. Behr, who certainly does not gain in our estimation by the punishment, was condemned to do penance on his knees, in the public hall of the municipality, before the *portrait of the king*. He then read an applauded lecture on the necessity of a supreme head of the state and his inviolability, and that, consequently, he never intended any thing disrespectful to the person or power of his majesty, to whose revered head he was faithfully devoted, and for what he had formerly said he begged to proclaim his deep repentance."

THE PRESS, in the Austrian states, cannot, in any political or religious view, be considered the organ of public opinion, although it certainly may be understood frequently as the organ of the state. Yet great talent is not, as in Prussia, employed by the government in rendering the press a powerful engine; and the actual merit of the newspapers justifies Dalpoggio in saying,

"The Austrian government is not hypocritical, it disdains to colour its actions as some

other governments do; it follows a straight-forward course, heedless of the talk, and criticism, and ridicule of foreign journals. It ought, however, to persuade itself that it is not useless nor derogatory to enlighten and conciliate public opinion, and to dispel unfair charges. That Austria is powerful enough to be generous, even to her declared enemies; that she ought to grant a full amnesty for political offences in 1820-1; that she ought to allow her subjects an unlimited liberty of travelling, the restrictions imposed on the locomotive faculties being both absurd and odious. That she ought to introduce the free introduction of foreign books and journals. The more people read about foreign affairs the less they will be liable to the imposition of quacks and alarmists."

Dalpozzo wrote as a well known supporter of the Austrian government, yet no one can deny that he does not give sound advice.

The censorship of the press is in principle and power as strict in Austria as in Prussia. In Lombardy and Venetia, where the principal periodicals are published, the police and censorship are bitterly complained of. A late Italian writer, whose name I have omitted when I made the extract, asserts, and although with

warmth, not without truth, as to existing regulations.

“The liberty of the press is fettered by an inexorable censorship, and the expression of opinion prevented by an unceasingly vigilant police. Nothing can be introduced, nothing can be published, not even an advertisement for a *lost dog*, without previous licence, and sometimes not without a double and triple censorship. Not only sentiments, but even words, are subject to proscription. No author can employ in his writings the words *constitution, country, liberty, independence, liberality*, without incurring the anger of these inquisitors. In a work of the unfortunate Signor Pellico, who was shut up for three years in the prison of Spielberg, this phrase was cancelled, ‘*the laudable desire of popularity*.’ The Austrian government, after having permitted some individuals to establish, at their own expense, Lancasterian schools in Mantua, Brescia, and Milan, suddenly, and without the least motive or even pretence whatever, caused them to be closed by a commissary of police, and the young students to be turned out amidst the tears of their parents. The Austrian government insisted that the Lancasterian schools of

Piedmont should share the same fate, alleging as a reason *that they taught the rights of man*."

In Germany (including 36 in German Switzerland) there are about 170 political journals, or rather mere newspapers, published, and about 500 literary, scientific, and religious papers.

In the Austrian dominions 76 journals are printed, of these 22 appear from the Vienna press, 25 at Milan, 10 in the other towns of Lombardy, 7 in the Venetian States, 5 at Verona, and 7 in other towns. At Vienna 12 English (daily and weekly), 7 French, 2 Dutch, 1 Belgian, 22 German, 2 Greek, 2 Turkish, 2 Polish, and 5 Russian journals are at present received; besides 9 reviews and literary periodicals from England, 38 from France, and about 110 from the several states of Germany.

The well-known *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or Augsburg Gazette, is that chiefly read. This journal is chiefly valuable for its extracts; it has always a supplement, and it is said that the supplements sent with those which enter Austria are arranged, so that the paper may contain nothing offensive to the government.

The *Beobachter*, or Observer, is the principal Vienna journal, and the organ of government.

It often contains a good deal of interesting intelligence ; but, as a political paper, neither it nor any one of those published within the Imperial States, are in the least degree interesting. The other papers are, The Gazette, for official notices, and several small literary, dramatic, and humorous daily or weekly papers, chiefly found at the coffee-houses.

As far as I have observed the police, which, in all countries (except when strictly municipal for maintaining civil order) form an intolerable nuisance, inconsistent with liberty, are by no means so meddling as in France and in some small German states. Passports, another plague with which the 18th century and the first French revolution have cursed Europe, are often a cause of the most annoying delay all over the Austrian dominions, except Hungary, where the people are not yet, as in France, Germany, and Italy, sufficiently civilized to understand the great utility of those locomotive licences.

Believing, from conviction, after much examination, that the most licentious press will fall powerless if left to expend itself; that secret societies can never become dangerous to a good patriarchal, or to a well organized repre-

sentative government; that, in defiance of all censorship and prohibition, every book will find its way where it can get purchasers and readers; and that, although governments may, for a time, stifle the expression of public opinion, they never can destroy its force, which will only break forth, like a volcano, with the greater explosion, in proportion to the obstacles that resist it; I have great hopes that the government of Vienna, becoming every day more intelligent, and more prepared for liberalizing the whole empire, will at the same time direct its attention to those great measures which, in regard to freedom of thinking and acting, will not only the more effectually guarantee the duration of tranquillity, but in developing the vast and varied resources of the Austrian dominions, consolidate the common feelings and prosperity of the whole empire; by material and intelligent improvements extended equally to all those states.

LETTER XXI.

AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT.

ACCORDING to the authorities of Austrian publicists themselves, and the statements of Cannabich, Galetti, and Balbi, the imperial government is absolute in some states, limited in others, and the monarchy hereditary. The title of Emperor of Austria was assumed, when Napoleon compelled Francis the Second to resign the *elective* title of Emperor of Germany. At that time his hereditary titles were Archduke of Austria, and King of Hungary and Bohemia; and now, Emperor of Austria, and King of Hungary, Bohemia, and Lombardo-Venetia, &c.

The emperor must be considered in Austria, the fountain of all military and civil honours

and appointments, and the supreme and absolute director of the executive, legislative, and military government.

He is assisted in the administration,

First, by the "*Ministry of State and Conference*," viz. : two archdukes ; a prince of the empire (Metternich) ; three noblemen ; and one director of this council. These form the cabinet.

Secondly, by the "*Council of State Conference and Privy Reference*," consisting at present of

The president of the interior and finance (Count Kol-lowrat) ; a general field-officer ; a superior ecclesiastic ; his majesty's physician in ordinary ; and five other counsellors ; besides six referendaries of the council ; viz. : one general officer, and five aulic counsellors.

Thirdly, by the "*Chancellorships*," viz. :

The Chancellorship of the Household, Court, and State, composed of one chancellor, Prince Metternich, who is also minister for foreign affairs, and may be considered prime minister of the empire ; eight aulic counsellors, and five privy counsellors.

The Chancellor of the Court (in assembly), consisting of one supreme chancellor, the minister of the interior ; one first chancellor ; one chancellor of the court ; one vice-chancellor, and sixteen aulic counsellors.

The Chancellorship of the court of Hungary, composed of one chancellor ; one vice-chancellor, and ten aulic counsellors.

The Chancellorship of the court of Transylvania, consisting of one president, and four court counsellors.

Fourthly, by the "*Council of War*," composed of One president ; a general field officer ; two vice-presidents ; four counsellors of the war council ; fifteen aulic

counsellors ; one director-general of engineers ; one director general of artillery, and one president of the military court of appeal.

Fifthly, by the "*High Court of Police and Censorship*," consisting of—

One president, and four aulic counsellors.

Sixthly, by the *Minister of War, Finance, Interior, and Foreign Affairs*, in their respective departments, and by the *Court Commission*, for administering the *Supreme Direction of Justice*.

The funded operations and central finance are managed much in the same way as by the bank of England, by the *national bank* of Austria.

The "*Royal Household*," has—

First, on the *emperor's establishment*—

The vicar of the first grand master, who is also grand marshal ; grand chamberlain ; grand ecuyer ; grand master of the ceremonies ; grand master of the kitchen ; upper stable master ; intendant general of the buildings ; prefect of the imperial library ; director of the privy purse ; grand huntsman ; grand guardian of the table utensils, &c.

Secondly in the *empress's household*—

The grand master ; grand mistress, &c. &c. ; besides the grand masters and mistresses of the princesses, &c. &c., and numerous other officers, guards, &c. &c.

There are *twelve generals in chief commanding in the twelve general captainships*, viz. :—

Illyria, Austria, Styria, and the Tyrol ; Bohemia ; Moravia and Silesia ; Galicia ; Hungary ; Lombardy and Venice ; Slavonia ; Croatia ; Upper Hungary ; Transylvania, and Dalmatia.

There are also in each of the *great divisions* of the empire—

A civil governor, or president, and supreme tribunals, to which appeals lay in Lower and Upper Austria ; Bohemia ; Moravia and Silesia ; Galicia ; Dalmatia ; the Tyrol ; Lombardy and Venice.

ADMINISTRATIVE DIVISIONS.

"The German geographers," says Balbi, "are nearly all of the same opinion, by dividing into four parts, all the countries which form the empire of Austria, viz. :—*First*, the German country, or the Austrian territories, comprised within the German confederation. *Second*, the Polish country, or that part of the ci-devant kingdom of Poland, now belonging to Austria. *Third*, the Hungarian country, which not only include the kingdoms of Hungary, Transylvania, and the military confines, but also the kingdom of Dalmatia : and *fourth*, the Italian States, which include the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. *Inexact* as these divisions are, because they are neither *Ethnographic*, as is shown by what we have mentioned in the article *ethnography*, or *geographic*, as can be proved on examining their position on a chart : we do not hesitate to adopt them, although imperfect ; for they are too generally admitted, to be set aside. It is, therefore, upon these great divisions, that we establish the particular divisions. The whole empire is accordingly divided into fifteen governments, all independent of each other, having different titles, superficies very unequal, and each administered very differently. Each government is subdivided into circles, provinces, counties, districts, &c., according to the different countries to which they belong."

THE GOVERNMENTS AND SUBDIVISIONS ARE:

AUSTRIAN, OR GERMAN TERRITORIES.

DIVISIONS.	SUBDIVISIONS.
1. Government of Lower Austria (<i>Nieder-Oesterreich, or Land unter der Ens</i>)	1 Captainship, Vienna. 4 Circles.
2. Government of Upper Austria (<i>Ober-Oesterreich, or Land ob-der Ens</i>)	5 Circles.
3. Government of the Tyrol	7 Circles.
4. Government of Styria (Steyer- mark)	5 Circles.

KINGDOM OF ILLYRIA. (ILLYRIEN.)

5. Government of Laybach	5 Circles.
6. Government of Trieste	1 Free City—Trieste. 2 Circles.
7. Government of Bohemia. (Boehmen)	17 Circles.
8. Government of Moravia and Silesia. (Maehren and Schle- sien)	8 Circles.

POLISH COUNTRY.

9. Government of the Kingdom of Galicia. (Galicien)	19 Circles.
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ITALIAN COUNTRY,

OR,

LOMBARDO-VENETIAN KINGDOM.

10. Government of Milan, or Lombardo Provinces	9 Delegations.
11. Government of Venice, or Venetian Provinces	8 Delegations.

HUNGARIAN COUNTRY.

Ungarn of the Germans.—Madjar-Orszag of the Hungarians.

DIVISIONS.	SUBDIVISIONS.
12. Kingdom of Hungary . . .	4 Circles.
Subdivided again into . . .	46 Comitats.
13. Kingdom of Slavonia. (Civil Section)	} 3 Comitats.
14. Kingdom of Croatia. (Civil Section)	
	} 3 Comitats.

PARTICULAR DISTRICTS, VIZ:

15. Littoral Hungary . . .	} or 6 Administrations.
16. Jazygia. (Jaszsag) . . .	
17, & 18. Little and Great Kumania	
19. Territory of the Hay-Doucks.	

GOVERNMENT OF TRANSYLVANIA.

Siebenburgen of the Germans; Erdelyi—Orszag of the Hungarians, and containing

20. The Magyarck-Reze, or Hungarian Section	} 11 Comitats. 2 Districts.
21. Szekelyek-Resze, or Szeklers country	
22. Szasrok - Resze, or Saxon country	} 9 Szekes. 2 Districts.

DALMATIA, OR

23. The Government of Dalmatia and Albania	} 4 Circles.
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MILITARY GOVERNMENT, VIZ:—

24. The Generalship of Carlstadt, Warasdin, and the Ban of Croatia, subdivided into . . .	} 8 Regimentships.
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DIVISIONS.	SUBDIVISIONS.
25. The Generalship of Sclavonia	{ 8 Regimentships. 1 Battalion.
26. The Generalship of Banat	. 2 Regiments.
27. The Generalship of Transylvania	{ 5 Regiments.

The AUSTRIAN EMPIRE is, therefore, divided into :—

9. Great Divisions, subdivided into
27. Lesser administrations; and further, into
203. Circles, counties, military districts, &c.; besides minor jurisdictions, somewhat resembling the English hundreds and French communes.

The assemblies, called **PROVINCIAL STATES**, which meet in all the countries subject to Austria, except Friuli, and the military limits, seldom, or generally do not, impose any check on the prerogative of the emperor. They assemble, it may be said, for little more than to give opinions, unless it be in regard to some secondary branches of administration. In Hungary and Transylvania, however, not only the states possess a share in the making of laws; but the nobility have other highly important privileges. In the Tyrol, no new tax can be levied without the consent of the states. The Hungarian government, being almost entirely aristocratical, the body of the peasants are

still in no way represented. The states consist of four orders ; clergy, nobles, knights, and the representatives of the free cities. In the Tyrol there is a *chamber of peasants*.

== The local affairs of towns and parishes, appear to be generally administered with mild and equal authority, and certainly at very little expense to the people.

LETTER XXII.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAWS.

JUSTICE is administered according to recent codes formed under Joseph II., in 1786-7, and under Francis II., in 1811-12. The tribunals are presided by the magistrates in towns ; and in the country there are courts presided in by the nobility of the district. From them an appeal lies to the college of justice, established in the capital of each province.

The laws consist chiefly of edicts, established precedents, usages, and regulations, not repugnant to the spirit and practice of the government. The different sections of the empire have their respective usages, or laws, which are often very contradictory in one state to those in another.

It is contended that punishments are mild, inasmuch as death is seldom the consequence of judicial trials. No man, by the Austrian laws, can be put to death until he confesses his crime. This is the law also in Bavaria, and some other states. The severity and duration of imprisonment, and of condemnation to hard labour in the mines, for crimes against property, for political transgressions, and for smuggling, are certainly inflicted with rigorous obedience to the sentence of the tribunals. Crime against property and person is certainly rare in Austria; and to the moral instruction and material ease of the people, this must, I think, be attributed.

Dalpozzo, who must, however, be considered as viewing the Austrian government with a favourable eye, says, and, as far as I have been able to observe, (taking the exception of political cases), with truth,—

“The abolition of feudal servitude and personal services in Bohemia, Galicia, and other Austrian states, except in Hungary, where the nobility, while they boast of their patriotism and nationality, have generally opposed the ameliorations suggested by the crown in the condition of the peasantry; the abolition of

torture; the determined resistance to encroachments of the papal authority; the gradual and considerate suppression of superfluous monasteries; the security afforded to literary property; the establishment of elementary schools all over the monarchy: the abolition of corporal punishment in those schools; all are matters," he says, "well-known, at least, to the men of the eighteenth century. It is also," continues he, "known, that in every part of the Austrian monarchy there are provincial states, which meet to discuss matters relative to the administration, especially financial, of their respective provinces. They lay the result of their deliberations and their suggestions before the sovereign. In the Italian provinces, they are called congregations: of these, there are two central ones; one at Milan, and the other at Venice. They are composed of deputies from three classes,—nobles, proprietors not nobles, and deputies of the cities. The communal council elects three candidates for every vacant place, out of which the emperor chooses one. Their functions chiefly relate to the repartition of taxes between the various districts, to military lodgings, and other charges; the inspection of hospitals and other charitable

institutions, to roads, bridges, canals, &c.) The administration of the municipal and communal finances is especially intrusted to the provincial congregations, of which there is one in every province, and which are composed on the same principles as the central ones. The central congregations have also the right of making known to the sovereign, directly, the wants and wishes of the nation.

“ The Austrian government, although not constitutional, cannot be called despotic. It has fundamental laws, usages, and precedents, from which it does not deviate. The right of private property is held sacred. The emperor makes general laws for his subjects, but no special or exceptionable ones for particular persons or cases. There is equality before the law, and no odious privilege of cast is now admitted. There is no abusive influence of either aristocracy or clergy. The judiciary power is held independent, and not interfered with by rescripts from the sovereign. No special commissions are appointed to try particular cases; no arbitrary penalties are inflicted. All those who were condemned for political offences in 1820-1, were regularly tried; several were condemned

to death, but *not one was executed*.* The proceedings in the civil courts are neither dilatory nor expensive. The conveyance of property has been rendered, by a wise system of registration, as easy and safe as any commercial transaction. With the exception of political cases, the penal code is very mild. The punishment of death is awarded in very few instances. Few countries in Europe enjoy so much material prosperity as the Austrian monarchy."

As far as the subordinate agents of the Austrian government are in question, even Silvio Pellico admits that all those with whom he came in contact during his wearisome imprisonment — police commissaries, officers, guards, inspectors, gaolers, priests — were honest hearted, kind, good men. "The clergy," he says, "are not one of them uninformed, bad, rude, or deceitful."—"Surely," says Dalpozzo;

* This is not sufficient proof of mercy—we should have an *exposé* of prison and hard labour treatment; Both are, however, milder than in France; and the first generally, even for high crimes, better than that to which *poor debtors* (the rich, even in prison, can buy comfort) are subjected to in England. A man's property is liable, not his person, as with us, for the debts he contracts. Yet we hear the voice of *monsters* still advocating, in both lords and commons, imprisonment for debt.

“ a government employing such servants cannot be so very barbarous, very unprincipled, and very bad, as is commonly represented.”

In regard to my own convictions, I entered the Austrian dominions with certainly no favourable idea of the administration of the public offices, or of the details of justice; and, after careful and extensive examination, I am bound to say, that, although there is much that I would change for the benefit of all, I could also prove, by well-authenticated, and not to be disputed statistical facts, that society at large, and families and individuals, have suffered more affliction and pain from confining the unfortunate in the prisons of England and Ireland in one year, by the mere practice of our courts of law, by the rascality of attorneys, and by imprisonment for debt, than all that have been victimized for political opinions, or by the administration of justice from the year 1780, when Joseph II. began to reign, until his nephew, Francis, died in 1831.

Let those who fall on foreign nations, and especially on Austria, with foul abuse—let the Edinburgh Review, and other periodicals, first put down our barbarous imprisonments for personal, and often doubtful claims—let tithe-

rebellion writs—let the tyranny of Chancery practice and Exchequer penalties be annihilated, before England can boast of the practical enjoyment of that impartial, equal, inexpensive, unoppressive justice, to which she has, with the whole world, a natural and rightful claim. Until then, let party writers not accuse foreign nations of greater evils than those which *haunt* and *destroy* the happiness of our own *firesides*.

LETTER XXIII.

ANTI-COMMERCIAL SYSTEM.

IN nearly all countries, except Turkey and Holland, the idea of prohibiting foreign commodities, or burdening them with enormous duties, was considered a policy which would force home-manufacturing industry into flourishing prosperity, and consequently increase the wealth and power of the state.

This fallacious doctrine, which subjugates, in nearly all cases, the bulk of the nation to a most unjust, although indirectly oppressive taxation, for the doubtful, but specious benefit, at the most, of a few of the many, has been doggedly persevered in by the Austrian government.

If the many disasters which the empire has

so grievously experienced, can be attributed to any one principal cause, it will assuredly be found to arise from her short-sighted illiberal commercial system.

With the best intentions of a liberal, but not sufficiently experienced man, Joseph II. enfeebled his country by his false commercial legislation, so as to subject Austria in consequence to the misfortunes that an empty and bankrupt treasury are sure to bring upon nations as well as upon individuals. He wrote to the then Earl Kollowrat, in order to bring forward indigenous productions, and to curb the useless growth of luxury and fashion, "I make public my orders concerning the *general prohibition of foreign manufactures*.

"By the consumption, almost exclusive, of foreign products, the Austrian trade has been rendered passive; and the *state* has lost in consequence twenty-four millions of florins per annum paid for foreign commodities.

"Until this time the government appears to have only had in view enriching French, English, and Chinese merchants and manufacturers; and to deprive the country of the advantages of which it would otherwise possess.

sarily avail itself, by its own industry, to satisfy its wants."

A system nearly prohibitory was then enforced, — an expensive establishment of preventive custom-house agents employed, and continued to this day, — and duties of 60 per cent., *ad valorem*, on all foreign commodities not actually prohibited by law, imposed.

Notwithstanding all these precautions foreign manufactures have always appeared at Vienna, and at all the principal towns. The late Germanic union of customs has also caused so great a contraband trade into Austria, that, although the expense of guarding the frontier amounts to more than the revenue collected, foreign smuggled goods appear at the fairs and other markets much cheaper than home manufactures.

Austria, therefore, after persevering for nearly sixty years in a system that has made her twice bankrupt in her financial credit, — that has prevented her ever having revenue sufficient to meet her expenditure, — that has left her without means to clothe, and arm, and pay an army of such magnitude as would have driven back or crushed at once, even the most formidable

invasion of Napoleon,—remains still embarrassed by the dead-weight oppression of that system;—while not more than one out of eighteen of her whole population are employed in manufactories, and while her mighty natural elements for foreign commerce have lain almost dormant.

A liberal commercial system can alone render Austria a great powerful independent empire. No power can be independent, which, in time of peace expends more than her revenue. This is the case with Austria, as I will hereafter explain to you. And a state which has twice fallen into bankruptcy and financial discredit, must make vigorous exertions to recover her strength, in order to be prepared for defence in case of need and danger.

Austria possesses all the natural resources,—all the moral and physical elements of power, and revenue, and riches, in an eminent degree. She has pre-eminently the advantages of extensive and varied productive regions;—corn, wine, oil, honey, wool, silk, hemp, flax, tobacco, timber, madder, all useful vegetables and delicious fruits—iron, coal, salt, and other mineral products in abundance;—cattle, swine, horses and sheep;—great rivers, sea-ports, rich soils,

all climates, and all her states adjoining each other, forming one of the greatest compact empires in the world.

To bring forward into productive and enriching operation all those great natural elements of wealth and power, there is one great spring of action wanting, namely, an extensive commerce with foreign nations. This commerce would inevitably create, not only great home industry, but a great export trade. The anti-commercial system, on the other hand, by preventing the introduction, except by smuggling, of most foreign commodities, forms a smothering *incubus*, under which industry and enterprise lay in *stationary torpor*.

LETTER XXIV.

FINANCES.

THE revenue of the Austrian dominions is derived from direct taxes, land chiefly,—excise, tolls on roads, tobacco monopoly, salt monopoly, customs (1,540,000*l.* sterling only), post-office, lotteries, stamps, which are very high,—miscellaneous taxes on property, &c., mines, only one-seventh part of the amount after paying the expenditure, and a few extra taxes, producing altogether, without deducting the expense of collection, the gross sum of 147,600,000 florins, or 14,760,000*l.* sterling; the expense of collecting which, amounts direct to 35,600,000 florins; and indirect, with additional frontier guards, customs, officers (exclusive of additional military and police assisting

to guard the frontiers), to 2,800,000 florins more,—in all 38,400,000 florins, or more than one-fourth of the whole revenue. The gross expenditure is 155,455,756 florins, 43,500,000 of which goes to pay the interest of the national debt. The excess of expenditure over receipts, is 8,455,756 florins.

Now, when we consider the financial distress of the empire at various periods,—the losses of 1811 and of 1813, the national debt now due,—the small amount of revenue in proportion to the population, we shall find no difficulty in tracing this state of long-continued embarrassment to no other cause but the anti-commercial system, which has prevented the development of the vast resources of this otherwise splendid and magnificent empire.

Maria Theresa, rather than liberalize Transylvania, Slavonia, and Croatia, from the shackles of restriction, and consequently increase her revenue, descended to the plan of public begging in the churches; and so far was she reduced in her treasury, that, to secure in her need the alliance of France, she condescended to correspond and pay court to Farinelli and Madame de Pompadour, both royal mistresses, which the virtuous and chaste

queen would no doubt have immured in a convent if she had had them at Vienna.

Frederick III., whose empty treasury reduced him frequently to humiliation, used to say, "that, like a willow, he bent to the blast, and rose when the tempest was over." Francis II. was compelled to practise the lesson of his ancestor.

In Schneller's History of Bohemia, an able and fearless work, which you may find in any book-shop in Vienna, the following passages, relative to the Austrian finances, occur in the beginning of the third volume :

"Count Wallis, called from the post of Oberst-burg-graf in Prague to that of finance minister in Vienna, soon perceived that the financial measures of Counts Sauran, Zichy, and O'Donell, from 1790 to 1811, were only expedients for momentary relief, and not for permanent income. Voluntary contributions had been called for ; the silver of the churches had been used ; a base currency of half its nominal value had been issued ; the exportation of the metals had been prohibited ; a compulsory loan of seventy-five millions of florins had been exacted, to diminish the amount of bank-notes ; enormous duties had been laid upon colonial

produce; the post money had been raised two or three times; a property tax of one-half per cent. had been introduced; and the emperor, who had publicly promised to issue no bank-notes in future, was compelled again to have recourse to that expedient. All was in vain.

“The floating bank-notes had imperceptibly risen to 1,060,000,000 of florins (106,000,000*l.* sterling); the amount of *interest-paying* debt was not exactly ascertained. It was doubtless even more considerable; the salaries of all public officers, and the expenditure of the state, had risen enormously in proportion to the depreciation of currency; all these evils were now to be remedied by the bold project of the determined Count Wallis.

“The *coup-d'état* which that minister carried into execution, was approved of by his majesty. On the 11th of February, 1811, the orders were printed with the greatest secrecy in the imperial printing-office; a copy of the warrant was sent, sealed, to all the governors of the empire, who were to open it at the same hour, on the 15th of March, 1811; these orders were instantly to be acted upon, without remonstrance, and without the assent of the states; they were promulgated amidst the roll of mili-

tary drums. This master-stroke consisted in the substitution of quittances for bank-notes, so that five florins of the latter were paid by one florin of the former, in all public and private engagements.

“The whole financial system of the empire was thus changed; the usual notion of right and property was entirely violated. The war of 1813 drew forth a fresh issue of 212,000,000 in paper, besides *anticipationscheine* to three times that amount. When Count Stadion succeeded Count Wallis, the paper money was so valueless, that he found it necessary to reduce it from 250 to 100. In consequence, the property of minors, hospitals, all institutions, and capitalists, was reduced from one 100,000 to 20,000 by Wallis, and from 20,000 to 8000 by Stadion. Yet all this was of no comparison to the corruption of morals introduced amongst the people. Every one endeavoured by any means, to make up for his unmerited loss. The permanent disadvantage to the state was still greater. It was compelled to borrow, after the peace, first 20,000,000, and afterwards 38,000,000 from Rothschild, and nearly as much from other contractors.”

In 1831, a loan of near 100,000,000 florins was

contracted; and unfortunately, the expenditure ever since has exceeded the receipts.

Nothing can justify the national bankruptcy of a respectable government.

Siecle, a French financial writer contended, before the first revolution, "that in an absolute government like France, the reigning prince has only a temporary interest in the revenue of the state, and consequently that it would be not only a prudent, but even a legal operation to annihilate the public debt at the commencement of each reign." This diabolical maxim may have been read by Count Wallis, but he should have remembered, as imperial minister, what King John of France declared, "that if honour had fled the world, it ought still to be found in the bosom of princes."

Having given, in connection with other inquiries, rather extensive consideration to the financial system, or rather financial expedients, which mark the last eighty years of Austrian administration, and having compared those expedients with the natural resources and population of the empire, I am finally led to the conclusion, that a minister like William Pitt, notwithstanding his involving the country in a general war, would never have allowed the

empire to fall into the degradation of breaking faith with the public creditor; not that Mr. Pitt was the minister whose administration I praise; but as a statesman, his energies in maintaining the national credit during war, must be admired, although his policy may not be justified; and in time of peace he would, in a government like that of Austria, have been really the man to make the empire recover herself by a liberal commercial system, which would in a far less period than the twenty-two years that have elapsed since the general peace, not only have diminished the debt, but have produced a revenue fully adequate to meet the current expenditure, and pay the interest regularly of the public obligations, impelling at the same time the whole empire forward in agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial prosperity.

Prussia, at the present moment, maintains her public credit, after having fulfilled her obligations honorably. And yet the expenditure of Frederick the Great was necessarily enormous. Even after the war we are astonished, on visiting Berlin and Potsdam, at the vast sums which must have been expended in palaces and public buildings of all kinds. Yet Frederick left behind

him a tolerably well filled treasury, and no debt. His successor afterwards contracted liabilities of about twenty millions sterling, which the present king paid nearly off before the battle of Jena.

The ravages of the French, and the distress to which the kingdom was consequently reduced, involved the treasury afterwards in a debt, for which a yearly interest of 6,397,000 thalers, or nearly one million sterling is paid: this, for a population of fifteen millions, is a mere trifle, and 2,500,000 thalers is also appropriated annually to reduce the debt. In Prussia, the revenue raised is regulated as nearly as possible to meet the expenditure. It has been fixed, for the ten years ending May, 1840, at 51,400,000 thalers, or £8,420,000 sterling annually.

The land tax in Prussia is high in proportion to the other taxes, and the excise bears so heavily on the vineyards of the Rhenish country, that the growers have occasionally not considered it prudent to gather or put the vines in press, on account of the excise duty. The customs have fallen off also, in consequence of the political extension of the Prussian tariff around so many states of the Germanic con-

federation. Yet Prussia, which, with very few exceptions, in regard to having cheap manufactures, has always had a moderate commercial system, has, through all her disasters, maintained her public credit.

Austria seems never to have in any way understood the simple fact that, to raise a large revenue without oppressing the people, it is necessary to levy duties on foreign commodities for the purpose of revenue only; never with the false view of protecting and raising up domestic manufactures, which, high duties, or in other words premiums for smuggling, never can realize. Low duties on foreign commodities, as is experimentally proven in England and the United States, always occasion great consumption. Great consumption yields great revenue.

LETTER XXV.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS, AGRICULTURE
—MANUFACTURES—TRADE.

Among the first improvements in a country, roads, are of the most important benefit. The highways in the Austrian dominions generally, with the exception of Hungary, part of Galicia, and the country east of Styria, are in a remarkably good condition: but it must be remarked, that there are too few of these roads, and that the by-roads in wet weather, are no more than miry tracks.

With the exception of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, the empire requires generally to be unlocked by canalization. An extension of commerce by requiring greater facility of transport, would also require canals, to be extensively executed, as well as many new lines of railroads.

With respect to the latter, Austria is in advance of every other continental country. That which I have already noticed passing from Linz north, to Budweis, and south towards the salt-mines, is of itself an extensively useful work. That projected from Vienna to the frontiers of Krakaw, as well as one of far greater importance, from Vienna to Milan, and another commercial road, not decided of what description, to Trent, will most likely be accomplished in a few years. Many other improvements, which are required to facilitate internal communication, and for removing the few impediments which interrupt the lower navigation of the Danube, and those of its branches, can only be effected as increasing commerce may ensure a return of the outlay, or when the general utility may induce the government to execute such public works. At present, the revenue will not permit any such expenditure, and it never can until it is greatly augmented by increased trade. When that happens, the enterprise to which commerce itself will give birth, can far better accomplish works of general usefulness than any government. In fact, the prosperity and enterprise of a country is never great, when public works are managed by the government, with which

there can be no competition : and competition, as in England, and the United States of America, forms the heart and life of that active enterprise and ingenuity, which render nations great and wealthy.

Agriculture, especially the raising of corn crops, may be considered in a fair state of improvement. Throughout Austria, Bohemia, and Lombardo-Venetia, ploughs and all implements of husbandry, are, in consequence of iron being cheaper, far superior to those used in France. The farm-houses, and all rural dwellings have a clean, corresponding, comfortable appearance. Sheep pasturing and breeding is attended to with great care in Austria, Bohemia, Silesia, and Moravia, as well as in Hungary.

The manufacturing of woollen cloths, coarse and fine, has attained a superior degree of excellence both in quality and dyeing, in Moravia, Bohemia, and the Archduchy of Austria. The glass of Bohemia, especially the brilliantly coloured glass, is perhaps the finest and most beautiful ever manufactured.

Cotton manufactures, which have recently sprung up in German Bohemia, and at Vienna, appear to be in a flourishing state, they are not so in reality. The high duty on foreign fabrics,

maintains all these in a fictitious state, at the expense of the whole empire.

The manufacture of linen is by far the most healthy and prosperous of any. The silk fabrics of Lombardo-Venetia, are on the decline. Those of Vienna are supplanting them, (where smuggled articles do not,) in all the imperial markets. The ironmongery and cutlery, manufactured from the excellent iron of Styria, appear to me superior to any other wrought on the continent. The porcelain of the imperial manufacture is fine and clear. The earthenware, generally inferior. A great variety of embroidered and fanciful articles of home manufacture, are sold in the shops and at the fairs. Generally speaking, the apparently prosperous state of the Austrian manufactures must be entirely attributed to the low price of bread and animal food. The *protective* duty is injurious not serviceable to them. Smuggling brings goods far more ruinously into competition with them in the home market, than fair trade, subjected to moderate duties, could ever accomplish.

The home trade and enterprise is also shackled by *taxed licences*, which with the *erwerb*

steuer (earnings tax), and qualifications as to capital before setting up in business as merchants and bankers, destroy competition. To me it is wonderful that the aristocracy and landed proprietors, are not sensible of their being the great victims to this monopolising system. They pay even at Vienna twice the price they should do for butchers' meat in consequence of the monopoly created by the "slaughtering license."

The trade of Austria with other countries is chiefly contraband by land, and by sea principally, for colonial produce, cotton, wool, and various raw materials by Trieste, France, Venice, and Fiume.

The activity which the steam-boat navigation has already extended along the banks of the Danube, forms practical evidence of how easily the commerce between Austria and other countries may be advanced. The advantages of an extensive international trade between the British and Austrian empires, would undoubtedly be attended with the utmost benefit to both. In the latter, where not one-eighteenth of the population are engaged in manufactures,—where every nobleman, landholder, and

farmer, are taxed 60 per cent on the home manufactures they use for the fictitious benefit* of that one eighteenth,—where all the wool of the landed interests is in the way of trade monopolised by a few bankers at Vienna, an extensive trade with a country which consumes so vast a quantity of the very kinds of raw commodities which the Austrian dominions can so eminently supply, forms a subject of the first consideration for the statesmen of both nations.

* Fictitious benefit it certainly is, for immediately on the other side of the frontier of Bohemia, in Saxony, where the manufacturers had no protection whatever until they were compelled to come under the Prussian cordon, the same fabrics as those protected in Bohemia are in a more flourishing condition, although manufactured in a naturally less favourable situation.

LETTER XXVI.

MILITARY FORCE,

THE standing army forms, in proportion to the revenue, an oppressive burden on the Austrian states. Its maintenance, exclusive of various foraging allowances in Hungary, drains the treasury of 44,000,000 of florins, or 4,400,000*l.* per annum. That is, more than all the land and direct taxes. Considering the actual standing force, this sum is remarkably moderate, in comparison with the expenses to which the British army, of less than one fourth the number, costs the country.

Physically speaking, the Austrian army consists of the most able bodied force in Europe.

In appearance, the infantry is the least imposing. The white coarse cloth of which their uniform is made, the cheapest that can be supplied, is quite as warm and as comfortable as the expensive splendid uniform of Prussia.

The standing army consists at present of, *First*, 58 regiments of infantry, of 2 battalions and 12 companies each, viz.: 7 Austrian, 9 Bohemian, 5 Moravian and Silesian, 3 Illyrian, with 8 Italian regiments, of 1892 men each; and of 15 Hungarian and Transylvanian regiments of 2616 men each; in all 120,596 infantry of the line.

Second, 20 grenadier battalions of 900 men, 1 regiment of chasseurs, 2320 men, 17 military frontier regiments, of which 7 are Hungarian, 6 Illyrians, 4 Transylvanian, and 4 garrison battalions, 49,501 men. In all, 196,377 foot-soldiers.

Third, 37 regiments of cavalry, 44,970 strong.

Fourth, 5 regiments of field-artillery, of 2763 men each, 1 corps of bombardier artificers, 1075, 14 garrisons of artillery, variously distributed in fortresses, in all 2490, and 500 artillery workmen: total artillery, 17,790.

Fifth, the engineer corps of 6 companies of

sappers, 2 battalions of engineers, 5 companies of miners, in all, 2800; of a battalion, 1067 of pontoniers, and a battalion of Tschaikistes (1200 charged with the gun-boats on the Danube and Save), and of the artillery and military train, 8000: total, engineer and artillery train, 13,067, and total effective standing force of the army, 272,204 men.

Besides these, there are, one Lombard regiment of *gendarmerie*, 640, 9 battalions of Condous, for the frontiers of Austria, Bohemia, Galicia, Silesia, and Moravia, 3200; the invalid corps, 10,800; the imperial body guard of noble archers, 4 officers, and 63 sub-officers; the imperial body guard of noble Hungarians, 58; the trabans, of 97 Vienna men, and 34 of Milan; the palace guards, 4 officers, and 218 men. Total extra, 15,118 men.

Total force maintained in peace, 288,322 men.

Augmentation in war, consists in an addition to the line, of 48,800 men; of Landwehr, 142,000; Hungarian insurrection force, 33,500; foot and horse reserve, 30,000: total augmentation 254,300 men.

Total war force, 527,000 strong.

This however, does not amount to half the

troops which might be readily raised, if money to clothe, arm, and feed them, were forthcoming. As to provender, there would be little difficulty. Arms, ammunition, waggons, and clothing, would alone, as heretofore, form the great *desiderata*.

The naval force consists of 8 ships of the line, 8 frigates, 4 corvettes, and 6 brigs, in all 34. To these are attached an artillery corps of marines, and an engineer corps, besides the requisite number of sailors. There is also a college for marine cadets. The gun-boats on the Danube and Save, carrying in all, about 130 pieces of cannon.

The spirit of enthusiasm in an army, or in the soldiers who compose it, is perhaps of more consequence in gaining battles, than either discipline or money. But unless it be the determined spirit of patriotic enthusiasm in defending our country, or redeeming our liberties, I must confess, that I am not anxious to see an army filled with any other impulse for the fight.

In one of the late numbers of the Edinburgh Review, it is stated with the severity of a political writer, but still with leading points of truth, which may apply also to other states, that

"Austria is poor in money and heroism, but she is rich in men! She never gives quarter; but she has no objection to receive it. With all this command of men, however, the miserable state of her finances, will not allow her to bring great armies at once into the field. While Louis XIV. had 400,000 men in arms, Austria could with difficulty embody 70,000. In 1756, she raised 100,000, to oppose the King of Prussia with 200,000. In 1792, she took the field with 170,000, against France with an army of 600,000.

"Among all the automata that allow themselves to be slaughtered for five pence per day, the Austrian soldier is the most deserving of compassion. The chastisement which awaits him for the slightest offence, is the most ignominious that can be inflicted; the reward of his toils and his bravery, the most miserable that can be given. The food, the pay, and the clothing of the Austrian, are inferior to those of any other soldier in Europe. Life, where men are at all trained to reflection, is not a thing to be bought for a sordid price. It may be gifted, but cannot be sold. To dispel these illusions of honour which animate the soldier, is to deprive the military profession of its only

redeeming quality. The Greeks and Romans fought for the name of their country; the French for Francis I.—for Henry IV.—for Napoleon—for France—for glory; the Turks for their religion. But the Austrian soldier fights neither for loyalty, nor religion, nor honour.

“Almost ignorant of his general’s existence, the Austrian soldier can feel no enthusiastic attachment to him. Frequently these generals are strangers, such as Tilly, Montecuculli Eugene, Lascy, &c. The jealous policy of the court will not allow the generals to court popularity, or to appeal to the feelings of their followers. Twice only have the Austrian troops showed any thing like enthusiasm for their generals—for Prince Eugene and for Laudon. In this age, in which prodigies of valour have been effected by military eloquence, the Austrian government has allowed nothing but a brief proclamation at the opening of each campaign, commanding obedience, rather than rousing to effort. No triumphal arches—no annalist to record his exploits—no monuments to attest his victories, present themselves to the imagination of the Austrian soldier. Nor can his courage be much animated by the prospect

of a medal, which he must look upon rather as a badge of inferiority, than as an honour, since it is never worn by the officers; while the officers, in turn, can have no strong incentive to exertion in the hope of obtaining the cross of Maria Theresa, the requisites for which are too numerous and too difficult.

“Armies such as these make no rapid conquests, and give little employment to fame. But, in return, a force of this kind, being almost entirely *material* in its nature, is exempt from those alterations which disturb the action of moral power. The government, accordingly, calculates its strength numerically; and reckons not by souls, but bodies. With the armies which Austria has sacrificed to preserve the duchy of Milan and the Low Countries, and to recover Silesia, Charles XII. would have conquered the world.”

Of all the dangers to which a state can render itself subservient, military enthusiasm is the most to be guarded against by a good government and by an upright nation. What has the British soldier to fight for more than the Austrian. True he is somewhat better paid, and far better flogged. Marlborough and Wellington have had palaces built for them, and monuments

erected to their honour. On what other monuments can the soldier gaze in England?

Whenever our country, or our justly defined rights are invaded, our people will furnish sufficient enthusiasm, and nothing would tend more to the perfection and moral improvement of an army, than to abrogate the sale of commissions, and to promote officers according to merit, as is the case in Prussia, which has the most intelligent army in Europe.

The common soldier in Austria has, it is true, nothing but his food and pay to urge him to perform the duties required of him. And as Austria keeps up her army to maintain peace at home, and to prevent foreign aggression, and not for conquest, she might well change the position of the private soldiers, so as to make them patriotically enthusiastic, first by a scientific plan of instruction as in Prussia, and secondly by rewards and promotion for exemplary conduct.

The military enthusiasm of the French soldier is for rapid promotion, rapid conquest, and ruthless plunder. The whole standing army are *nauseated* with their Napoleon of peace, and the throne of Louis-Philippe would be four times as stable, if he had an army of only one-fourth of its present numerical force.

Promotion in the Austrian army among the officers is remarkably slow: but not confined as in England, first, almost entirely to purchase, and after a certain grade, to the turns of seniority.

LETTER XXVII.

PHYSICAL, MORAL, AND POLITICAL POWER OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

PHYSICALLY, with a population of more than thirty-five millions, inhabiting countries possessing the many eminent natural advantages which I have pointed out to you in my former letters, the Austrian empire may be considered the most powerful in Europe.

MORALLY, Austria is comparatively weak. This arises from the empire being composed of so many nations, holding or fancying themselves independent, except so far as sovereignty is in question of the central state, which is peculiarly German; while the population again consists of no more than 6,200,000 of Germans; and the remaining 28,800,000 of, 1st.

Slavonians, consisting of Hungarian, Dalmatian, Illyrian, Croatian, and Carinthian Slavonians, 5,500,000; Galician and other Poles, 4,450,000; Bohemian, Moravian, Silesian, and Slavonian, 5,850,000, in all 15,800,000 Slavonians; 2d, of Hungarian Magyars, 5,300,000; 3d. Italians, 4,800,000; 4th, Wallachians, 1,900,000; 5th, Jews, 510,000; 6th, *Zigener*, or Gipsies, 115,000; 7th, Greeks, Clementines, Turks, &c., 425,000.

The difficulty of governing and inspiring a general national feeling throughout the empire, arises from the want of adhesion in the moral constitution of a population speaking different languages, and educated or reared with their respective associations, feelings, and ideas.

Political power is, again, rendered *weak* by the want of solidity in the moral *cohesion*. The wisdom and ability of the supreme government has, therefore, to direct a most difficult management,—to reconcile the physical, moral, and political elements for the maintenance of domestic tranquillity, and of peace with foreign nations.

Prussia is governed by an intelligent despotism, managed in all the details of its administration by the talent which a well-educated

nation can supply. The security against the danger of the power it wields being balanced by the responsibility which the king *morally* holds at the head of fifteen millions of people, well instructed in useful learning, and in a more sombre religion, which trains the mind more to thinking. This security, which a vicious or foolish monarch may abuse, is, however, far less dangerous than having a representative legislature, like that of France (and of England formerly), elected so that the king may always carry his own measures by the votes of the chambers, and thus free himself and his ministers of both legal and moral responsibility together.

Austria is governed by a *patriarchal despotism*, seldom abusing its power, except when its authority is disputed.

I have, in my former letters, given you a sufficient account for a general idea of the relations of Hungary with the empire. Bohemia, the Tyrol, Galicia, and the Italian states, require the most careful, but I would always say the most kind consideration of the supreme government.

The continuation of peace for some years

longer, and the maternal relations which exist between Bohemia and the archduchy of Austria, will, finally, cement the former to the latter so intimately, that the amalgamation of both may be realized without much dissatisfaction. The Tyrol may also be brought, with moderately paternal consideration, to form a part of Austria proper; and to the whole, Moravia, I believe, on the north, and Illyria on the south, may be also added to the archduchy, under the united administration of the same general government.

As to Galicia, nothing but the most liberal treatment will sooth the Polish nationality into confident alliance with Austrian government. Let the people of Galicia but fully enjoy the blessings of a good administration, and the less enviable condition of their brethren in the duchy of Warsaw, will make them fully appreciate the paternal rule of Austria.

Italy presents numerous difficulties; but I am persuaded they might be all so effectually overcome as to render severity altogether unnecessary; and unless all the people of Italy, from the Alps to Sicily, were under one liberal constitutional government, I am persuaded,

that, if discontent were but removed, and the freedom of commerce extended, Lombardo-Venetia might, under Austria, be rendered at least as prosperous and happy as beneath the sway and government of any other power.

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Note A, page 8.

SALT-MINES.

The salt-mines of Hallein chiefly supply Upper Austria, the Tyrol, and Western Bohemia, with salt. Those of Galicia, Hungary, and Transylvania, the remaining parts of the empire. This most necessary article of consumption, from being a government monopoly, is sold in the *privileged shops* in quantities, either in the refined or rock state, with much the same previous care as refined sugar in England.

C, for which read B, page 115.

The imperial museum of the national productions of fabrics, afford at once to the traveller who visits Vienna an opportunity of judging of the natural and agricultural produce, and the progress which manufactures have made in, the several states of the Austrian dominions.

D, for which read C, page 325.

STEAM NAVIGATION OF THE DANUBE.

Active preparations are now making for navigating this river from Ulm to Vienna, and in two or three months it will be easily practicable to cross Europe from London to Constantinople, first, by steam to Mayence, thence by land to Ulm or Ratisbon, and thence by the Danube and Black Sea to Constantinople. From the latter the steam-boats lately established will convey passengers by Smyrna or Alexandria back, touching at various ports, to Marseilles. Several steam-boats now ply in the Adriatic.

THE END.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.



